THE ROYAL READERS

SPECIAL
CANADIAN SERIES

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS

The Royal Readers.

Special Canadian Series.

THIRD BOOK

OF

READING LESSONS.

With Illustrations from Giacomelli and other Eminent Artists,

Also a Vocabulary of the More Difficult Words.

Authorized by the Minister of Education for use in the High and Public Schools of Ontario.

Toronto:

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS,

AND

JAMES CAMPBELL AND SON.

Entered, according to Act of Parliament, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture, in the year of our Lord 1883, by THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, and JAMES CAMPBELL AND SON, Toronto.

PREFACE.

When the Third Book has been reached, the pupil may be presumed capable of enjoying the delightful lyric poetry in which English Literature abounds, and to which so many of the finest minds have contributed. The literary form is often easier than that of a prose narrative; it is, moreover, peculiarly adapted for expressive reading and recitation. The literary ascent can be made so gradual that, before he is conscious of intellectual effort, the young student has come into the immediate presence of the loftiest peaks of that grand and majestic literature which is the pride and the glory of the whole English-speaking race.

In our selections, we have ranged over the poets and the prose writers of three centuries,—from the era of Shakspeare and Herrick to the era of Tennyson and Rossetti, of Emerson and Longfellow. The selections, by their freshness, will, it is hoped, yield a grateful relief to teachers wearied by long years of monotonous repetition.

The cultivation of children's fancy, though not actually formulated as part of school-training, has of late years been most strenuously promoted by delightful gift-books and illus-

trated annuals. It were full time that this hurtful distinction between reading-books and gift-books disappeared; and that in their reading-books children were supplied with those airy forms and fancies for which their minds hunger. The world is growing older and growing wiser; even in strict scientific research we have come all at once to discover the vast consequence of owning an active imagination! In Northern Europe all this is well understood. A tender care for the old folk-tales has yielded all round the shores of the Baltic and in the adjoining lands a wealth of the most graceful and wholesome flowers. In gathering for this volume a few blossoms from this beautiful flora, we have taken Krilof to represent Russia; Topelius, Finland; Gustafsson, Sweden; Björnson, Norway; and Andersen, Denmark. The winter stories and amusements of Northern Europe vividly picture our Canadian home-life; and, when gentler airs are stirring, the glowing tints and the resinous fragrance of the Baltic forests are once more unmistakably those of our noble pine-woods.

We have not slighted our native Indian folk-lore, which was with loving care collected by Schoolcraft and his romantic Indian bride; and which so soon afterwards yielded to Longfellow his Hiawatha.

Nor have we forgotten our young Canadian Literature; from Sangster, Heavysege, and others, we have thankfully gathered graceful and fragrant blossoms.

TORONTO, *1st June 1882.*

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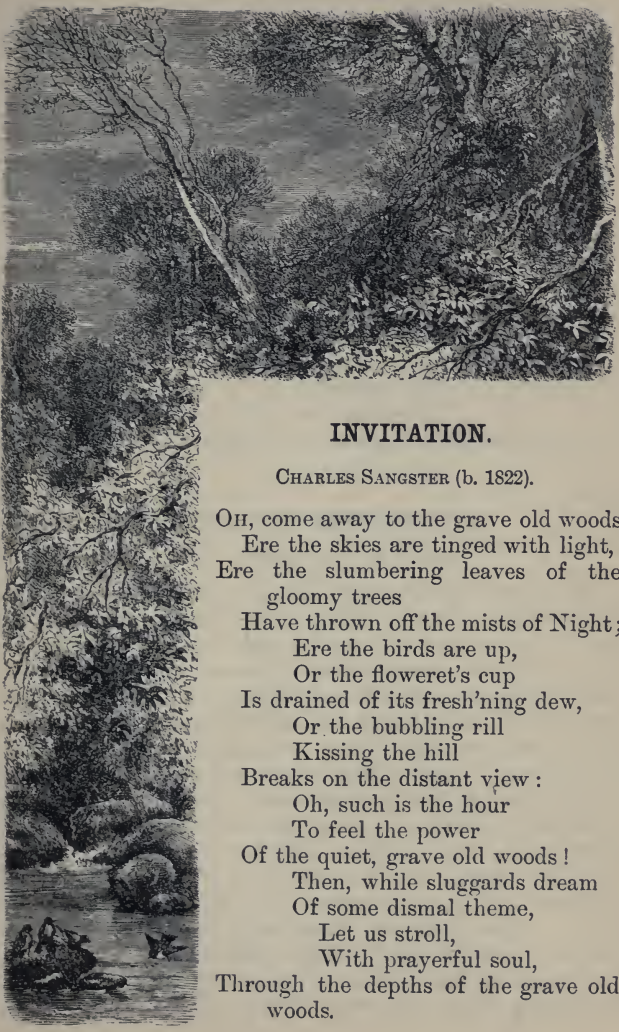


INVITATION.

CHARLES SANGSTER (b. 1822).

OH, come away to the grave old woods
Ere the skies are tinged with light,
Ere the slumbering leaves of the gloomy trees
Have thrown off the mists of Night;
Ere the birds are up,
Or the floweret's cup
Is drained of its fresh'ning dew,
Or the bubbling rill
Kissing the hill
Breaks on the distant view:
Oh, such is the hour
To feel the power
Of the quiet, grave old woods!
Then, while sluggards dream
Of some dismal theme,
Let us stroll,
With prayerful soul,
Through the depths of the grave old woods.

Oh, come away to the bright old woods,
As the sun ascends the skies,
While the birdlings sing their morning hymns,
And each leaf in the grove replies;
When the golden-zoned bee
Flies from flower to tree
Seeking sweets for its honeyed cell,
And the voice of Praise
Sounds its varied lays
From the depths of each quiet dell:
Oh, such is the hour
To feel the power
Of the magic bright old woods!
Then, while sluggards dream
Of some trifling theme,
Let us stroll,
With studious soul,
Through the depths of the bright old woods.

SPRING-TIME IN CANADA.

MAJOR W. F. BUTLER (b. 1838).

When the young trees begin to open their leafy lids after the long sleep of Winter, they do it quickly. The snow is not all gone before the maple-trees are all green—the maple, that most beautiful of trees! Well has Canada made the symbol of her new nationality that tree whose green gives the Spring its earliest freshness, whose Autumn dying tints are richer than the clouds of sunset, whose life-stream is sweeter than honey, and whose branches are drowsy through the long summer with the scent and the hum of bee and flower! Still, the long line of the Canadas admits of a varied Spring. When the trees are green at Lake St. Clair, they are scarcely budding at Kingston, they are leafless at Montreal, and Quebec is white with snow. Even between Montreal and Quebec—a short night's steaming—there exists a difference of ten days in the opening of the Summer. But late as comes the Summer to Quebec, it comes in its loveliest and most enticing form,

as though it wished to atone for its long delay in banishing from such a landscape the cold tyranny of Winter. And with what loveliness does the whole face of plain, river, lake, and mountain turn from the iron clasp of icy Winter to kiss the balmy lips of returning Summer, and to welcome his bridal gifts of sun and shower! The trees open their leafy lids to look at him—the brooks and streamlets break forth into songs of gladness—"the birch-tree," as the old Saxon said, "becomes beautiful in its branches, and rustles sweetly in its leafy summit, moved to and fro by the breath of heaven"—the lakes uncover their sweet faces, and their mimic shores steal down in quiet evenings to bathe themselves in the transparent waters—far into the depths of the great forest speeds the glad message of returning glory; and graceful fern, and soft velvet moss, and white wax-like lily peep forth to cover rock and fallen tree and wreck of last year's Autumn in one great sea of foliage. There are many landscapes which can never be painted, photographed, or described, but which the mind carries away instinctively, to look at again and again in after-time—these are the celebrated views of the world, and they are not easy to find. From the Queen's Rampart, in the Citadel of Quebec, the eye sweeps over a greater diversity of landscape than is probably to be found in any one spot in the universe. Blue mountains, far-stretching river, foaming cascade, the white sails of ocean ships, the black trunks of many-sized guns, the pointed roofs, the white village nestling amidst its fields of green, the great isle* in mid-channel, the many shades of color from deep blue pine-wood to yellowing corn-field—in what other spot on the Earth's broad bosom lie grouped together in a single glance so many of these "things of beauty" which the eye loves to feast on and to place in memory as joys for ever? †

The Great Lone Land (*9th ed., 1879*).

* The Isle of Orleans.

† Reference to the opening line of Keat's *Endymion*:—

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.*

J. G. WHITTIER (b. 1808).

Jack-in-the-Pulpit
Preaches to-day,
Under the green trees
Just over the way.
Squirrel and Song-Sparrow,
High on their perch,
Hear the sweet Lily-bells
Ringing to church.

Come, hear what his reverence
Rises to say,
In his low, painted pulpit,
This calm Sabbath-day.
Fair is the canopy
Over him seen,
Pencilled, by Nature's hand,
Black, brown, and green:
Green is his surplice,
Green are his bands;
In his queer little pulpit
The little priest stands.

In black and gold velvet,
So gorgeous to see,
Comes, with his bass voice,
The chorister Bee.
Green fingers playing
Unseen on wind-lyres;
Low, singing-bird voices;
These are his choirs.

The Violets are deacons;
I know by the sign
That the cups which they carry
Are purple with wine.

* Schoolboys' name for Indian turnip (*Arisæma triphyllum*).

And the Columbines bravely
As sentinels stand
On the lookout, with all their
Red trumpets in hand.

Meek-faced Anemones,
Drooping and sad;
Great Yellow Violets,
Smiling out glad;
Buttercups' faces,
Beaming and bright;
Clovers, with bonnets—
Some red and some white;
Daisies, their white fingers
Half clasped in prayer;
Dandelions, proud of
The gold of their hair.

Innocents, children
Guileless and frail,
Meek little faces
Upturned and pale;
Wild-wood Geraniums,
All in their best;
Languidly leaning
In purple gauze dressed;—
All are assembled,
This sweet Sabbath-day,
To hear what the priest
In his pulpit will say.

Look! white Indian pipes
On the green mosses lie!
Who has been smoking
Profanely so nigh?
Rebuked by the preacher
The mischief is stopped,
And the sinners, in haste,
Have their little pipes dropped.
Let the wind with the fragrance
Of fern and black birch

Blow the smell of the smoking
Clean out of our church!

So much for the preacher:
The sermon comes next;—
Shall we tell how he preached it,
And where was his text?
Alas! like too many
Grown-up folks who play
At worship in churches
Man-builded, to-day,—
We heard not the preacher
Expound or discuss;
We looked at the people,
And they looked at us.
We saw all their dresses,
Their colors and shapes;
The trim of their bonnets,
The cut of their capes.
We heard the wind-organ,
The bee, and the bird,
But of Jack in the pulpit
We heard not a word!

PLUCK: AN EAST INDIAN FABLE.

A mouse that dwelt near the abode of a great magician was kept in such constant distress by its fear of a cat, that the magician, taking pity on it, turned it into a cat. Immediately it began to suffer from the fear of a dog; so the magician turned it into a dog. Then it began to suffer from the fear of a lion; and the magician turned it into a lion. Then it began to suffer from the fear of huntsmen; and the magician in disgust said, "Be a mouse again. As you have only the heart of a mouse, it is impossible to help you by giving you the body of a nobler animal." And the poor creature again became a mouse.

So it is with a mouse-hearted man. He may be raised to high office, and clothed with the authority to undertake

and execute great enterprises, but he will always betray the spirit of a mouse. Public opinion is usually the great magician that finally says to such a person, "Go back to your obscurity. You have only the heart of a mouse, and it is useless to try to make a lion out of you."

THE COCK AND THE GOOSE.

A certain cock ruled over a poultry yard. He formed a friendship with a goose who had fine plumage, had travelled, and had dabbled in the fountain of knowledge: its gait was not elegant, but it was firm; its utterance was not musical, but it was grave and sententious. The goose advised its friend, the cock, to cut off his crest, which, as the goose said, only excited hostility; and also to cut off his spurs, which were useless. The cock complied, and then went out for a walk with his friend.

The goose, who was very trustful, left the gate of the poultry yard open. When they returned, the cock went to his hearth to light up, and saw two gleaming lights there.

"What strange lights are those?" exclaimed the cock. And going nearer he saw that they were the eyes of a cat, which darted on to him.

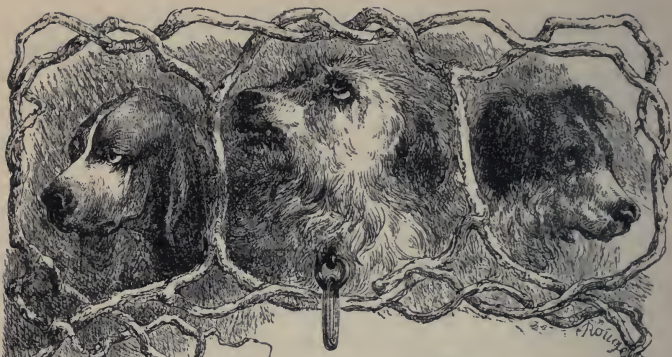
He put himself into position for fighting; but as he had no spurs the cat killed him.

The goose, when it beheld this, never ceased repeating, "Peace, gentlemen; peace, peace, gentlemen; peace, peace, peace;" but this did not prevent the cat from making an end of him too.

From the Spanish of FERNAN CABALLERO.

To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods.

MACAULAY'S *Horatius.*



DOGS.

Dogs are found in all parts of the world in which man has made for himself a home. They are of all sizes, from the Newfoundland, as big as a sheep, down to the little lap-dog, which is as small as a kitten. Some dogs have smooth, close hair, as the greyhound ; some have rough, shaggy hair, as the terrier ; and some have soft, flowing hair, as the spaniel.

Dogs are put to different uses. Some are best fitted for guarding houses and shops. Collie dogs assist the shepherd to drive his sheep from place to place. They guard them from danger, and find any that may have strayed from the flock. Some are trained to go out with hunters and sportsmen, to find out the game, to run it down and capture it, or to fetch it after it has been killed. In some countries dogs are employed as beasts of burden. They draw small carts and sledges expressly constructed for them.

The Newfoundland is a noble-looking animal, often standing thirty inches in height. His limbs are large and strong, and his hair is rough and curly. In Newfoundland, his native country, he is employed in drawing carts and sledges laden with wood and fish. He is very fond of water; and his toes being half-webbed, he is a very good swimmer. A great many persons have been saved from drowning by this noble creature.

The mastiff is the largest and the most powerful of British dogs. He is mild and gentle, and will not willingly hurt a weaker or a smaller animal. He is the best watch-dog. When defending his master's goods, he does not fear to attack either man or beast.

The sheep-dog is noted for his intelligence. The shepherd treats him as a companion; and the dog learns to understand his master's orders, and to obey even a motion of his hand. The sheep look upon a well-trained dog as a friend, and, when threatened by any danger, they gather around him for protection.

The greyhound is noted for his speed. His body is light, his nose sharply pointed, his chest deep and broad, and his legs are long and slender. He is used in hunting hares. He follows them by sight, and not by scent as some other dogs do.

The bloodhound is of a reddish or brown color. He is remarkable for his keen scent. Once on the track of man or beast, he keeps on his course, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left. In former times, the bloodhound was used for the purpose of tracking sheep stealers and other criminals; also, in America and the West Indies, for tracking slaves who had run away from their masters.

The bull-dog is noted for his courage and fierceness. He is not afraid to attack any animal, however large or powerful. He was at one time used in the cruel sport of fighting with bulls, called bull-baiting.

Spaniels, or Spanish dogs, are all handsome animals. They have long silky hair, drooping ears, bushy tails, and feet partly webbed. They are nearly all good swimmers. They are divided into hunting-dogs and toy-dogs. The field-spaniel is very fond of going out with his master to

look for game. The water-spaniel is a strong swimmer and diver, and is very useful in fetching out of the water game that has been shot.

The St. Bernard dog, sometimes called the Alpine spaniel, is as large as a mastiff. This dog is trained to go out in search of travellers who have lost their way in snow-storms on the Alps. St. Bernard is the name of the monastery where these dogs are kept. It is built at the summit of a lofty mountain-pass in Switzerland.

ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION.

S. T. Coleridge (1772–1834).

Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the dove,
The linnet, and thrush, say, "I love and I love!"
In the winter they are silent—the wind is so strong.
What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud song.
But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm weather,
And singing, and loving—all come back together.
But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings; and for ever sings he—
"I love my love, and my love loves me!"

THE THREE FISHERS.

Charles Kingsley (1819–1875).

Three fishers went sailing out into the west—
  Out into the west, as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
  And the children stood watching them out of the town:
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
  Though the harbor-bar be moaning.*

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
  And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;

* Though a dangerous storm is rising.

They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown:
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor-bar be moaning.

Three corpses lie out on the shining sands,
In the morning gleam, as the tide goes down;
And the women are weeping, and wringing their hands,
For those who will never come home to the town:
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

THE SPARROW'S NEST.

MARY HOWITT (b. 1804).

What a medley thing it is!
I never saw a nest like this,—
Not neatly wove, with tender care,
Of silvery moss and shining hair;

But put together, odds and ends,
Picked up from enemies and friends:
See! bits of thread, and bits of rag,
Just like a little rubbish-bag.

Here is a scrap of red and brown,
Like the old washerwoman's gown;
And here is muslin, pink and green,
And bits of calico between.

See! hair of dog and fur of cat,
And rovings of a worsted mat,
And shreds of silk, and many a feather,
Compacted cunningly together!

With the Birds.

THE PIKE.

IVAN ANDRIEVITCH KRILOF (1768–1844).

[Under cover of this fable Krilof satirized the administration of justice in Russia.]

An appeal to justice was made against the Pike, on the ground that it had rendered the pond uninhabitable. A whole cart-load of proofs were tendered as evidence; and the culprit, as was beseeming, was brought into court in a large tub. The judges were assembled not far off, having been sent to graze in a neighboring field. Their names are still preserved in the archives. There were two Donkeys, a couple of old Horses, and two or three Goats. The Fox also was added to their number, as assessor, in order that the business might be carried on under competent supervision.

Now, popular report said that the Pike used to supply the table of the Fox with fish. However this might be, there was no partiality among the judges; and it must also be stated that it was impossible to conceal the Pike's roguery in the affair in question. So there was no help for it. Sentence was passed, condemning the Pike to an ignominious punishment. In order to frighten others, it was to be hung from a tree.

"Respected judges," thus did the Fox begin to speak, "hanging is a trifle. I should have liked to have sentenced the culprit to such a punishment as has never been seen here among us. In order that rogues may in future live in fear, and run a terrible risk, I would drown it in the river."

"Excellent!" cry the judges, and unanimously accept the proposition.

So the Pike was flung—into the river.

Fables: Ed. RALSTON.

THE MILLER.*

The water began to dribble away through a miller's dam. At first there would have been no great harm done, if he had taken the matter in hand. But why should he? Our miller does not think of troubling himself. The leak becomes worse every day, and the water pours out as if from a tap.

"Hallo, miller! don't stand gaping there! It's time you should set your wits to work."

But the miller says,—

"Harm's a long way off. I don't require an ocean of water, and my mill is rich enough in it for all my time."

He sleeps; but meantime the water goes on running in torrents. And see! harm is here now in full force. The millstone stands still; the mill will not work. Our miller bestirs himself, groans, troubles himself, and thinks how he can keep the waters back. While he is here on the dam, examining the leak, he observes his fowls coming to drink at the river.

"You stupid, good-for-nothing birds!" he cries. "I don't know where I'm to get water, even when you are out of the question; and here you come and drink the little that remains."

So he begins pelting them with faggots. What good did he do himself by this? Without a fowl left, or a drop of water, he returned home.

I have sometimes remarked that there are many proprietors of this kind—and this little fable was composed as a present for them—who do not grudge thousands spent on follies, but who think that they maintain domestic economy by collecting their candle ends, and are ready to quarrel with their servants about them. With such economy, is it strange that houses rapidly fall utterly to pieces?

KRILOF: *Fables: Ed.* RALSTON.

* It is said that Krilof's own ideas of economy were for the most part of the very kind he satirizes here.

A THANKSGIVING HYMN.

ROBERT HERRICK (1591–1674).

[Herrick's lyrics are much admired for their quaint simplicity. He here describes his vicarage at Prior Dean in Devonshire.]

Lord, thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weather-proof,
Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry;
Where thou, my chamber soft to ward,*
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me while I sleep.
Low is my porch as is my fate,
Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by the poor,
Who hither come and freely get
Good words or meat.
Like as my parlor, so my hall
And kitchen 's small;
A little buttery, and therein
A little bin;—
Some little sticks of thorn or brier
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit
And glow like it.
Lord, I confess, too, when I dine
The pulse is thine,
And all those other bits that be
There placed by thee,—
The worts, the purslane, and the mess
Of water-cress.

* To protect my cosy bed-room.

THE HAPPY BEAR FAMILY.

Mrs. Bear mildly suggested that she felt rather hungry; "and," she added, "the trees in the forest will be full of those young green shoots that are so sweet at this time of year: do fetch some before the sun gets hot." This reminded Mr. Bear that he was hungry too; but of course, like the good bear that he was, he forgot himself while thinking of his dear wife, and bidding her to stay at home that day and teach the young ones to crawl about and get accustomed to the daylight, he started off in search of food.

When she was left alone, Mrs. Bear employed some time in well licking the young ones all over several times. Certainly they could not want it, for she had already brushed them up more than once that morning, and they were as smooth and

sleek as any young bears that ever were seen; but no doubt she hoped, by giving so much care to their coats while they were young, that she should make them take a pride in their appearance, and grow up tidy and well-conducted bears. She felt quite contented with them at last, and getting up, walked round the cave several times, and sat down near the door. It was not long before the biggest and strongest young bear, whose name was Martin, missed his mother, and set up a dismal howl; and, when she answered him from a distance, he did his best to follow her; and what a funny little thing he looked, tumbling over every two steps he took, and making himself quite tired with his efforts to run and jump; and the little one, called Basil, looked just as queer. At last they found their mother, and, tired out with so much exertion, were soon fast asleep. "Ah," said Mrs. Bear to herself, "they will want enough teaching before they can climb mountains." And watching them stretched at full length by her side, she almost forgot she was hungry. The sound of the rustling trees and a bright sunbeam that came in on her through the door reminded her of Mr. Bear, and she went out to look if she could see him coming. How lovely all the mountain looked on that bright spring morning! Below her, the trees so green, and many of them covered with sweet-scented blossom; and above, all the snow still unmelted and glittering in the morning sunlight, so that the glare almost blinded her.

She sat looking for him a long while, but Mr. Bear did not appear; and, hungry and disappointed at having to wait so long for her breakfast, she began to feel very cross, and to walk slowly up and down the flat ledge of rock that served them for dining-parlor and drawing-room,—just as you may have seen your papa walk up and down the room, if any one kept him waiting for his dinner. At last, emerging from the forest a long way down the mountain, she saw Mr. Bear slowly walking along, seeming to be quite loaded with something he was carrying in his arms, and which he was afraid of losing. She watched him as he carefully stepped from rock to rock, and climbed up the steep path that led to their home; but not till he

was safe beside her did she discover that it was a splendid piece of honey-comb he had brought, holding it tightly under one paw, while his other arm was employed in carrying the young green shoots for her breakfast. Mrs. Bear was indeed delighted at the sight of such a feast, and forgot all her impatience and discontent. She would not even wait to ask him how he was so fortunate as to find honey so early in the spring, but began her meal at once by devouring the leaves and sweet green boughs that good Mr. Bear put before her.

He watched her with delight; he had satisfied his own hunger in the forest, and could wait quietly for her to share the honey-comb with him. He had ample time to take a long look at the sleeping babies before Mrs. Bear called him to dessert, and asked him to tell her all his adventures in the forest. Mr. Bear took a nice lump of honey-comb in his paw, and, sucking out the dainty food, began his story.

"You know, my dear," he said, speaking slowly and deliberately, as a dignified father-bear must, "the bees have only just begun to work, and have not yet done more than begin to fill the combs with honey, and it was only by a lucky accident that I got you this unlooked-for treat. As I was sitting on a big bough half-way up a large old ash tree, I heard an unusual buzzing and whirring below; so I came down to see what was going on, and there I saw bees of all sorts and sizes going in and out of a round hole in the tree: and what puzzled me not a little was, that instead of going in heavily with their legs all over pollen, as you know, my dear, we have often seen them do, they went in busily and quickly, and came out looking heavy and tired; so then I knew they must have found a store of honey in the tree, and the bees that made it must have died of the cold in winter. You will be sure I would not leave them to enjoy such a feast alone. I soon tore down the bark, and found that lovely piece of comb you are enjoying so much; but oh, the trouble and time it cost me to bring it home to you! If you only knew it, you would not wonder at my being late."

They kept a little piece of honey-comb to see what the

babies would think of it; and, as soon as they woke up, Mr. Bear gave each of them a good push, which brought them out into the daylight without much tumbling over, and he sat and purred with delight when he saw their rough little tongues licking their mother's paws, and then watched them enjoying their first taste of food as much as young babies always do.

After their meal he made them crawl about, and tumbled them over and over with his paw; while Mrs. Bear, satisfied with her delicious meal, sat nodding in the corner.

You know, bears never stay out in the hot mid-day sun, but keep in their caves nearly all day, and prowl about when it is cool of an evening, to look for food. And our bears were too well-educated and correct in their behavior to make any mistake on this point, even on their first day of waking up. When, therefore, Mr. Bear saw his wife dozing in the sunshine, he pushed and rolled the young ones first inside, and then, touching Mrs. Bear as gently as he could with the soft part of his paw, said, "Come, my dear, it is time we should take a little rest." So she opened her eyes, and, looking first to make sure her babies were not left behind, followed Mr. Bear indoors.

And thus they passed many days quietly and harmlessly, sleeping most of their time, and living on the food they could find near home; for Mr. and Mrs. Bear were getting rather old, and did not care for adventures so much as they once did.

Life of a Bear.

THE COUNTRYMAN AND THE LAWYER.

A SCENE IN COURT.

HORACE SMITH (1779-1849).

A Lawyer in the Common Pleas,
Who was esteemed a mighty wit,
Upon the strength of a chance hit
Amid a thousand flippancies,

And his occasional bad jokes
In bullying, bantering, browbeating,
Ridiculing, and maltreating
Women or other timid folks,
In a late cause resolved to hoax
A clownish Yorkshire farmer—one
Who, by his uncouth look and gait,
Appeared expressly meant, by Fate,
To be quizzed, and played upon.

So, having tipped the wink to those
In the back rows,
Who kept their laughter bottled down
Until our wag should draw the cork,
He smiled jocosely on the clown,
And went to work.

"Well, Farmer Numskull, how go calves at York?"
"Why—not, sir, as they do wi' you,
But on four legs instead of two."
"Officer!" cried the legal elf,
Piqued at the laugh against himself,
"Do, pray, keep silence down below there.—
Now look at me, clown, and attend:
Have I not seen you somewhere, friend?"
"Ye-es—very like—I often go there."

"Our rustic's waggish—quite laconic,"
The lawyer cried, with grin sardonic;
"I wish I'd known this prodigy,
This genius of the clods, when I,
On circuit, was at York residing.—
Now, Farmer, do for once speak true;
Mind, you're on oath,—so tell me,—you
Who doubtless think yourself so clever,—
Are there as many fools as ever
In the West Riding?"

"Why, no, sir, no: we've got our share,
But not so many as when you were there."

THE FISHERMAN'S SONG.

Rev. J. M. Neale (1818–1866).

Come, messmates! 'tis time to hoist our sail—
It is fair as fair can be;
And the ebbing tide and northerly gale
Will carry us out to sea.
So down with the boat from the beach so steep,—
We must part with the setting sun;
For ere we can spread out our nets on the deep
We've a weary way to run.

As through the night-watches we drift about,
We'll think of the times that are fled,
And of Him who once called other fishermen out
To be fishers of men instead.
Like us, they had hunger and cold to bear;
Rough weather, like us, they knew;
And He who guarded them by His care
Full often was with them too!

'Twas the fourth long watch of a stormy night,
And but little way they had made,

When He came o'er the waters and stood in their sight,
And their hearts were sore afraid;
But He cheered their spirits, and said, "It is I,"
And then they could fear no harm:
And though we cannot behold Him nigh,
He is guarding us still with His arm.

They had toiled all the night, and had taken nought;
He commanded the stormy sea—
They let down their nets, and of fishes caught
An hundred and fifty-three.
And good success to our boat He will send,
If we trust in His mercy right;
For He pitieth those who at home depend
On what we shall take to-night.

And if ever in danger and fear we are tossed
About on the stormy deep,
We'll tell how they once thought that all was lost,
When their Lord "was fast asleep."
He saved them then, He can save us still,
For His are the winds and the sea;
And if He is with us, we'll fear no ill,
Whatever the danger be.

Or if He sees fit that our boat should sink
By a storm or a leak, like lead,
Yet still of the glorious day we'll think,
When the sea shall yield her dead.
For they who depart in His faith and fear
Shall find that their passage is short
From the troublesome waves that beset life here
To the everlasting port.

THE SOUL OF MUSIC.

The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell;
And feeling hearts, touch them but rightly, pour
A thousand melodies unheard before!

ROGERS: *Human Life.*

HOSPICE OF ST. BERNARD.

Rev. Hugh Macmillan, LL.D. (b. 1833.)

At the very summit of the pass, I saw the Hospice looming above me, its windows glittering in the setting sun. Fatigue and weariness all forgotten, I eagerly clambered up the remaining part of the ascent, along a paved road overhanging a precipice, and in a few minutes stood beside the open door. At first I could hardly realize the fact that the convent, about which I had read so much, which I had so often seen in pictures and pictured in dreams, was actually before me. It had a very familiar look, appearing exactly as I had imagined. I did not approach it in the orthodox fashion, exhausted and half-frozen amid the blinding drifts of a snow-storm, and dragged in on a dog's back! On the contrary, the evening was calm and summer-like; the surrounding peaks retained the last crimson blush of the exquisitely beautiful after-glow of sunset; the little lake beside the convent mirrored the building on its tranquil bosom; the snow had retreated from the low grounds, and only lingered on the lesser heights in the form of hardened patches wedged in the shady recesses of the rocks. I could not have seen the place under more favorable auspices; and yet, nevertheless, the scene was inexpressibly forlorn and melancholy. There was an air of utter solitude and dreariness about it which I have never seen equalled, and which oppressed me with a nameless sadness. There was no color in the landscape—no cheerful green, or warm brown, or shining gold, such as relieves even the most sterile moorland scenery in Scotland. Everything was gray and cold—the building was gray, the lake was gray, the vegetation was gray, the sky was gray; and when the evening glow vanished, the lofty peaks around assumed a livid, ghastly hue, which even the sparkling of their snowy drapery in the first beams of the moon could not enliven. Not a tree, not a shrub, not even a heather bush, was in sight. It seemed as if Nature, in this remote and elevated region, were dead, and that I was gazing upon its shrouded corpse in a chamber draperied with the garments of woe.

The effect of this bitter Arctic climate upon the monks, as might be expected, is extremely disastrous. The strongest constitution soon gives way under it. Headaches, pains in the chest and liver, are sadly common. Even the dogs themselves, hardy though they are, soon become rheumatic and die. Seven years is the longest span of their life, and the breed is with the utmost difficulty kept up.

The mŏnks begin their novitiate, which usually lasts about fourteen years, at the age of eighteen; but few of them live to complete it. The first year of residence is the least trying, as the stock of health and energy they have brought with them enables them successfully to resist the devitalizing influence of the monotonous life and the severe climate; but, every succeeding year, they become less and less able to bear the cold and privations, and they go about the convent the ghosts of their former selves, blue and thin and shivering. Before they have succumbed, they go down to the sick establishments in the milder

climate of Martigny or Aosta, or they serve as parish priests in the different valleys around. But in many cases this remedy comes too late. They perish at their posts, literally starved to death. The annals of the convent contain many sad records of such devotion; and they thrill the heart with sympathy and admiration.

I saw the famous St. Bernard dogs, playing about the convent door. There were five of them, massively built creatures, of a brown color, — very like Newfoundland dogs, only larger and more powerful. The stock is supposed to have come originally from the Pyrenees. The services they have rendered in rescuing travellers are incalculable. A whole book might easily be filled with interesting adventures of which they were the heroes. In the Museum at Berne I saw the stuffed body of the well-known dog "Barry," which is said to have saved the lives of no less than forty persons. The huge creatures were fond of being caressed; and one of them ran after my companion, as he was going up the hill-side by a wrong path, and pulled him back by the coat-tail!

Shortly afterwards we bade adieu to our hospitable entertainers with mingled feelings of gratification and regret: gratification, because we had seen so much that was new and interesting to us, and had been so kindly treated, though strangers in a strange land; and regret, because the palmiest days of the Hospice are over, for the great majority of tourists will now take advantage of the Mount Cenis Tunnel, and proceed to Italy by the most direct route, and only a few will care to turn aside, on a long and somewhat difficult journey, to visit the spot.

Holidays on High Lands.

MONASTIC BROTHERHOOD.

What other yearning was the master tie
Of the monastic brotherhood, upon rock
Aërial, or in green secluded vale,
One after one, collected from afar,
An undissolving fellowship? What but this,
The universal instinct of repose,
The longing for confirmed tranquillity,
Inward and outward; humble, yet sublime:
The life where hope and memory are one.

WORDSWORTH: *Excursion*, book iii.

THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR.

J. G. WHITTIER (b. 1808).

Out and in the river is winding
The links of its long, red chain,
Through belts of dusky pine-land
And gusty leagues of plain.

Only, at times, a smoke-wreath
With the drifting cloud-rack joins—

The smoke of the hunting-lodges
Of the wild Assiniboins!

Drearily blows the north wind
From the land of ice and snow;
The eyes that look are weary,
And heavy the hands that row.

And with one foot on the water,
And one upon the shore,
The Angel of Shadow gives warning
That day shall be no more.

Is it the clang of wild-geese?
Is it the Indian's yell
That lends to the voice of the north wind
The tone of a far-off bell?

The voyageur smiles as he listens
To the sound that grows apace;
Well he knows the vesper ringing
Of the bells of St. Boniface,—

The bells of the Roman Mission,
That call from their turrets twain
To the boatmen on the river,
To the hunter on the plain.

Even so in our mortal journey
The bitter north winds blow;
And thus upon life's Red River
Our hearts as oarsmen row.

And when the Angel of Shadow
Rests his feet on wave and shore;
And our eyes grow dim with watching,
And our hearts faint at the oar;

Happy is he who heareth
The signal of his release
In the bells of the Holy City,
The chimes of eternal peace!

HAWAIIAN SPORTS.

LADY BRASSEY.

The natives have many games of which they are very fond, and which they play with great skill, including spear-throwing; transfixing an object with a dart; *kona*, an elaborate kind of draughts; and *talu*, which consists in hiding a small stone under one of five pieces of cloth placed in front of the players. One hides the stone, and the others have to guess where it is; and it generally happens that, however dexterously the hider may put his arm beneath the cloth, and dodge about from one piece to another, a clever player will be able to tell, by the movement of the muscles of the upper part of his arm, when his fingers relax their hold of the stone. Another game, called *parua*, is very like the Canadian sport of "tobogganing," only that it is carried on on the grass instead of on the snow. The performers stand bolt upright on a narrow plank, turned up in front, and steered with a sort of long paddle. They go to the top of a hill or a mountain, and rush down the steep, grassy, sunburnt slopes at a tremendous pace, keeping their balance in a wonderful manner. There is also a very popular amusement, called *pahé*, requiring a specially prepared smooth floor, along which the javelins of the players glide like snakes. On the same floor they also play at another game, called *maita*, or *uru maita*. Two sticks, only a few inches apart, are stuck into the ground, and at a distance of thirty or forty yards the players strive to throw a stone between them. The *uru* which they use for the purpose is a hard circular stone, three or four inches in diameter, and an inch in thickness at the edge, but thicker in the middle.

With bows and arrows they are as clever as all savages, and wonderfully good shots, attempting many wonderful feats. They are swift as deer, when they choose, though somewhat lazy and indolent. All the kings and chiefs have been special adepts in the invigorating pastime of surf-swimming, and the present king's sisters are considered first-rate hands at it.

The performers begin by swimming out into the bay, and diving under the huge Pacific rollers, pushing their surf-boards—flat pieces of wood, about four feet long by two wide—edgewise before them. For the return journey they select a large wave; and then, either sitting, kneeling, or standing on their boards, rush in shorewards, with the speed of a race-horse, on the curling crest of the monster, enveloped in foam and spray, and holding on, as it were, by the milk-white manes of their furious coursers. It looked a most enjoyable amusement; and I should think that, to a powerful swimmer, with plenty of pluck, the feat is not difficult of accomplishment. The natives here are almost amphibious. They played all sorts of tricks in the water, some of the performers being quite tiny boys. Four strong rowers took a whale-boat out into the worst surf, and then, steering her by means of a large oar, brought her safely back to the shore on the top of a huge wave.....

We next went to a pretty garden which we had seen on the night of our arrival, and, tying up our horses outside, walked across it to the banks

of the river. Here we found a large party assembled, watching half the population of Hilo disporting themselves in, upon, and beneath the water. They climbed the almost perpendicular rocks on the opposite side of the stream; took headers and footers and siders from any height under five-and-twenty feet; dived, swam in every conceivable attitude, and without any apparent exertion, deep under the water, or upon its surface. But all this was only a preparation for the special sight we had come to see. Two natives were to jump from a precipice, one hundred feet high, into the river below, clearing on their way a rock which projected some twenty feet from the face of the cliff, at about the same distance from the summit. The two men, tall, strong, and sinewy, suddenly appeared against the sky-line, far above our heads, their long hair bound back by a wreath of leaves and flowers, while another garland encircled their waists. Having measured their distance with an eagle's glance, they disappeared from our sight, in order to take a run and acquire the necessary impetus. Every breath was held for a moment, till one of the men reappeared, took a bound from the edge of the rock, turned over in mid-air, and disappeared feet foremost into the pool beneath, to emerge almost immediately, and to climb the sunny bank as quietly as if he had done nothing very wonderful. His companion followed; and then the two clambered up to the twenty-feet projection, to clear which they had had to take such a run the first time, and once more plunged into the pool below. The feat was of course an easier one than the first; but still a leap of eighty feet is no light matter. A third native, who joined them in this exploit, gave one quite a turn as he twisted in his downward jump; but he also alighted in the water feet foremost, and bobbed up again directly, like a cork. He was quite a young man, and we afterwards heard that he had broken several ribs not more than a year ago, and had been laid up for six months in the hospital. *A Voyage in the "Sunbeam."**

* The name of Sir Thomas Brassey's steam-yacht.

GRANDPAPA.

MRS. CRAIK (MISS MULOCK)—b. 1826.

Grandpapa's hair is very white,
And grandpapa walks but slow;
He likes to sit still in his easy-chair,
While the children come and go.
"Hush! play quietly," says mamma:
"Let nobody trouble dear grandpapa."

Grandpapa's hand is thin and weak,
It has worked hard all his days:
A strong right hand, and an honest hand,
That has won all good men's praise.
"Kiss it tenderly," says mamma:
"Let every one honor grandpapa."

Grandpapa's eyes are growing dim:
They have looked on sorrow and death;
But the love-light never went out of them,
Nor the courage and the faith.
"You children, all of you," says mamma,
"Have need to look up to dear grandpapa."

Grandpapa's years are wearing few,
But he leaves a blessing behind—
A good life lived, and a good fight fought,
True heart and equal mind.
"Remember, my children," says mamma,
"You bear the name of your grandpapa."

THE TRAVELLER'S RETURN.

ROBERT SOUTHEY (1774-1843.)

Sweet to the morning traveller
The song amid the sky,
Where, twinkling in the dewy light,
The skylark soars on high.

And cheering to the traveller
The gales that round him play
When faint and heavily he drags
Along his noontide way.

And when beneath the unclouded sun
Full wearily toils he,
The flowing water makes to him
A soothing melody.

And when the evening light decays,
And all is calm around,
There is sweet music to his ear
In the distant sheep-bell's sound.

But oh! of all delightful sounds
Of evening or of morn,
The sweetest is the voice of love
That welcomes his return.

THE BURNING OF THE "GOLIATH."

(*December 22, 1875.*)

DEAN STANLEY (1815-1881).

Let me give you an example of self-denial which comes from near home. I will speak to you of what has been done by little boys of seven, of eight, of twelve, of thirteen;—little English boys, and English boys with very few advantages of birth; not brought up, as most of you are, in quiet, orderly homes, but taken from the London work-houses. I will speak to you of what such little boys have done, not fifteen hundred, or even two hundred years ago, but last week—last Wednesday, on the river Thames.

Do you know of whom I am thinking? I am thinking of the little boys, nearly five hundred, who were taken from different work-houses in London, and put to school to be trained as sailors on board the ship which was called after the name of the giant whom David slew—the training-ship *Goliath*.

About eight o'clock on Wednesday morning that great ship suddenly caught fire, from the upsetting of a can of oil in the lamp-room. It was hardly daylight. In a very few minutes the ship was on fire from one end to the other, and the fire-bell rang to call the boys to their posts. What did they do? Think of the sudden surprise, the sudden danger—the flames rushing all around them, and the dark cold water below them! Did they cry, or scream, or fly about in confusion? No; they ran each to his proper place.

They had been trained to do that—they knew that it was their duty; and no one forgot himself—no one lost his presence of mind. They all, as the captain said, "behaved like men." Then, when it was found impossible to save the ship, those who could swim jumped into the water by order of the captain, and swam for their lives. Some, also at his command, got into a boat; and then, when the sheets of flame and the clouds of smoke came pouring out of the ship, the smaller boys for a moment were frightened, and wanted to push away.

But there was one among them—the little mate: his name was William Bolton: we are proud that he came from Westminster: a quiet boy, much loved by his comrades—who had the sense and the courage to say, "No; we must stay and help those that are still in the ship." He kept the barge alongside the ship as long as possible, and was thus the means of saving more than one hundred lives!

There were others who were still in the ship while the flames went on spreading. They were standing by the good captain, who had been so kind to them all, and whom they all loved so much. In that dreadful crisis they thought more of him than of themselves. One threw his arms round his neck and said, "You'll be burnt, captain;" and another said, "Save yourself before the rest." But the captain gave them the best of all lessons for that moment. He said, "That's not the way at sea, my boys."

He meant to say—and they quite understood what he meant—that the way at sea is to prepare for danger beforehand, to meet it manfully when it comes, and to look at the safety, not of oneself, but of others. The captain had not only learned that good old way himself, but he also knew how to teach it to the boys under his charge.

"THAT'S NOT THE WAY AT SEA!"

MISS HAVERGAL (1836–1879).

[This poem is founded on Captain Bourchier's courageous reply, when told to save himself during the burning of the training-ship *Goliath*, described in last lesson. Owing to the excellent discipline which the captain had established, and to the courage of the boys, only twelve lives were lost out of the crew of five hundred.]

He stood upon the fiery deck,
  Our captain kind and brave;
He would not leave the burning wreck
  While there was one to save.
We wanted him to go before,
  And we would follow fast;
We could not bear to leave him there
  Beside the blazing mast.

"He stood upon the fiery deck."

But his voice rang out with a cheery shout,
And noble words spoke he—
"That's not the way at sea, my boys;
That's not the way at sea!"

So each one did as he was bid,
And into the boats we passed;
While closer came the scorching flame,
And our captain was the last.
Yet once again he dared his life,
One little lad to save;

Then we pulled to shore from the blaze and roar,
With our captain kind and brave.
In the face of Death, with its fiery breath,
He had stood, and so would we;
For that's the way at sea, my boys,
For that's the way at sea!

Now let the noble words resound,
And echo far and free,
Wherever English hearts are found,
On English shore or sea.
The iron nerve of duty, joined
With golden vein of love,
Can dare to do, and dare to wait,
With courage from above.
Our captain's shout among the flames
A watchword long shall be—
"That's not the way at sea, my boys;
That's not the way at sea!"

RHYME OF THE RAIL.*

J. G. Saxe (b. 1816).

Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale,—
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on the Rail!

Gentleman in shorts,
Looming very tall;
Gentleman at large,
Talking very small;
Gentleman in tights,
With a loose-ish mien;
Gentleman in gray,
Looking rather green.

Men of different "stations"
In the eye of Fame,
Here are very quickly
Coming to the same.

High and lowly people,
Birds of every feather,
On a common level
Travelling together!

Gentleman quite old,
Asking for the news;
Gentleman in black,
In a fit of blues;
Gentleman in claret,
Sober as a vicar;
Gentleman in tweed,
Dreadfully in liquor!

* * *

Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the moun-
Buzzing o'er the vale,— [tains,
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on the Rail!

* These punning verses will strongly recall to the teacher's memory Hood's witty ballads.

GERTRUDE'S BIRD.

(*Based on a Norse Legend.*)

In Norway, as in Canada, you may often see a woodpecker that is dressed in a red hood and a black gown. The Norwegians call this woodpecker Gertrude's Bird. There is a very old story which tells us that two pilgrims were tired and hungry from their long journey, and they came to the house of a woman named Gertrude, and begged for a cake. She took a little dough and set it to bake, but in the oven it swelled to such a size that it completely filled a large pan. Grudging this cake as too much for alms, Gertrude took a smaller bit of dough and again put it into the oven; but this cake swelled up to the same size as the first. Retaining this cake also for herself, Gertrude took a very small morsel of dough; but once more the cake became as large as those that had gone before. She then said to the two pilgrims, "You must go without alms, for all my cakes are too large for you." Then the pilgrims were wroth, and one of them said, "Because thou gavest the needy no alms out of thine increased store, thou shalt be changed into a little bird: thou shalt henceforth seek thy dry food between the wood and bark of trees, and shalt quench thy thirst only when the rain falls." Hardly were these words spoken when Gertrude

was changed into a woodpecker, though still wearing the red hood she had on when the pilgrims came to her door. As she flew up through the kitchen chimney, the nice gown she had on, and was so proud of, was blackened by the soot; and ever since Gertrude's Bird has had to wear a black gown, though sometimes you see her gown tucked up and showing a white skirt beneath. You may often hear her knock at the bark houses of the beetles as the pilgrims knocked at her door; and, in her thirst, she often cries aloud for rain.

Based on THORPE'S *Mythology of Scandinavia.*

THE APOLOGY.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803–1882).

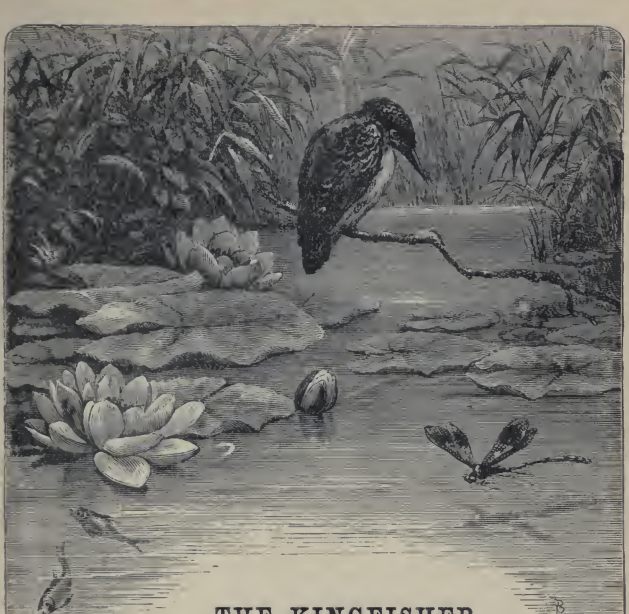
Think me not unkind and rude
That I walk alone in grove and glen;
I go to the God of the wood
To fetch his word to men.

Tax not my sloth, that I
Fold my arms beside the brook;
Each cloud that floated in the sky
Writes a letter in my book.

Chide me not, laborious band,
For the idle flowers I brought;
Every aster in my hand
Goes home loaded with a thought.

There was never mystery
But 'tis figured in the flowers;
Was never secret history
But birds tell it in the bowers.

One harvest from thy field
Homeward brought the oxen strong;
A second crop thy acres yield,
Which I gather in a song.



THE KINGFISHER.

MARY HOWITT (b. 1804).

For the handsome kingfisher go not to the tree,—
No bird of the field or the forest is he;
In the dry riven rock he did never abide,
And not on the brown heath all barren and wide.

He lives where the fresh sparkling waters are flowing;
Where the tall, heavy typha and loose-strife are growing;
By the bright little streams, that all joyfully run
Awhile in the shadow and then in the sun.

He lives in a hole that is quite to his mind,
With the green mossy hazel roots firmly entwined;
Where the dark alder-bough waves gracefully o'er,
And the sword-flag and arrow-head grow at his door.

There busily, busily, all the day long,
He seeks for small fishes the shallows among;
For he builds his nest of the pearly fish bone,*
Deep, deep in the bank, far-retired and alone.

With the Birds.

THE WOODPECKER.

THOMAS MOORE (1779–1852).

[The following lines were written in 1804, during Moore's three months' visit to Canada.]

I knew by the smoke, that so gracefully curled
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near;
And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the world,
A heart that was humble might hope for it here!"

It was noon, and on flowers that languished around
In silence reposed the voluptuous bee;
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound
But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree.

* A very old poetic fiction. The kingfisher's nest is built of loose grass and a few feathers.

THE BOY-FARMER IN AMERICA.

CHARLES D. WARNER (b. 1829).

I think there is no part of farming which the boy enjoys more than the making of maple-sugar. It is better than black-berrying, and nearly as good as fishing; and one reason why he likes this work is, that somebody else does most of it. It is a sort of work in which he can appear to be very active, and yet not do much. In my day, maple-sugar-making used to be something between picnicing and being shipwrecked on a fertile island, where one should save from the wreck tubs, and augers, and great kettles, and pork, and hen's eggs, and rye, and Indian bread, and begin at once to lead the sweetest life in the world.

I am told that it is something different now-a-days, and that there is more desire to save the sap, and make good pure sugar, and sell it for a large price, than there used to be; and that the old fun and picturesqueness of the business are nearly all gone. I am told that it is the custom to carefully collect the sap and bring it to the house, where are built brick arches, over which the sap is evaporated in shallow pans; and that care is taken to keep the leaves, sticks, ashes, and coals out of it, and that the sugar is clarified—that, in short, it is a money-making business, in which there is very little fun; and that the boy is not allowed to dip his paddle into the kettle of boiling sugar and lick off the delicious sirup. The prohibition may improve the sugar, but not the sport of the boy.

As I remember the New England boy (and I am very intimate with one) he used to be on the *qui vive* in the spring, for the sap to begin running. I think he discovered it as soon as anybody. Perhaps he knew it by a feeling of something starting in his own veins,—a sort of spring stir in his legs and arms, which tempted him to stand on his head or throw a hand-spring, if he could find a spot of ground from which the snow had melted.

The sap stirs early in the legs of a country boy, and shows itself in uneasiness in the toes, which get tired of boots, and want to come out and touch the soil just as

soon as the sun has warmed it a little. The country boy goes bare-foot just as naturally as the trees burst their buds in spring.

Perhaps the boy has been out digging into the maple trees with his jack-knife; at any rate, he comes running into the house in a great state of excitement—as if he had heard a hen cackle in the barn—with, "Sap's runnin'!"

Then, indeed, the stir and excitement begin.

The sap-buckets, which have been stored in the garret over the wood-house, are brought down and set out on the south side of the house and scalded.

The snow is still a foot or two feet deep in the woods, and the ox-sled is taken out to make a road to the sugar-camp, and the campaign begins. The boy is everywhere present, superintending everything, asking questions, and filled with a desire to help on the excitement.

It is a great day when the sled is loaded with the buckets, and the procession starts for the woods. The sun shines almost unobstructedly into the forest, for there are only naked branches to bar it; the snow is beginning to sink down, leaving the young bushes spindling up everywhere; the snow-birds are twittering about, and the noise of shouting and the blows of the axe echo far and wide. This is spring, and the boy can hardly contain his delight that his outdoor life is about to begin again. In the first place, the men go about and tap the trees, drive in the spouts, and put the buckets under. The boy watches all these operations with the greatest interest.

He wishes that, some time, when a hole is bored in a tree, the sap would spout out in a stream, as it does when a cider barrel is tapped: but it never does; it only drops; sometimes almost in a stream, but, on the whole, slowly; and the boy learns that the sweet things of the world do not usually come otherwise than drop by drop.

Then the camp is to be cleared of snow. The shanty is re-covered with boughs. In front of it two enormous logs are rolled nearly together, and a fire is built between them. Upright posts with crotches at the top are set, one at each end, and a long pole is laid on them; and on this are hung the great kettles.

The huge hogsheads are turned right side up and cleaned out, to receive the sap that is gathered. And now, if there is a good "sap run," the establishment is under full headway.

The great fire that is kindled in the sugar-camp is not allowed to go out, night or day, so long as the sugar season lasts. Somebody is always cutting wood to feed it; somebody is busy most of the time gathering in the sap; somebody is required to fill the kettles and see that the sap does not boil over.

It is not the boy, however; he is too busy with things in general to be of any use in details. He has his own little sap-yoke and small pails, with which he gathers the sweet liquid. He has a little boiling-place of his own, with small logs and a tiny kettle.

In the great kettles, the boiling goes on slowly; and the liquid, as it thickens, is dipped from one to another, until in the end-kettle it is reduced to sirup, and is taken out to cool and settle, until enough is made to "sugar off." So "sugar off" is to boil the sirup till it is thick enough to crystallize into sugar. This is the grand event, and is only done once in two or three days. But the boy's desire is to "sugar off" perpetually. He boils his sirup down as rapidly as possible: he is not particular about chips, scum, or ashes; he is apt to burn his sugar; but if he can get enough to make a little wax on the snow or to scrape from the bottom of the kettle with his wooden paddle, he is happy. A great deal is wasted on his hands and the outside of his face and on his clothes; but he does not care—he is not stingy!

To watch the operations of the big fire gives him constant pleasure. Sometimes he is left to watch the boiling kettles. He has a piece of pork tied on the end of a stick, which he dips into the boiling mass, when it threatens to go over.

He is constantly tasting the sap, to see if it is not almost sirup. He has a long, round stick, whittled smooth at one end, which he uses for this purpose, at the constant risk of burning his tongue.

The smoke blows in his face; he is grimy with ashes;

he is altogether such a mass of dirt, stickiness, and sweetness, that his own mother wouldn't know him.

He likes, with the hired man, to boil eggs in the hot sap; he likes to roast potatoes in the ashes; and he would live in the camp day and night if he were permitted.

Some of the hired men sleep in the shanty and keep the fire blazing all night. To sleep there with them, and awake in the night and hear the wind in the trees, and see the sparks fly up to the sky, is a perfect realization of all the adventures he has ever read. He tells the other boys, afterwards, that he heard something in the night that sounded very much like a bear. The hired man says that he was very much scared by the hooting of an owl.

The great occasions for the boy, though, are the times of "sugaring off." Sometimes this used to be done in the evening, and it was made the excuse for a frolic in the camp. The neighbors were invited, and, sometimes, even the pretty girls from the village, who filled all the woods with their sweet voices and merry laughter, and little affectations of fright.

The white snow still lies on all the ground except the warm spot about the camp. The tree branches all show distinctly in the light of the fire, which sends its ruddy glare far into the darkness, and lights up the shanty, the hogsheads, the buckets under the trees, and the group about the boiling kettles, until the scene is like something taken out of a fairy play.

At these sugar parties, every one was expected to eat as much sugar as possible; and those who are practised in it can eat a great deal. It is a peculiarity about eating warm maple-sugar, that, though you may eat so much of it one day as to be sick and loathe the thought of it, you will want it the next day more than ever.

At the "sugaring off" they used to pour the hot sugar upon the snow, where it congealed into a sort of wax, without crystallizing; which, I suppose, is the most delicious substance that was ever invented; but it takes long to eat it. If one should close his teeth firmly on a ball of it, he would be unable to open his mouth until it

dissolved. The sensation, while it is melting, is very pleasant, but one cannot talk.

The boy used to make a big lump of wax and give it to the dog, who seized it with great avidity and closed his jaws on it, as dogs will on anything. It was funny, the next moment, to see the expression of perfect surprise on the dog's face, when he found that he could not open his jaws. He shook his head,—he sat down in despair,—he ran round in a circle,—he dashed into the woods and back again. He did everything except climb a tree, and howl. It would have been such a relief to him if he could have howled, but that was the one thing he could not do.

THE OLD FARM-GATE.

ELIZA COOK (b. 1818).

[The old wooden farm-gate has been done away with, and a new and trim iron one has taken its place. But the poetess likes not the change. The old gate was associated in her mind with many happy scenes and memories. It was the place where the children played and swung, the trysting-place of the lovers, the meeting-place of the village politicians; and its removal darkens the picture in which she has most delight.]

Where, where is the gate that once served to divide
The elm-shaded lane from the dusty road-side?
I like not this barrier gaily bedight,
With its glittering latch and its trellis of white.
It is seemly, I own—yet, oh! dearer by far
Were the red-rusted hinge and the weather-warped bar.
Here are fashion and form of a modernized date,
But I'd rather have looked on the Old Farm-gate.

'Twas here that the urchins would gather to play
In the shadows of twilight, or sunny mid-day;
For the stream running nigh, and the hillocks of sand,
Were temptations no dirt-loving rogue could withstand.
But to swing on the gate-rails, to clamber and ride,
Was the utmost of pleasure, of glory, and pride;
And the car of the victor, or carriage of state,
Never carried such hearts as the Old Farm-gate.

'Twas here that the miller's son paced to and fro,
When the moon was above and the glow-worms below;
Now pensively leaning, now twirling his stick,
While the moments grew long and his heart-throbs grew
quick.
Why, why did he linger so restlessly there,
With church-going vestment and sprucely-combed hair?

He loved, oh! he loved, and had promised to wait
For the one he adored at the Old Farm-gate.

'Twas here that the gray-headed gossips would meet,
And the falling of markets, or goodness of wheat—
This field lying fallow—that heifer just bought—
Were favorite themes for discussion and thought.
The merits and faults of a neighbor just dead—
The hopes of a couple about to be wed—
The Parliament doings—the Bill, and Debate—
Were all canvassed and weighed at the Old Farm-gate.

'Twas over that gate I taught Pincher * to bound
With the strength of a steed and the grace of a hound.
The beagle might hunt, and the spaniel might swim,
But none could leap over that postern like him.
When Dobbin † was saddled for mirth-making trip,
And the quickly-pulled willow-branch served for a whip,
Spite of lugging and tugging, he'd stand for his freight,
While I climbed on his back from the Old Farm-gate.

'Tis well to pass portals where pleasure and fame
May come winging our moments and gilding our name;
But give me the joy and the freshness of mind,
When, away on some sport, the old gate slammed behind:
I've listened to music, but none that could speak
In such tones to my heart as that teeth-setting creak
That broke on my ear when the night had worn late,
And the dear ones came home through the Old Farm-gate.

Oh! fair is the barrier taking its place,
But it darkens a picture my soul longed to trace.
I sighed to behold the rough staple and hasp,
And the rails that my growing hand ‡ scarcely could clasp.
Oh! how strangely the warm spirit grudges to part
With the commonest relic once linked to the heart;
And the brightest of fortune, the kindliest fate,
Would not banish my love for the Old Farm-gate.

* Name of a dog.
† Name of a horse.
‡ The rails that, when a child, I could scarcely clasp.

THE MINNOWS WITH SILVER TAILS.

JEAN INGELOW (b. 1830).

There was a cuckoo-clock hanging in Tom Turner's cottage. When it struck one, Tom's wife laid the baby in the cradle, and took a saucepan off the fire, from which came a very savory smell.

"If father doesn't come soon," she observed, "the apple-dumpling will be too much done."

"There he is!" cried the little boy; "he is coming round by the wood, and now he's going over the bridge.—O father! make haste and have some apple-dumpling."

"Tom," said his wife as he came near, "art tired to-day?"

"Uncommon tired," said Tom, as he threw himself on the bench in the shadow of the thatch.

"Has anything gone wrong?" asked his wife. "What's the matter?"

"Matter!" repeated Tom; "is anything the matter? The matter is this, mother, that I'm a miserable hard-worked slave;" and he clapped his hands upon his knees, and uttered in a deep voice, which frightened the children, "a miserable slave!"

"Bless us!" said the wife, but could not make out what he meant.

"A miserable, ill-used slave," continued Tom, "and always have been."

"Always have been!" said his wife; "why, father, I thought thou used to say at the election time that thou wast a free-born Briton."

"Women have no business with politics," said Tom, getting up rather sulkily. Whether it was the force of habit or the smell of the dinner that made him do it has not been ascertained, but it is certain that he walked into the house, ate plenty of pork and greens, and then took a tolerable share in demolishing the apple-dumpling.

When the little children were gone out to play, Tom's wife said to him, "I hope thou and thy master haven't had words to-day."

"We've had no words," said Tom impatiently; "but I'm sick of being at another man's beck and call. It's 'Tom, do this,' and 'Tom, do that;' and nothing but work, work, work, from Monday morning till Saturday night. I was thinking, as I walked over to Squire Morton's to ask for the turnip seed for master—I was thinking, Sally, that I am nothing but a poor working-man after all. In short, I'm a slave, and my spirit won't stand it."

So saying, Tom flung himself out at the cottage door, and his wife thought he was going back to his work as usual; but she was mistaken. He walked to the wood, and there, when he came to the border of a little tinkling stream, he sat down and began to brood over his grievances.

"Now, I'll tell you what," said Tom to himself; "it's much pleasanter sitting here in the shade than broiling over celery trenches, and thinning wall fruit, with a baking sun at one's back, and a hot wall before one's eyes. But I'm a miserable slave. I must either work or see 'em starve. A very hard lot it is to be a working-man."

"Ahem," said a voice close to him. Tom started, and, to his great surprise, saw a small man, about the size of his own baby, sitting composedly at his elbow. He was dressed in green—green hat, green coat, and green shoes. He had very bright black eyes, and they twinkled very much as he looked at Tom and smiled.—"Servant, sir," said Tom, edging himself a little further off.—"Miserable slave," said the small man, "art thou so far lost to the noble sense of freedom that thy very salutation acknowledges a mere stranger as thy master?"—"Who are you?" said Tom, "and how dare you call me a slave?"—"Tom," said the small man with a knowing look, "don't speak roughly. Keep your rough words for your wife, my man; she is bound to bear them—what else is she for, in fact?"

"I'll thank you to let my affairs alone," interrupted Tom, shortly.—"Tom, I'm your friend; I think I can help you out of your difficulty. Every minnow in this stream —they are very scarce, mind you—has a silver tail."—"You don't say so?" exclaimed Tom, opening his eyes very wide: "fishing for minnows, and being one's own master, would be much pleasanter than the sort of life I've been

leading this many a day."—"Well, keep the secret as to where you get them, and much good may it do you," said the man in green. "Farewell; I wish you joy in your freedom." So saying, he walked away, leaving Tom on the brink of the stream full of joy and pride. He went to his master and told him that he had an opportunity of bettering himself, and should not work for him any longer.

The next day he arose with the dawn, and went in search of minnows. But of all the minnows in the world, never were any so nimble as those with silver tails. They were very shy, too, and had as many turns and doubles as a hare;—what a life they led him!

They made him troll up the stream for miles; then, just as he thought his chase was at an end and he was sure of them, they would leap quite out of the water and dart down the stream again like little silver arrows. Miles and miles he went, tired, wet, and hungry. He came home late in the evening, wearied and footsore, with only three minnows in his pocket, each with a silver tail.

"But, at any rate," he said to himself, as he lay down in his bed, "though they lead me a pretty life, and I have to work harder than ever, yet I certainly am free; no man can order me about now."

This went on for a whole week. He worked very hard; but, on Saturday afternoon, he had caught only fourteen minnows.

But, after all, his fish were really great curiosities; and, when he had exhibited them all over the town, set them out in all lights, praised their perfections, and taken immense pains to conceal his impatience and ill temper, he at length contrived to sell them all, and got exactly fourteen shillings for them, and no more.

"Now, I'll tell you what, Tom Turner," said he to himself, "I've found out this afternoon, and I don't mind your knowing it,—that every one of those customers of yours was your master just the same. Why! you were at the beck of every man, woman, and child that came near you; obliged to be in a good temper, too, which was very aggravating."

"True, Tom," said the man in green, starting up in his path; "I knew you were a man of sense. Look you, you

are all working-men, and you must all please your customers. Your master was your customer; what he bought of you was your work. Well, you must let the work be such as will please the customer."—"All working-men? How do you make that out?" said Tom, chinking the fourteen shillings in his hand. "Is my master a working-man; and has he a master of his own? Nonsense!"—"No nonsense at all: he works with his head, keeps his books, and manages his great works. He has many masters; else why was he nearly ruined last year?"—"He was nearly ruined because he made some new-fangled kinds of patterns at his works, and people would not buy them," said Tom.—"Well, in a way of speaking, then, he works to please his masters, poor fellow! He is, as one may say, a fellow-servant, and plagued with very awkward masters. So I should not mind his being my master, and I'd go and tell him so; I would, Tom," said the man in green. "Tell him you have not been able to better yourself, and you have no objection now to dig up the asparagus bed." So Tom trudged home to his wife, gave her the money he had earned, got his old master to take him back, and kept a profound secret his adventures with the man in green and the fish with the silver tails.

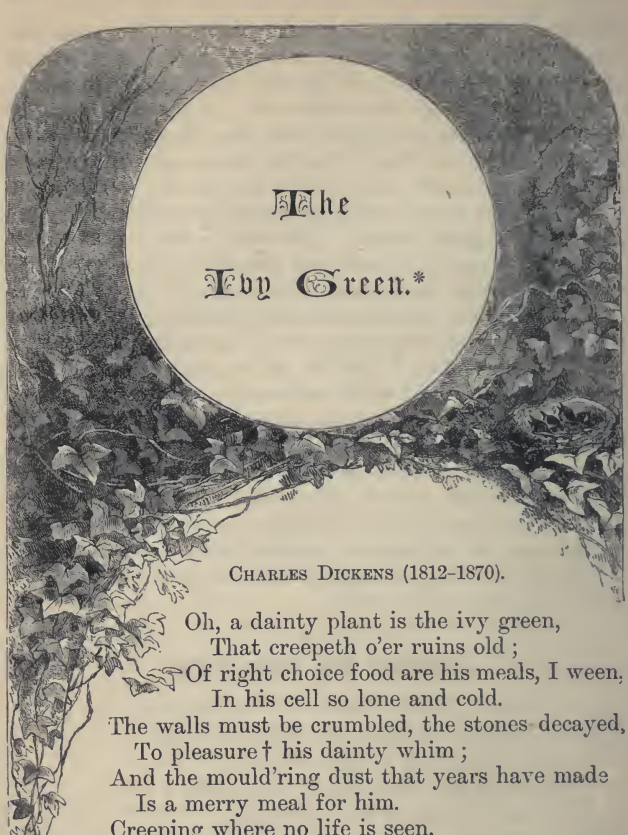
GATHER YE ROSE-BUDS.

ROBERT HERRICK (1591–1674).

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
The nearer he's a-setting.

That age is best that is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse and worst
Times still succeed the former.



The Ivy Green.*

CHARLES DICKENS (1812–1870).

Oh, a dainty plant is the ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old;
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The walls must be crumbled, the stones decayed,
To pleasure† his dainty whim;
And the mould'ring dust that years have made
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
And a stanch old heart has he;

* In chapter vi. of the *Pickwick Papers* this song is recited, at Mr. Snodgrass' request, by the benevolent bald-headed old clergyman of Dingley Dell.

† Humor.

How closely he twineth, how tight he clings
To his friend, the huge oak-tree!
And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
And he joyously twines and hugs around
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,
And nations scattered been,
But the stout old ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days
Shall fatten upon the past,
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the ivy's food at last.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Pickwick Papers

COMPOSURE.

ROBERT LORD LYTTON ("Owen Meredith")—b. 1831.

Seaward from east to west a river rolled,
Majestic as the sun whose course it followed,
Filling with liquid quiet of clear cold
The depths its hushed waves hollowed.

No wrinkle ruffled that serene expanse,
Till, perched atiptoe on its placid path,
A tiny rock the surface pierced by chance;
Whereat it foamed with wrath.

Over the depths, indifferent, smooth of pace,
The current with continuous calm had crossed;
Yet, lo! a little pin-scratch in the face—
All its repose was lost!

THE UNKNOWN PARADISE.

(*From the Swedish of* RICHARD GUSTAFSSON.)

Harold, a little lad, was lolling one day on the beach, gazing at the sea, whose gentle waves rippled to his feet. He had recently read about sunny climes, where the vine hangs in garlands between the trees, where oranges and lemons grow amongst the green foliage, where fragrant blossoms deck the mountains, and where the sky is of an inexpressibly deep blue.

"Oh, I wish I were there!" sighed little Harold; and his heart longed to fly away. He was seated close to the water, and his eyes looked towards the south. Then all at once he saw a white shape, that soared above the sea. It approached the shore, and Harold beheld at last a large white swan, which floated down through the air to where he sat.

"I can see by your eyes that you are dreaming of the land I come from," said the swan.

"Yes, yes, I long to see that beautiful land in the south!" cried Harold; and he asked the swan to fly away with him, and take him there.

"My road does not lie that way; but now," said the swan, "if you place yourself on my back, I will show you another paradise, of which I have been dreaming, far away from the myrtle groves and palm trees."

"How I should like to see it!"

"Well, then, come with me!"

And Harold at once seated himself on the swan's back, and soon they were both soaring high up in the air.

"Put your arms round my neck, and look carefully around; for now I will fly low, along the earth, that you may see all the beautiful sights as we pass on our way."

And Harold saw vast fields of growing corn undulating in the wind, extending so far that one could not see where they began or where they ended. Many church spires pointed to heaven, and handsome homesteads were scattered everywhere over the land.

Sombre woods of fir and pine trees whispered below them; and down in the dells were little streams of clear blue water, that sometimes expanded into small lakes, round which graceful young birch trees clustered.

"What is that yonder that glimmers from afar, as if it were a vast plain of silver?"

"That is the queen of the lakes!" answered the swan; and when they flew across it, Harold heard the rippling of the waves as they were dancing around the island that lay in the midst of it, like a bathing nymph, clad in the verdure of early spring.

They soared onward over immense forests and fertile plains; and not before they had reached the shore of the lake with the thousand islands did the swan lower his flight to the earth.

"Here we will rest during the night," said the swan;—"but why is it that you have tears glistening in your eyes?"

"I shed tears for very joy of the beautiful things I have seen to-day!" said Harold; "I had never even dreamed of anything so glorious."

"To-morrow I will show you still more of my paradise."

And then they fell asleep together on their soft mossy bed; and Harold dreamed during the night that he was in the land of the golden orange groves, but that he, like the

swan, longed for the paradise of birchen-girdled lakes. When at last he awakened, the sun had long risen, and their airy voyage commenced anew.

Now by degrees the mountains on their road became more stupendous, and the forests more impenetrable. Broad rivers rushed forth into the valleys, and foaming cataracts precipitated themselves from rock to rock. A white light glimmered suddenly against the horizon.

"Is it a flock of swans coming there?" Harold asked.

"No, it is the snowy mountain tops."

Harold gazed and gazed around him, and his heart throbbed with increased love for this paradise which he had not known, though so near his home. And he kissed and patted the swan that had brought him to see all this. Time was fleeting rapidly, but Harold thought they had been a long time on their journey, and so he said, "Is not the day waning towards night?"

"Oh! it is night now."

"But the sun shines still?"

"Yes! thus is the summer night of my paradise."

"Now I should like to know the name of the beautiful country you have shown to me."

"Oh, dear child, it is your own country—your own beloved Sweden!* I, like you, was born in this land, and therefore I love its valleys far more than the gorgeous plains of sunny climes. And now, when I have given you a view of all that is beautiful in this country, *you* must also love it with your whole heart."

"Oh, yes, yes!" little Harold called out, and he would have liked to press the whole country to his throbbing heart. He gathered flowers on the hills and meadows, and kissed them with delight, and tumbled about in merry sport in the gladness of his heart that he had learned to love his own beautiful country.

Chit-Chat by Puck: Ed. ALBERT ALBERG.

* In Canada, we too have "the wild swan," "the thousand islands," "the birchen-girdled lakes," "the deep forests," "the broad rivers," "the foaming cataracts;" and in the far north we have even the midnight sun.

FAREWELL TO SCOTLAND.

THOMAS PRINGLE (1789–1834).

Our native land—our native vale—
A long and last adieu!
Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,
And Cheviot mountains blue.

Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,
And streams renowned in song;
Farewell, ye blithesome braes and meads,*
Our hearts have loved so long.

Farewell, ye broomy elfin knowes,†
Where thyme and harebells‡ grow;
Farewell, ye hoary haunted howes,§
O'erhung with birk‖ and sloe.¶

* Joyous hillsides and meadows.
† Hillocks overgrown with broom and frequented by elves.—*Ow*, pr. as in *cow*.
‡ See engraving in margin.
§ Dells. ‖ Birch. ¶ Wild plum.

The battle-mound, the Border-tower,
That Scotia's annals tell;
The martyr's grave, the lover's bower—
To each—to all—farewell!

Home of our hearts! our fathers' home!
Land of the brave and free!
The keel is flashing through the foam
That bears us far from thee.

We seek a wild and distant shore,
Beyond the Atlantic main;
We leave thee, to return no more,
Nor view thy cliffs again.

But may dishonor blight our fame,
And quench our household fires,
When we, or ours, forget thy name,
Green island of our sires!

Our native land—our native vale—
A long, a last adieu!
Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,
And Scotland's mountains blue.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

J. H. PAYNE (1792–1852).

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow all there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home! home! sweet home!
There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain:
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gaily that came at my call:
Give me these, and the peace of mind dearer than all.
Home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

Opera of Clari, the Maid of Milan.

MY BOYHOOD.

HUGH MILLER (1802-1856).

One morning, having the day's task well fixed in my memory, and no book of amusement to read, I began gossiping with my nearest class-fellow, a very tall boy, who ultimately shot up into a lad of six feet four. I told him about the tall Wallace and his exploits; and so effectually succeeded in awakening his curiosity, that I had to communicate to him, from beginning to end, every adventure recorded by the blind minstrel.* My story-telling vocation once fairly ascertained, there was, I found, no stopping in my course. I had to tell all the stories I had ever heard or read. The demand on the part of my class-fellows was great and urgent; and setting myself to try my ability at original productions, I began to dole out to them long extempore biographies, which proved wonderfully popular.

My heroes were usually warriors, like Wallace; and voyagers, like Gulliver; and dwellers in desolate islands, like Robinson Crusoe; and they had not unfrequently to seek shelter in huge, deserted castles, abounding in trap-doors and secret passages. And, finally, after much destruction of giants and wild beasts, and frightful encounters with magicians and savages, they almost invariably succeeded in disentombing hidden treasures to an enormous amount, or in laying open gold mines. After this they passed a luxurious old age, like that of Sinbad the sailor, at peace with all mankind, in the midst of confectionery and fruits.

With all my carelessness, I continued to be a sort of favorite with the master; and at the general English lesson, he used to address to me quiet little speeches, vouchsafed to no other pupil, indicative of a certain literary ground common to us, on which the others had not entered.

Finding in my copy-book, on one occasion, a page filled

* Blind Harry, a wandering minstrel, who wrote (about 1460) *The Adventures of Sir William Wallace.*

with rhymes, which I had headed, "Poem on Peace," he brought it to his desk. After reading it carefully over, he called me up, and with his closed pen-knife, which served as a pointer, in one hand, and the copy-book in the other, he began his criticisms.

"That's bad grammar, sir," he said, resting the knife-handle on one of the lines; "and here's a misspelled word; and there's another; and you have not attended to the punctuation; but the general sense of the piece is good,—very good, indeed, sir." And then he added, with a grim smile, "Care, sir, is, I dare say, as you remark, a very bad thing; but you may safely bestow a little more of it on your spelling and your grammar."

My Schools and Schoolmasters.

A CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (1772–1834).

Ere on my bed my limbs I lay,
God grant me grace my prayers to say.
O God, preserve my mother dear
In strength and health for many a year;
And, oh, preserve my father too,
And may I pay him reverence due;
And may I my best thoughts employ
To be my parents' hope and joy.
And, oh, preserve my brothers both
From evil doings and from sloth;
And may we always love each other,
Our friends, our father, and our mother.
And still, O Lord, to me impart
An innocent and grateful heart,
That, after my last sleep, I may
Awake to thy eternal day! Amen.

PART II.

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.

ROBERT BURNS (1759–1796).

[Gilbert, the poet's eldest brother, reported Burns as saying that the subject of these lines was the Coilsfield dairy-maid, Highland Mary.]

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes;*
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise:
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream;
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

* Hill-sides.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds through the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing thy screaming forbear;
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,
Far marked with the courses of clear, winding rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk* shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes;
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays:
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream;
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

SAD AND SWEET.

THOMAS AUBREY DE VERE (b. 1814).

Sad is our youth, for it is ever going,
Crumbling away beneath our very feet;
Sad is our life, for it is ever flowing
In current unperceived, because so fleet!
Sad are our hopes, for they were sweet in sowing,
But tares self-sown have overtopped the wheat;
Sad are our joys, for they were sweet in blowing—
And still, O still their dying breath is sweet;—
And sweet is youth, although it hath bereft us
Of that which made our childhood sweeter still;
And sweet is middle life, for it hath left us
A newer good to cure an older ill;
And sweet are all things, when we learn to prize them
Not for their sake but His, who grants them, or denies them.

* Birch.

THE ELEVENTH LABOR OF HERCULES.

BARTHOLD GEORG NIEBUHR (1776-1831).

[The great historian Niebuhr wrote for his little son Marcus a series of *Greek Hero Stories*, from which this selection is made.]

Then Eurystheus [*pr.* Eu-rys'-theus] commanded Hercules [*pr.* Her'-cŭ-lēs] to bring him the golden apples of the Hesperides [*pr.* Hes-per'-ī-dēs]. When Juno held her marriage-feast with Jupiter, she gave him the golden apples, which he put into the ground, in the garden of the nymphs, who, being the daughters of Hesperus, were called the Hesperides; and trees grew from them which likewise bore golden apples. Many would have liked to steal them, and on that account the Hesperides had to watch the garden themselves; and they kept a great dragon in it, which had a hundred heads. Hercules did not know where the garden was, and he had to go about many days before he discovered it.

On the way Antæos [*pr.* An-tæ'-os] met him. He was a son of the Earth, and was mightily strong. He wrestled with all whom he met, and subdued them: for if one were so strong that he threw Antæos to the ground, he at once sprang up again, because the Earth was his mother, and always made him stronger when he touched her; but if Antæos threw his opponent to the ground he killed him. When Hercules observed that Antæos became stronger when he cast him on the ground, he raised him up on high in his arms, so that he did not touch the Earth, even with his feet. Then he pressed him in his arms so tight that Antæos died.

Then he came to Egypt, where Busiris [*pr.* Bu-sī'-ris] was king, who offered upon the altar all strangers as sacrifices. Hercules suffered his hands to be bound and a fillet to be tied about his head as if he were a victim, and let himself be led to the altar, where salt and meal were strewed on his head. But when the priests were about to take the knife and to stab him, then he broke the cords with which his hands had been bound, and he struck the priests and the cruel king Busiris dead.

Since Hercules was so large and strong he had a very great appetite. Once, when he was very hungry, he met a peasant who had yoked two oxen before his plough and was ploughing. He asked him to give him something to eat, but the peasant would give him nothing. Then Hercules was angry at him, and drove him away, and unyoked the oxen, and slaughtered one of them, and broke the plough in pieces, and made a fire with the wood of the plough, and roasted the ox, and ate it all up.

Then he came to the Kaukasos,* which is a very high mountain towards the sunrise. On one side of this mountain, which is very steep, and so high that no one could climb to the top, Jupiter had caused Prometheus [*pr.* Pro-mē'-theus] to be bound with chains; and every day there came an eagle who tore his side. Hercules took his bow and shot the eagle, and asked Jupiter to free Prometheus; and Jupiter did so, and Prometheus returned to Olympus, to the other gods.

At last Hercules came to Atlas, who stood at the edge of the world, and bore up the vault of Heaven on his shoulders, so that it should not fall on the Earth. Atlas was the brother of the father of the Hesperides, and Hercules asked him to persuade his nieces to give him some apples. Hercules was not afraid of the dragon, and would have killed him, but he did not wish to take the apples away from the nymphs by force.

Atlas went to the Hesperides; and until he came back Hercules held up the vault of Heaven's arch on his shoulders. The Hesperides gave their uncle three apples to give to Hercules, if he promised that they should have them again; for all knew that Hercules kept his word. When Atlas came back, he wanted Hercules always to continue to stand and to hold up the heavens; but Hercules threatened that he would let them fall, and then Atlas took his place again, and gave him the apples.

Greek Hero Stories. *Ed.* BENJ. HOPPIN.

* The Greek spelling of Caucasus [*pr.* Kau'-kă-sos].

MAY.

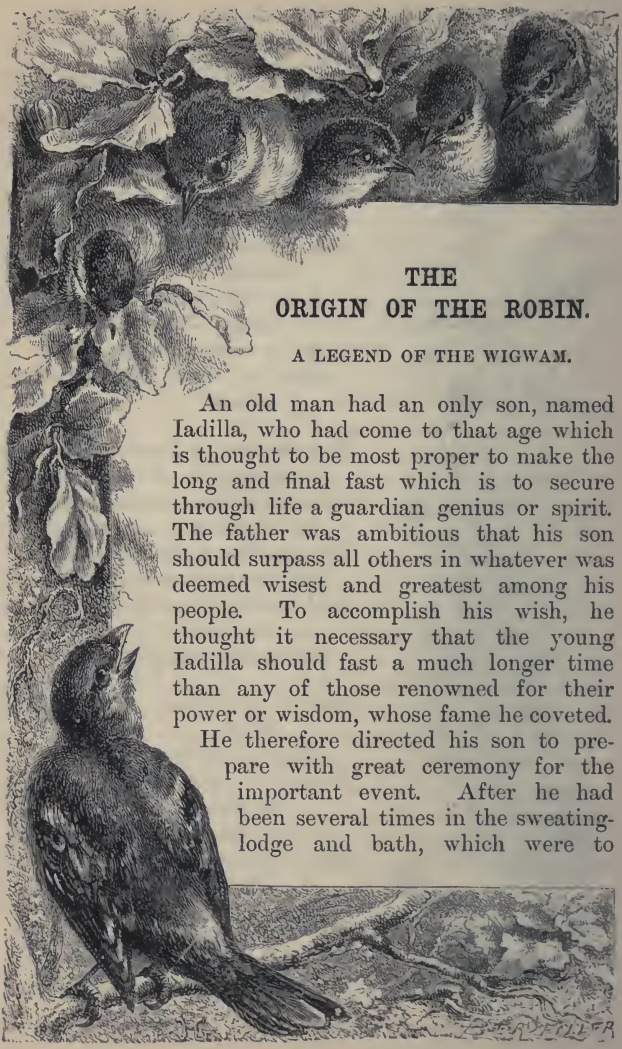
NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS (1807-1867).

Oh, the merry May has pleasant hours,
And dreamily they glide,
As if they floated like the leaves
Upon a silver tide:
The trees are full of crimson buds,
And the woods are full of birds;
And the waters flow to music,
Like a tune with pleasant words.

The verdure of the meadow-land
Is creeping to the hills;
The sweet, blue-bosomed violets
Are blowing by the rills;
The lilac has a leaf of balm
For every wind that stirs;
And the larch* stands green and beautiful
Amid the sombre firs.

There's perfume upon every wind—
Music in every tree—
Dews for the moisture-loving flowers—
Sweets for the sucking bee:
The sick come forth for the healing south;
The young are gathering flowers;
And life is a tale of poetry,
That is told by golden hours.

* More generally called in Canada the tamarack.



THE ORIGIN OF THE ROBIN.

A LEGEND OF THE WIGWAM.

An old man had an only son, named Iadilla, who had come to that age which is thought to be most proper to make the long and final fast which is to secure through life a guardian genius or spirit. The father was ambitious that his son should surpass all others in whatever was deemed wisest and greatest among his people. To accomplish his wish, he thought it necessary that the young Iadilla should fast a much longer time than any of those renowned for their power or wisdom, whose fame he coveted.

He therefore directed his son to prepare with great ceremony for the important event. After he had been several times in the sweating-lodge and bath, which were to

prepare and purify him for communion with his good spirit, he ordered him to lie down on a clean mat in a little lodge, and keep a twelve days' fast. On the ninth day the son, exhausted by hunger, addressed his father as follows:

"My father, my dreams forebode evil. May I break my fast now, and at a more favorable time make a new fast?"

The father answered:

"My son, you know not what you ask. If you get up now, all your glory will depart. Wait patiently a little longer. You have but three days more, and your term will be completed. You know it is for your own good, and I encourage you to persevere. Shall not your aged father live to see you a star among the chieftains and the beloved of battle?"

The son assented; and covering himself more closely, that he might shut out the light which prompted him to complain, he lay till the eleventh day, when he repeated his request.

The father addressed Iadilla as he had the day before, and promised that he would himself prepare his first meal, and bring it to him by the dawn of the morning.

The son moaned, and the father added:

"Will you bring shame upon your father when his sun is falling in the west?"

"I will not shame you, my father," replied Iadilla; and he lay so still and motionless that you could only know that he was living by the gentle heaving of his breast.

At the spring of day, the next morning, the father, delighted at having gained his end, prepared a repast for his son, and hastened to set it before him. On coming to the door of the little lodge, he was surprised to hear his son talking to himself. He stooped his ear to listen; and, looking through a small opening, he was yet more astonished when he beheld his son painted with vermilion over all his breast, and in the act of finishing his work by laying on the paint as far back on his shoulders as he could reach with his hands, saying at the same time, to himself:

"My father has destroyed my fortune as a man. He would not listen to my requests. He has urged me beyond my tender strength. He will be the loser. I shall be

for ever happy in my new state, for I have been obedient to my parent. He alone will be the sufferer, for my guardian spirit is a just one. Though not propitious to me in the manner I desired, he has shown me pity in another way—he has given me another shape; and now I must go."

At this moment the old man broke in, exclaiming:

"My son! my son! I pray you leave me not!"

But the young man, with the quickness of a bird, had flown to the top of the lodge and perched himself on the highest pole, having been changed into a beautiful robin red-breast. He looked down upon his father with pity beaming in his eyes, and addressed him as follows:

"Regret not, my father, the change you behold. I shall be happier in my present state than I could have been as a man. I shall always be the friend of men, and keep near their dwellings. I shall ever be happy and contented; and although I could not gratify your wishes as a warrior, it will be my daily aim to make you amends for it as a harbinger of peace and joy. I will cheer you by my songs, and strive to inspire in others the joy and lightsomeness of heart I feel in my present state. This will be some compensation to you for the loss of glory you expected. I am now free from the cares and pains of human life. My food is spontaneously furnished by the mountains and fields, and my pathway of life is in the bright air."

Then stretching himself on his toes, as if delighted with the gift of wings, Iadilla carolled one of his sweetest songs, and flew away into a neighboring wood.

SCHOOLCRAFT'S *Indian Legends.* *Ed.* MATTHEWS.

A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852).

[Written on the river Ottawa in the summer of 1804.]

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time;

Soon as the woods on the shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Anne's* our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh, sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Utawa's† tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers;
Oh, grant us cool heavens, and favoring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

* St. Anne de Bellevue, at the confluence of the rivers Ottawa and St Lawrence.

† The metre requires the pronunciation, Utaw-wa. This spelling and this pronunciation also still survive among the old French *voyageurs* on the Ottawa.

SHOOTING A RAPID.

SHOOTING RAPIDS.

REV. PRINCIPAL GRANT, D.D. (b. 1835).

To shoot rapids in a canoe is a pleasure that comparatively few Englishmen have ever enjoyed, and no picture can give an idea of what it is. There is a fascination in the motion, as of poetry or music, which must be experienced to be understood. The excitement is greater than when on board a steamer, because you are so much nearer the seething water, and the canoe seems such a fragile thing to contend with the mad forces, into the very thick of which it has to be steered. Where the stream begins to descend, the water is an inclined plane, smooth as a billiard-table; beyond, it breaks into curling, gleaming rolls, which end off in white boiling caldrons, where the water has broken on the rocks beneath.

On the brink of the inclined plane, the canoe seems to pause for an instant. The captain is at the bow—a broader, stronger paddle than usual in his hand—his eye kindling with enthusiasm, and every nerve and fibre in his body at its utmost tension. The steersman is at his post, and every man is ready. They know that a false stroke, or too weak a turn of the captain's wrist, at the critical moment, means death.

A push with the paddles, and, straight and swift as an arrow, the canoe shoots right down into the mad vortex: now into a cross current that would twist her broadside round, but that every man fights against it: then she steers right for a rock, to which she is being resistlessly sucked, and on which it seems as if she would be dashed to pieces; but a rapid turn of the captain's paddle at the right moment, and she rushes past the black mass, riding gallantly as a race-horse. The waves boil up at the side, threatening to engulf her, but, except a dash of spray or the cap of a wave, nothing gets in; and, as she speeds into the calm reach beyond, all draw long breaths, and hope that another rapid is near.

From Ocean to Ocean (1877).

THE RAPID.

(*St. Lawrence.*)

CHARLES SANGSTER (b. 1822).

All peacefully gliding,
The waters dividing,
The indolent bátteau moved slowly along;
The rowers, light-hearted,
From sorrow long parted,
Beguiled the dull moments with laughter and song:
"Hurrah for the Rapid! that merrily, merrily
Gambols and leaps on its tortuous way;
Soon we will enter it, cheerily, cheerily,
Pleased with its freshness, and wet with its spray."

More swiftly careering,
The wild Rapid nearing,
They dash down the stream like a terrified steed;
The surges delight them,
No terrors affright them,
Their voices keep pace with their quickening speed:
"Hurrah for the Rapid! that merrily, merrily
Shivers its arrows against us in play;
Now we have entered it, cheerily, cheerily,
Our spirits as light as its feathery spray."

Fast downward they're dashing,
Each fearless eye flashing,
Though danger awaits them on every side;
Yon rock—see it frowning!
They strike—they are drowning!
But downward they speed with the merciless tide:
No voice cheers the Rapid, that angrily, angrily
Shivers their bark in its maddening play;
Gaily they entered it—heedlessly, recklessly,
Mingling their lives with its treacherous spray!

THE MEN OF OLD.

LORD HOUGHTON (RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES)—b. 1809.

I know not that the men of old
Were better than men now,
Of heart more kind, of hand more bold,
Of more ingenuous brow;
I heed not those who pine for force
A ghost of time to raise,
As if they thus could check the course
Of these appointed days.

Still it is true, and over true,
That I delight to close
This book of life self-wise and new,
And let my thoughts repose
On all that humble happiness
The world has since foregone—
The daylight of contentedness
That on those faces shone!

With rights, though not too closely scanned,
Enjoyed as far as known—
With will by no reverse unmanned—
With pulse of even tone—
They from to-day and from to-night
Expected nothing more,
Than yesterday and yesternight
Had proffered them before.

THE LAST OLD ENGLISH KING.

CHARLES DICKENS (1812–1870).

[Edward the Confessor died on January 5, 1066, and Harold was at once chosen king by the Witan. William of Normandy denounced Harold for having broken his oath, and resolved to wrest the crown from him by force of arms. His preparations occupied many months. Shortly before he landed, Tostig, Harold's outlawed brother, accompanied by Harold Hardrada, King of Norway, invaded Northumbria and captured York. Harold advanced against them, and on September 25th both of his foes were killed in the Battle of Stamford Bridge. Four days later, Harold learned that Duke William had landed at Pevensey, 10 miles south-west of Hastings, on the coast of Sussex, with a powerful and well-appointed army. He at once marched southward, in order to place himself between William and London. On October 13th the English army reached Senlac Hill, and found the Norman host encamped on the Hill of Telham, a few miles off.]

All night the armies lay encamped before each other, in a part of the country then called Senlac, now called (in remembrance of them) Battle. With the first dawn of day they arose. There, in the faint light, were the English on Senlac Hill, a wood behind them, in their midst two royal

banners;—one the Golden Dragon of Wessex; the other King Harold's standard, representing a Fighting Warrior, woven in gold thread, adorned with precious stones.

Beneath these banners, as they rustled in the wind, stood King Harold on foot, with two of his brothers by his side; around them, still and silent as the dead, clustered the whole English army—every soldier covered by his

shield, and bearing in his hand his dreaded English battle-axe. On the opposite hill of Telham, in three lines—archers, foot-soldiers, horsemen—was the Norman force. On a sudden, a great battle-cry, "God help us!" burst from the Norman lines. The English answered with their own battle-cry, "God Almighty!" "Holy Rood!" The Normans then came sweeping down the hill to attack the English; for King Harold had ordered his men to keep their ground, and on no account to be tempted to leave their ranks. It had been well for the English had they obeyed that order! There was one tall Norman knight who rode before the Norman army on a prancing horse, throwing up his heavy sword and catching it, and singing of the bravery of his countrymen. An English knight who rode out from the English force to meet him, fell by this knight's hand. Another English knight rode out, and he fell too. But then a third rode out, and killed the Norman. This was in the beginning of the fight. It soon raged everywhere.

The English, keeping side by side in a great mass, cared no more for the showers of Norman arrows than if they had been showers of Norman rain. When the Norman horsemen rode against them, with their battle-axes they cut men and horses down. The Normans gave way. The English pressed forward. Duke William's horse fell under him, and a cry went forth among the Norman troops that he himself was killed. Duke William took off his helmet, in order that his face might be distinctly seen, and rode along the line before his men. This gave them courage.

As they turned again to face the English, some of the Norman horse divided the pursuing body of the English from the rest, and thus all that foremost portion of the English army fell, fighting bravely. The main body still remaining firm, heedless of the Norman arrows, and with their battle-axes cutting down the crowds of horsemen when they rode up, like forests of young trees, Duke William pretended to retreat. The eager English followed. The Norman army closed again, and fell upon them with great slaughter.

"Still," said Duke William, "there are thousands of the English firm as rocks around their king. Shoot upwards, Norman archers, that your arrows may fall down upon

their faces!" The sun rose high and sank, and the battle still raged. Through all the wild October day the clash and din resounded in the air. In the red sunset, and in the white moonlight, heaps upon heaps of dead men lay strewn—a dreadful spectacle—all over the ground.

King Harold, wounded with an arrow in the eye, was nearly blind. His brothers were already killed. Twenty Norman knights, whose battered armor had flashed fiery and golden in the sunshine all day long, and now looked silvery in the moonlight, dashed forward to seize the royal banner from the English knights and soldiers still faithfully collected around their blinded king. The king received a mortal wound and dropped. The English broke and fled. The Normans rallied, and the day was lost. Oh, what a sight beneath the moon and stars, when lights were shining in the tent of the victorious Duke William, which was pitched near the spot where Harold fell—and he and his knights were carousing within—and soldiers with torches, going slowly to and fro, without, sought for the corpse of Harold among piles of dead—and the Warrior, worked in golden thread and precious stones, lay low, all torn and soiled with blood—and the three Norman Lions* kept watch over the field!—*A Child's History of England.*

NIGHT IN THE DESERT.

ROBERT SOUTHEY (1774-1843).

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud nor speck nor stain
Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full-orbed glory yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark blue depths:
Beneath her steady ray
The desert circle spreads
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky:
How beautiful is night!

Thal'aba the Destroyer (1797).

* The device on the Norman standard was three lions *passant* (that is, walking), as may be seen on the royal arms of England.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850).

I've watched you now a full half-hour
Self-poised upon that yellow flower;
And, little butterfly, indeed
I know not if you sleep or feed.
How motionless!—not frozen seas
More motionless; and then
What joy awaits you, when the breeze
Hath found you out among the trees,
And calls you forth again!

This plot of orchard ground is ours;
My trees they are, my sister's flowers:
Here rest your wings when they are weary;
Here lodge as in a sanctuary!
Come often to us, fear no wrong;
Sit near us on the bough!
We'll talk of sunshine and of song,
And summer days when we were young;
Sweet, childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now.

THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

LADY DUFFERIN (1807–1867).

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May morning long ago,
When first you were my bride.
The corn was springing fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high;
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day's as bright as then;
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again:
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your warm breath on my cheek,
And I still keep listening for the words
You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
The village church stands near,—

The church where we were wed, Mary,—
I see the spire from here:
But the grave-yard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest,
Where I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends;
But, oh, they love the better
The few our Father sends:
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessing and my pride;
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary kind and true;
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm going to.
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there;
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times less fair.

ENGLAND.

[*John of Gaunt speaks:*—]

This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden,—demi-paradise,—
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection, and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm,—this ENGLAND!

SHAKSPEARE: *King Richard II.*, Act ii., Scene 1.

BEE-KEEPING.

An important product of flowers, and one which is gradually becoming more used, is the nectar which, gathered by bees, is by them transformed into honey and wax. The bee only requires a place in which to store the precious load it has gathered from a wide extent of field and garden, and so much of its hoard, or of some cheaper form of "sweet," as is necessary for its sustenance.

Bee-keeping has recently attained its greatest development in the United States, where it now forms an important branch of industry. In Russia, where honey is used by the peasantry instead of sugar, and mead instead of beer, and where large numbers of wax tapers are employed in the services of the Greek Church, the total production of honey is estimated at seven hundred thousand pounds, while in the United States the annual production exceeds thirty-five millions of pounds.

Bee-keeping in America is carried on by capitalists on a large scale, many bee-keepers having over two thousand hives; indeed, one house in New York has no fewer than twelve thousand. In order to obtain feeding-ground for such enormous numbers, the swarms are farmed out to orchard-keepers and farmers all over the country, who, for a fixed rent, allow a certain number of hives to be placed on their land. These are visited regularly by experts, who take out the honey, clean the hives, and see to their proper working.

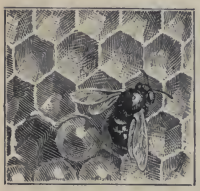
An acre of ground will, it is said, support twenty-five swarms of bees; and as each of these should on an average yield fifty pounds of honey in the year, it will thus be seen that the Americans have fallen upon a new source of wealth in the utilization of the nectar of their flowers.

A Chicago honey-dealer has recently adopted another method of reaping the honey harvest. He has had a floating bee-house constructed large enough to accommodate two thousand hives, and this he is now having towed up the Mississippi from Louisiana to Minnesota. His ship keeps pace as it moves northward with the blossoming of the spring flowers, while on its return journey advantage is taken of a like succession of autumnal flowers. This plan, however, is by no means an American invention, as it was practised in ancient times by the Romans, Greeks, and Egyptians, and is still to some extent applied on the Continent of Europe.

The crop of finely-flavored honey that is left ungathered on the moors for want of bee laborers is enormous; but were bee-keeping to become as popular and as well understood among the peasantry of England as it is in Germany, no such waste would be possible. So important is a

knowledge of this art considered in Germany, where there are at present over a million and a half of bee stocks, that the German Government sends paid agents regularly throughout the rural districts to teach cottagers the best methods of bee-keeping.

Bee culture has been greatly stimulated by the many ingenious contrivances which have of late years been introduced for increasing the honey-producing capacity of those insects. Chief among these is the "honey-extractor," by means of which the full honey-comb can in a few seconds be emptied of its contents without injury to the cells, which are thus again ready for immediate use. Three-fourths of a bee's time was occupied in comb-building, under the old plan of removing the comb with the honey; but by returning the empty honey-pots, the insect is enabled to devote its whole energies to the gathering of honey.



CELLS.

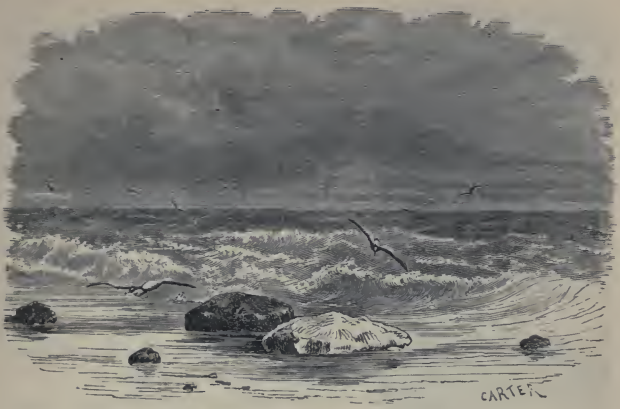
A machine has also lately been introduced by which tablets of wax are moulded so as to form the foundation of the honey-comb, and in which the side walls of the cells are started, so that the bee has only to finish them; and thus much time and much wax are saved.

VOICES OF PAST YEARS.

The last faint gleam of evening's golden light
Has softly died away; with noiseless hand
The autumn twilight-shades enshroud from sight
Both sea and land.

In the hushed stillness of the darkened air,—
Like lonely echoes of the surging main,—
The voices of the past, with music rare,
Float through my brain.

Their mournful tones enchant my listening ears
Like spirit songs. They throng my soul unsought,
Rich with the hoarded gold of vanished years,
And pearls of thought.



"*Lonely echoes of the surging main.*"

Like winds and waves that swiftly, wildly sweep,
Freighted with treasures from some far-off clime,
They bear rich argosies across the deep,
Dark sea of time.

* * * *

Unearthly messengers, your tones remind
Of blighted blossoms of my wasted years;
Of broken vows and baffled hopes, which blind
With bitter tears.

And yet, these whispered notes of dirge-like tone
My sad and doubting heart with hope inspire;
For brighter burns, as time has onward flown,
Truth's beacon fire.

All earth-born glory dies and is forgot;
But all that Heaven's immortal founts supply,—
Truth, holy love, kind deeds, and noble thought,
Shall never die.

E. H. DEWART, D.D.: *Songs of Life.*

SOWING AND REAPING.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER (1835-1864).

Sow with a generous hand;
Pause not for toil and pain;
Weary not through the heat of summer,
Weary not through the cold spring rain;
But wait till the autumn comes
For the sheaves of golden grain.

Scatter the seed, and fear not—
A table will be spread;
What matter if you are too weary
To eat your hard-earned bread;
Sow, while the earth is broken,
For the hungry must be fed.

Sow;—while the seeds are lying
In the warm Earth's bosom deep,
And your warm tears fall upon it,
They will stir in their quiet sleep,
And the green blades rise the quicker,
Perchance, for the tears you weep.

Then sow;—for the hours are fleeting,
And the seed must fall to-day;
And care not what hands shall reap it,
Or if you shall have passed away
Before the waving corn-fields
Shall gladden the sunny day.

THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN OF SLEEPY HOLLOW.

WASHINGTON IRVING (1783–1859).

The revel now gradually broke up. The old farmers gathered together their families in their waggons, and were heard for some time rattling along the hollow roads, and over the distant hills. Some of the damsels mounted on pillions behind their favorite swains, and their light-hearted laughter, mingling with the clatter of hoofs, echoed along the silent woodlands, sounding fainter and fainter, until they gradually died away. The late scene of noise and frolic was all silent and deserted.

Ichabod stole forth with the air of one who had been sacking a hen-roost rather than a fair lady's heart. Without looking to the right or left to notice the scene of rural wealth on which he had so often gloated, he went straight to the stable, and, with several hearty cuffs and kicks, roused his steed most uncourteously from the comfortable quarters in which he was soundly sleeping

It was the very witching time of night that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crest-fallen, pursued his travel homewards, along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarrytown. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far below him the Tappan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight, he could even hear the barking of the watch-dog from the opposite shore of the Hudson; but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of his distance from this faithful companion of man. Now and then, too, the long-drawn crowing of a cock, accidentally awakened, would sound far, far off, from some farm-house away among the hills. No signs of life occurred near him, but occasionally the melancholy chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang of a bull-frog from a neighboring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably, and turning suddenly in his bed.

The night grew darker and darker, the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid

them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost-stories had been laid. In the centre of the road stood an enormous tulip-tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighborhood, and formed a kind of landmark. Its limbs were gnarled and fantastic, large enough to form trunks for ordinary trees, twisting down almost to the earth, and rising again into the air. It was connected with the tragical story of the unfortunate André, who had been taken prisoner hard by; and was universally known by the name of Major André's tree. The common people regarded it with a mixture of respect and superstition, partly out of sympathy for the fate of its ill-starred namesake, and partly from the tales of strange sights and doleful lamentations told concerning it.

As Ichabod approached this fearful tree, he began to whistle: he thought his whistle was answered; it was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer, he thought he saw something white hanging in the midst of the tree—he paused and ceased whistling; but on looking more narrowly, he perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scathed by lightning and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan—his teeth chattered, and his knees smote against the saddle; it was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another, as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crossed the road, and ran into a marshy and thickly-wooded glen, known by the name of Wiley's Swamp. A few rough logs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. On that side of the road where the brook entered the wood, a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted thick with wild grape vines, threw a cavernous gloom over it. To pass this bridge was the severest trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured, and this has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the school-boy who has to pass it alone after dark.

As he approached the stream, his heart began to thump. He summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge. But instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement, and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the rein on the other side, and kicked lustily with the contrary foot. It was all in vain. His steed started, it is true, but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles and alder bushes.

The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, snuffing and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge, with a suddenness which had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black, and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveller.

The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose up on his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late. Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded, in stammering accents, "Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgelled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervor into a psalm tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and with a scramble and a bound, stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, now quickened his steed, in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up, and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind—the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him; he endeavored to resume his psalm tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a stave. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising-ground, which brought the figure of his fellow-traveller in relief against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck on perceiving that he was headless!—but his horror was still more increased on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of his saddle! His terror rose to desperation. He rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping by a sudden movement to give his companion the slip. But the spectre started full jump with him.

Away then they dashed, through thick and thin, stones flying and sparks flashing at every bound. An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hope that the church bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side; and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash. He was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider passed by like a whirlwind.

The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate; while near the bridge, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin! *The Sketch-Book.*

TO A CHILD EMBRACING HIS MOTHER.

THOMAS HOOD (1798-1845).

Love thy mother, little one!
Kiss and clasp her neck again;
Hereafter she may have a son
Will kiss and clasp her neck in vain.
Love thy mother, little one!

Gaze upon her loving eyes,
And mirror back her love for thee;
Hereafter thou mayest shudder sighs
To meet them when they cannot see.
Gaze upon her loving eyes!

Press her lips the while they glow
With love that they have often told;
Hereafter thou mayest press in woe,
And kiss them till thine own are cold.
Press her lips the while they glow!

Oh, revere her raven hair!
Although it be not silver-gray;
Too early Death, led on by care,
May snatch save one dear lock away.
Oh, revere her raven hair!

Pray for her at eve and morn,
That Heaven may long the stroke defer;
For thou mayest live the hour forlorn
When thou wilt ask to die with her.
Pray for her at eve and morn!

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

MRS. HEMANS (1794-1835).

The stately homes of England!
  How beautiful they stand,
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
  O'er all the pleasant land!
The deer across their greensward bound
  Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
  Of some rejoicing stream.

The blessed homes of England!
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath hours!
Solemn, yet sweet, the church bells' chime
Floats through their woods at morn;
All other sounds in that still time
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England!
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep.
Each from its nook of leaves;
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath the eaves.

The free fair homes of England!
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallowed wall!
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God!

THE INDIAN'S FAITH.

THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE (1825–1868).

We worship the Spirit that walks unseen
Through our land of ice and snow;
We know not his face, we know not his place,
But his presence and power we know.

Does the buffalo need the Pale-face word
To find his pathway far?
What guide has he to the hidden ford,
Or where the green pastures are?
Who teacheth the moose that the hunter's gun
Is peering out of the shade?
Who teacheth the doe and the fawn to run
In the track the moose has made?

Him do we follow, him do we fear,
The Spirit of earth and sky;
Who hears with the wapiti's eager ear
His poor red children's cry;
Whose whisper we note in every breeze
That stirs the birch canoe;
Who hangs the reindeer-moss on the trees
For the food of the caribou.

That Spirit we worship who walks unseen
Through our land of ice and snow;
We know not his face, we know not his place,
But his presence and power we know.

A BUFFALO HUNT.

W. H. KINGSTON.

Though called buffalo,* the animal I am speaking of is really the bison. It has a protuberant hunch on its shoulders; and the body is covered, especially towards the head, by long, fine, woolly hair, which makes the animal appear much more bulky than it really is. That over the head, neck, and fore part of the body, is long and shaggy, and forms a beard beneath the lower jaw, descending to the knees in a tuft; while on the top it rises in a dense mass nearly to the tops of the horns, and is strongly curled and matted on the front. The tail is short, and has a tuft at the end; the general color of the hair being a uniform dun. The legs are especially slender, and appear to be out of all proportion to the body; indeed, it seems wonderful that they are able to bear it, and that the animals can at the same time exhibit the activity they seem possessed of.

In summer, the buffalo finds an abundance of food by cropping the sweet grass which springs up after the fires so frequent in one part or other of the prairies. In winter, in the northern regions, it would starve, were it not possessed of a blunt nose, covered by tough skin, with which it manages to dig into the snow and shovel it away, so as to get at the herbage below. In winter, too, the hair grows to a much greater length than in summer, when the hinder part is covered only by a very short, fine hair, smooth as velvet. Many thousands of these magnificent animals congregate in herds, which roam from north to south over the western prairies. At a certain time of the year the bulls fight desperately with one another, on which occasions their roaring is truly terrific.

The hunters select, when they can, female buffaloes, as their flesh is much superior in quality and tenderness to that of the males. The females are, however, more active than the males, and can run three times as fast, so that

* The true buffalo is a native of India and South Africa. It bears but little resemblance to the bison.

A BUFFALO HUNT.

swift horses are required to keep up with them. The Indians complain of the destruction of the buffalo, forgetting that their own folly in killing the females is one of the chief causes of the diminution of their numbers.

Huge and unwieldy as is the buffalo, it dashes over the ground at a surprising rate, bounding with large and clumsy-looking strides across the roughest country, plunging down the broken sides of ravines, and trying the mettle of horses and the courage of riders in pursuit of it.

To the Indians of the prairies the buffalo is of the greatest possible value; for they depend on these animals for their food, tents, clothing, and numerous other articles. They dress the skins with the hair on, and these serve as cloaks or coverings at night. The horns are converted into powder-flasks; the hides, when tanned, serve to cover their tents; and the wool makes a coarse cloth. When the flesh is eaten fresh, it is considered superior in tenderness and flavor to that of the domestic ox, the hump especially being celebrated for its delicacy. It is also cut into strips and dried in the sun, or it is pounded up with the fat and converted into pemmican. The hides are used also for leggings and saddles, and when cut into strips, form halters. With the sinews strings are made for their bows. From the bones they manufacture a variety of tools—of the smaller ones making needles, and using the finer sinews as threads. From the ribs, strengthened by some of the stronger sinews, are manufactured the bows which they use so dexterously. The bladder of the animal is used as a bottle; and often, when the Indian is crossing the prairie where no water is to be found, he is saved from perishing of thirst by killing a buffalo and extracting the water which is found in its stomach. *Afar in the Forest.*

PLEASURES.

Pleasures are like poppies spread;
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed:
Or like the snow-fall in the river;
A moment white, then melts for ever.

BURNS.

A RILL FROM THE TOWN PUMP.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (1804-1864).

[Scene—The corner of two principal streets.* The Town Pump talking through its nose.]

Noon by the north clock, noon by the east. High noon, too, by these hot sunbeams which fall scarcely aslope upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke in the trough under my nose. Truly we public characters have a tough time of it. And among all the public characters chosen at the March meeting, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burden of such manifold duties as are imposed in perpetuity upon the Town Pump? The title of "town treasurer" is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure that the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire department, and am one of the physicians of the board of health. As a keeper of the peace, all water-drinkers will confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town clerk, by promulgating public notices when they are pasted on my front. To speak within bounds, I am the chief person of the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers, by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post. Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain; for all day long I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms to rich and poor alike. And at night I hold a lantern over my head, both to show where I am and to keep people out of the gutters.

At this sultry noontide I am cup-bearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dram-seller on the mall, at muster-day I cry aloud to all and sundry in my plainest accents, and at the very tip-top of my voice, "Here it is, gentlemen! here is the good liquor! Walk up! walk up, gentlemen! walk

* Essex and Washington Streets, Salem, Mass.

up! walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the unadulterated ale of Father Adam—better than Cognac, Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price! Here it is, by the hogshead or the single glass, and not a cent to pay! Walk up, gentlemen! walk up and help yourselves!"

It were a pity if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come!—A hot day, gentlemen! Quaff, and away again!—You, my friend, will need another cupful, to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cowhide boots. I see you have trudged half-a-score of miles to-day, and, like a wise man, have passed by the taverns and stopped at the running brooks and well-curbs. Otherwise, betwixt heat without and fire within, you would have been burned to a cinder, or melted down to nothing at all, in the fashion of a jelly-fish! Drink, and make room for that other fellow who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potations—which he drained from no cup of mine.—Welcome, most rubicund sir! You and I have been great strangers hitherto; nor, to express the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent. Mercy on you, man! the water absolutely hisses down your red-hot throat, and is converted quite to steam. Fill again, and, tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any kind of a dram-shop, spend the price of your children's food for a drink half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavor of cold water. Good-bye, and whenever you are thirsty, remember that I keep a constant supply at the old stand.

Who next?—Oh, my little friend, you are let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule, and other schoolboy troubles, in a draught from the Town Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life. Take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now! There, my dear child! put down the cup, and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the stones that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them.

What! he limps by without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine-cellars. Well, well, sir! no harm done, I hope! Go, draw the cork, tip the decanter; but when your great toe shall set you a-roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the gout, it is all one to the Town Pump. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again!—Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?

Are you all satisfied? Then wipe your mouths, my good friends; and, while my spout has a moment's leisure, I will delight the town with a few historical reminiscences. In far antiquity, beneath a darksome shadow of venerable boughs, a spring bubbled out of the leaf-strewn earth, in the very spot where you behold me on the sunny pavement. The water was as bright and clear, and deemed as precious, as liquid diamonds. The Indian Sagamores drank of it from time immemorial, till the fearful deluge of fire-water burst upon the red men, and swept the whole race away from the cold fountains. Endicott* and his followers came next, and often knelt down to drink, dipping their long beards in the spring. The richest goblet then was of birch-bark.

Governor Winthrop drank here, out of the hollow of his hand. The elder Higginson† here wet his palm and laid it on the brow of the first town-born child. For many years it was the watering-place, and, as it were, the wash-bowl of the vicinity, whither all decent folks resorted to purify their visages, and gaze at them afterward—at least the pretty maidens did—in the mirror which it made. On Sabbath-days, whenever a babe was to be baptized, the sexton filled his basin here, and placed it on the communion-table of the humble meeting-house which partly covered the site of yonder stately brick one. Thus one generation after another was consecrated to Heaven

* John Endicott became Governor of Massachusetts in 1644; John Winthrop, in 1629.

† Francis Higginson (1588-1630), first clergyman of Salem, Mass.

by its waters, and cast its waxing and waning shadows into its glassy bosom, and vanished from the earth as if mortal life were but a flitting image in a fountain. Finally, the fountain vanished also. Cellars were dug on all sides, and cart-loads of gravel flung upon its source, whence oozed a turbid stream, forming a mud-puddle at the corner of two streets.

In the hot months, when its refreshment was most needed, the dust flew in clouds over the forgotten birth-place of the waters, now their grave. But in the course of time a Town Pump was sunk into the source of the ancient spring; and when the first decayed, another took its place, and then another, and still another, till here stand I, gentlemen and ladies, to serve you with my iron goblet. Drink, and be refreshed! The water is pure and cold as that which slaked the thirst of the red Sagamore beneath the aged boughs, though now the gem of the wilderness is treasured under these hot stones, where no shadow falls but from the brick buildings. And be it the moral of my story, that, as the wasted and long-lost fountain is now known and prized again, so shall the virtues of cold water, too little valued since your fathers' days, be recognized by all.

Your pardon, good people! I must interrupt my stream of eloquence, and spout forth a stream of water, to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, that have come from Topsfield,* or somewhere along the way. No part of my business is pleasanter than the watering of cattle. Look! how rapidly they lower the water-mark on the sides of the trough, till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two apiece, and they can afford time to breathe it in with sighs of calm enjoyment. Now they roll their quiet eyes around the brim of their monstrous drinking-vessel.

Twice-told Tales.

* Village twenty miles north-east of Boston, Mass.

THE BARN ELVES.

F. H. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN.

Dick was about twelve, Billy ten, Polly and Jessie respectively nine and eight years old, when the circumstance occurred which gave them the first real knowledge of the quarter from whence these sounds in the old barn actually proceeded. They had been having a good game on an autumn's afternoon, having established some nine-pins on the barn floor, which they were engaged in knocking down and setting up again after the usual manner of nine-pin players. All of a sudden down dropped an egg, plump on the floor just before them.

"Hallo!" cried Dick, "there's an egg! And it isn't broken either."

As he spoke, the children all ran towards the egg to seize it, when, to their great surprise, it began to roll away all of itself; and although they rushed after and tried to seize it, it dodged them all so cleverly did this wonderful egg, that none could ever touch it.

Whilst eagerly engaged in the pursuit, they heard a loud burst of the same old laughter over their heads; and looking hastily and anxiously up, perceived the laugher for the first time.

It was a little man,—a very little man, for he could not have been above eight inches high; moreover, it was a comical-looking little man, dressed entirely in red, with a black velvet cap on the top of his head, and a short pipe in his mouth,—which is a very wrong thing for anybody to have in a barn, because a single spark might do dreadful mischief. But no sparks came from this pipe; probably because it was a magic pipe, which could do no harm to anybody unless the smoker wished it.

The little man had the most roguish expression you can imagine upon his wizened old face; and there he was, seated astride of the big rafter over the children's heads, and grinning away at them, as if he had just heard or else made the best joke in the world, and was thoroughly enjoying it.

The children looked up at this strange being in the greatest surprise, and stared as if the eyes would come out of their heads. The little man laughed all the more as he saw them staring, and then suddenly stopping his laughter, he proceeded to do something still more extraordinary than the egg trick. He drew up his legs, turned rapidly head over heels, and then hung by his toes from the rafter, swinging himself to and fro like the pendulum of a clock. Then he jerked himself up again after a curious fashion, threw his legs once more over the rafter, cocked his velvet cap jantily on one side, and looking down on the children with an air indescribably comical, exclaimed in a clear voice, though rather shrill—

"Well! how are ye, my chickabiddies, and how do ye like the looks of me?"

For a moment not one of the children could find words to answer, so utterly bewildered were they by the unexpected sight of their visitor. Presently, however, Dick summoned up his courage and replied to the question—

"We are all pretty well, sir, thank you. But how did you get up there?"

At this the old man went off into another fit of laughter, so violent that the children began to think he would certainly burst, or tumble down on his head, or do something else equally unpleasant; however, after a little while he recovered himself, and winking at them with a comical eye, replied as follows:—

"Ay, don't you wonder how I got up here? It's more than you could do, Master Dick, or your brother Bill there either!"

The children were more than ever surprised at hearing that the little old man knew their names, and greatly wondered who or what he could be. So Dick resolved to continue his inquiries, and accordingly again addressed his new acquaintance.

"Pray, sir," said he, "do you live up there, or where do you live?"

"And what's your name?" shouted Bill.

"And why do you sit across the rafter?" asked Polly.

"And why are you dressed all in red?" demanded Jessie.

The three younger children having gathered courage to speak, and being equally with their eldest brother desirous of information, all uttered these exclamations at once with great eagerness.

"Oh dear! what a lot of questions!" said the little man, with a real or pretended sigh. "I don't tell everything to everybody, you must know; because if I did, I should have nothing left to tell anybody else."

"But," said Dick seriously, "if you told everybody, there wouldn't be anybody else left to want to be told; so that couldn't be a real reason."

"Couldn't it?" said the little man gravely; "then perhaps it isn't. I never thought of that. But don't let us argue: there is nothing such a bore as a child that argues, especially if it argues with people older than itself; and I am much older—oh! hundreds of times older than you are, you know. Why, I'm older than the barn."

"Are you really?" exclaimed all the children, to whom the barn appeared a place of vast antiquity, and who accordingly looked upon the little old man as a prodigy of old age; as perhaps indeed he was, without any reference to the barn.

"Yes, I am really," continued the little old man: "I am as old as the hills, if you know how old that is; and I suppose mortals do, for I have often heard them use the expression. And as to telling, I don't mind telling you children who I am, because you are good children, and play without quarrelling, which is what I like. Besides, you seem to belong to the barn, and so do I; so we ought to be friends, you see. I am the King of the Barn Elves. I dress in red, because I like that color; I sit on a rafter, because I choose to do so; and my name is Ruby, for any 'because' you please."

As the old man spoke, he winked his eyes and nodded his head in the most extraordinary and ludicrous manner, and chuckled audibly as he concluded.

"But where are the elves you are king over?" said little Jessie, her large blue eyes wide open with astonishment.

"Yes, where are they? I don't see any elves," added Polly.

"That you shall soon see," cried the little man; and elevating his voice, he cried, in clear, shrill tones—

"Forward come, ye merry elves!
Hide ye silently no more;
Fear not now to show yourselves,—
Sport upon the ancient floor.
Raise your voices loud and clear,
Henceforth be no longer dumb;
None but friendly folk are here,—
Horse and foot together come!"

He ceased, and the children, who were now standing at the end of the barn floor very near the door, were witnesses of the extraordinary scene which followed.

Numbers of little beings, none of whom was quite as tall as their king, but whose average height might have been six inches or thereabouts, darted from every side on to the floor. They were dressed in all kinds of colors and costumes, and wore all sorts of hats and caps upon their heads. Their faces were like those of ordinary human beings on a very small scale, and their shape was generally good and graceful.

The greater part of them were on foot, and came dancing and skipping on to the barn floor as merrily as need be. But a considerable number were mounted on rats, with saddles and bridles all complete, and evidently well trained to act as chargers for their little riders. Some of them, however, were rather unruly; and if they had not been too much amazed to laugh, the children would have roared to see one rat rearing, another kicking, and a third shying, to the great and manifest discomfiture of those who bestrode them.

In a very few seconds, however, the band of elves ranged themselves in some order; and then one of them—a dapper little fellow clad entirely in yellow, with a red cap upon his head—came forward from the rest, and said:—

"What would King Ruby with the band
Who readily obey his call?
For peace or war alike we stand,
Prepared t' obey him, one and all!"

As he listened to these words, the little man bowed graciously, and then proceeded as follows :—

"Good Flitterkin, full well we know
How readily our elves obey :
These mortal babes I fain would show
A little of our elfin play."

At these words the elf who had been addressed as Flitterkin, made a low and respectful bow; and turning round to his companions, gave them the signal to commence their games, which they were by no means slow to obey.

And such games they were! you never saw anything so extraordinary. They twisted themselves into the most fantastic shapes, turned head over heels, jumped leap-frog fashion one over the other, tripped each other up, and were evidently up to all kinds of mischief; though all, as the children observed, in perfect good humor. Then those who were mounted on rats ran races, and engaged in tilting matches with straws, and jumped over straw fences set up for the occasion; and, in short, indulged in every kind of amusement you can imagine.

They were in the very midst of their fun, and the children were watching them with the keenest delight, when all of a sudden the door at the end of the barn was opened, and in came Tom the waggoner for a truss of straw. In less time than it takes me to write it, every elf had disappeared like magic, and the whole scene had vanished from the sight of the astonished children.

Queer Folk.

QUAILS.

Mary Howitt (b. 1804).

"Bit-by-bit!" says the Quail in the rye,—
"Bit-by-bit!" as we wander by;
Down in the flax and the clover sweet,
Down at the roots of the flowering wheat,
Close on their nests the Quail-mothers sit,
And say to each other, "Bit-by-bit!"

And bit-by-bit is wrought the spell
Which wakens life and bursts the shell.

In the early summer's new-mown swath,
In the flowers of the later aftermath,
Still the Quail-fathers' simple wit
Is ever repeating, "Bit-by-bit!"
And bit-by-bit the year moves on;
Day after day, and summer is gone;
Then winter comes, and skewer and spit
Make an end of the poor Quails bit-by-bit!

With the Birds.

"GRAY EAGLE" AND HIS FIVE BROTHERS.

(*A Legend of the Wigwam.*)

There were six falcons living in a nest, five of whom were still too young to fly, when it so happened that both the parent birds were shot in one day. The young brood waited anxiously for their return; but night came, and they were left without parents and without food.

Gray Eagle, the eldest, and the only one whose feathers had become stout enough to enable him to leave the nest, took his place at the head of the family, and assumed the duty of stifling their cries and providing the little household with food; in which he was very successful. But, after a short time had passed, by an unlucky mischance, while out on a foraging excursion, he got one of his wings

broken. This was the more to be regretted, as the season had arrived when they were soon to go to a southern country to pass the winter, and the children were only waiting to become a little stronger and more expert on the wing to set out on the journey.

Finding that their eldest brother did not return, they resolved to go in search of him. After beating up and down the country for the better part of a whole day, they at last found him, sorely wounded and unable to fly, lodged in the upper branches of a sycamore-tree.

"Brothers," said Gray Eagle, as soon as they were gathered around, and had questioned him as to the extent of his injuries, "an accident has befallen me, but let not this prevent your going to a warmer climate. Winter is rapidly approaching, and you cannot remain here. It is better that I alone should die, than for you all to suffer on my account."

"No, no," they replied, with one voice. "We will not forsake you. We will share your sufferings; we will abandon our journey, and take care of you as you did of us before we were able to take care of ourselves. If the chill climate kill you, it shall kill us. Do you think we can so soon forget your brotherly care, which has equalled a father's, and even a mother's kindness? Whether you live or die, we will live or die with you."

They sought out a hollow tree to winter in, and contrived to carry their wounded nest-mate thither; and before the rigor of the season had set in, they had by diligence and economy stored up food enough to carry them through the winter months.

To make the provisions they had laid in last the better, it was agreed among them that two of their number should go south; leaving the other three to watch over, feed, and protect their wounded brother. The travellers set forth, sorry to leave home, but resolved that the first promise of spring should bring them back again. At the close of day, the three brothers who remained, mounting to the very top of the tree, with Gray Eagle in their arms, watched them, as they vanished away southward, till their forms blended with the air and were wholly lost to sight.

Their next business was to set the household in order; and this, with the judicious direction of Gray Eagle, who was propped up in a snug fork, with soft cushions of dry moss, they speedily accomplished. One of the brothers took upon himself the charge of nursing Gray Eagle,—preparing his food, bringing him water, and changing his pillows when he grew tired of one position. He also looked to it that the house itself was kept in a tidy condition, and that the pantry was supplied with food. To the second brother was assigned the duty of physician, and he was to prescribe such herbs and other medicines as the state of the health of Gray Eagle seemed to require. As the second brother had no other invalid on his visiting-list, he devoted the time not given to the cure of his patient, to the killing of game wherewith to stock the housekeeper's larder; so that, whatever he did, he was always busy in the line of professional duty—killing or curing. On his hunting excursions, Doctor Falcon carried with him his youngest brother, who, being a foolish young fellow, and inexperienced in the ways of the world, it was not thought safe to trust alone.

In due time, what with good nursing, and good feeding, and good air, Gray Eagle recovered from his wound, and he repaid the kindness of his brothers by giving them such advice and instruction in the art of hunting as his age and experience qualified him to impart. As spring advanced, they began to look about for the means of replenishing their store-house, whose supplies were running low; and they were all quite successful in their quest except the youngest, whose name was Peepi, or the Pigeon-Hawk, and who had of late begun to set up for himself. Being small and foolish, and feather-headed, flying hither and yonder without any set purpose, it so happened that Peepi always came home, so to phrase it, with an empty game-bag, and his pinions terribly rumpled.

At last Gray Eagle spoke to him, and demanded the cause of his ill-luck.

"It is not my smallness nor weakness of body," Peepi answered, "that prevents my bringing home provender as well as my brothers. I am all the time on the wing,

hither and thither. I kill ducks and other birds every time I go out; but just as I get to the woods, on my way home, I am met by a large ko-ko-ho, who robs me of my prey; and," added Peepi, with great energy, "it's my settled opinion that the villain lies in wait for the very purpose of doing so."

"I have no doubt you are right, Brother Peepi," rejoined Gray Eagle. "I know this pirate—his name is White Owl; and now that I feel my strength fully recovered, I will go out with you to-morrow and help you to look after this greedy bush-ranger."

The next day they went forth in company, and arrived at a fine fresh-water lake. Gray Eagle seated himself hard by, while Peepi started out, and soon pounced upon a duck.

"Well done!" thought his brother, who saw his success; but just as little Peepi was getting to land with his prize, up sailed a large white owl from a tree where he too had been watching, and laid claim to it. He was on the point of wresting it from Peepi, when Gray Eagle, calling out to the intruder to desist, rushed up, and, fixing his talons in both sides of the owl, without further introduction or ceremony, flew away with him.

The little Pigeon-Hawk followed closely, with the duck under his wing, rejoiced and happy to think that he had something to carry home at last. He was naturally much vexed with the owl, and had no sooner delivered over the duck to the housekeeper than he flew in the owl's face, and, venting an abundance of reproachful terms, would, in his passion, have torn the very eyes out of the White Owl's head.

"Softly, Peepi," said the Gray Eagle, stepping in between them. "Don't be in such a huff, my little brother, nor exhibit so revengeful a temper. Do you not know that we are to forgive our enemies!—White Owl, you may go; but let this be a lesson to you, not to play the tyrant over those who may chance to be weaker than yourself."

So, after adding to this much more good advice, and telling him what kind of herbs would cure his wounds,

Gray Eagle dismissed White Owl, and the brothers sat down to supper.

The next day, betimes in the morning, before the household had fairly rubbed the cobwebs out of the corners of their eyes, there came a knock at the front door—which was a dry branch laid before the hollow of the tree in which they lodged—and being called to come in, who should make their appearance but the two nest-mates, who had just returned from the South, where they had been wintering. There was great rejoicing over their return; and now that they were all happily re-united, each one soon chose a mate, and began to keep house in the woods for himself.

Spring had now revisited the North. The cold winds had all blown themselves away; the ice had melted, the streams were open, and smiled as they looked at the blue sky once more; and the forests, far and wide, in their green mantles, echoed every cheerful sound.

But it is in vain that spring returns, and that the heart of Nature is opened in bounty, if we are not thankful to the Master of Life, who has preserved us through the winter. Nor does that man answer the end for which he was made who does not show a kind and charitable feeling to all who are in want or sickness, especially to his blood relations.

The love and harmony of Gray Eagle and his brothers continued. They never forgot one another. Every week, on the fourth afternoon of the week (for that was the time when they had found their wounded eldest brother), they had a meeting in the hollow of the old sycamore-tree, when they talked over family matters, and advised with one another, as brothers should, about their affairs.

SCHOOLCRAFT'S *Indian Legends, Edited by* MATTHEWS.

On Tuesday last
A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed.

SHAKSPEARE: *Macbeth*, ii. 4.

KILLARNEY.

LORD MACAULAY (1800-1859.)

The south-western part of Kerry is now well known as the most beautiful tract in the British Isles. The mountains, the glens, the capes stretching far into the Atlantic, the crags on which the eagles build, the rivulets brawling down rocky passes, the lakes overhung by groves in which the wild deer find covert, attract every summer crowds of wanderers sated with the business and the pleasures of great cities. The beauties of that country are, indeed, too often hidden in the mist and rain which the west wind

brings up from a boundless ocean; but, on the rare days when the sun shines out in all his glory, the landscape has a freshness and a warmth of coloring seldom found in our latitude. The myrtle loves the soil. The arbutus thrives better than even on the sunny shore of Calabria. The turf is of livelier hue than elsewhere, the hills glow with a richer purple, the varnish of the holly and ivy is more glossy, and berries of a brighter red peep through foliage of a brighter green. But during the greater part of the seventeenth century this paradise was as little known to the civilized world as Spitzbergen or Greenland. If ever it was mentioned, it was mentioned as a horrible desert, a chaos of bogs, thickets, and precipices, where the she-wolf still littered, and where some half-naked savages, who could not speak a word of English, made themselves burrows in the mud, and lived on roots and sour milk.

History of England, chap. xii.

GLENCOE.

LORD MACAULAY.

[Glencoe was, on the night of February 13, 1692, the scene of the atrocious massacre of the clan MacDonald, and of their chief MacIan.]

In the Gaelic tongue, Glencoe signifies the "Glen of Weeping;" and, in truth, that pass is the most dreary and melancholy of all the Scottish passes, the very Valley of the Shadow of Death. Mists and storms brood over it through the greater part of the finest summer; and even on those rare days when the sun is bright, and when there is no cloud in the sky, the impression made by the landscape is sad and awful. The path lies along a stream which issues from the most sullen and gloomy of mountain pools. Huge precipices of naked stone frown on both sides. Even in July the streaks of snow may often be discerned in the rifts near the summits. All down the sides of the crags heaps of ruin mark the headlong paths of the torrents. Mile after mile the traveller looks in vain for the smoke of one hut, or for one human form wrapped in a plaid, and listens in vain for the bark of a shepherd's

dog or the bleat of a lamb. Mile after mile the only sound that indicates life is the faint cry of a bird of prey from some storm-beaten pinnacle of rock. The progress of civilization, which has turned so many wastes into fields yellow with harvests or gay with apple-blossoms, has only made Glencoe more desolate. All the science and industry of a peaceful age can extract nothing valuable from that wilderness; but, in an age of violence and rapine, the wilderness itself was valued on account of the shelter which it afforded to the plunderer and his plunder.

History of England, chap. xviii.

THE DOG AT HIS MASTER'S GRAVE.

LYDIA SIGOURNEY, *née* HUNTLY (1791–1865).

"He will not come," said the gentle child;
And she patted the poor dog's head,
And she pleasantly called him, and fondly smiled:

But he heeded her not in his anguish wild,
Nor arose from his lowly bed.

'Twas his master's grave where he chose to rest—
He guarded it night and day;
The love that glowed in his grateful breast,
For the friend who had fed, controlled, caressed,
Might never fade away.

And when the long grass rustled near,
Beneath some hastening tread,
He started up with a quivering ear;
For he thought 'twas the step of his master dear,
Returning from the dead.

But sometimes, when a storm drew nigh,
And the clouds were dark and fleet,
He tore the turf with a mournful cry,
As if he would force his way, or die,
To his much-loved master's feet.

So there, through the summer's heat, he lay,
Till autumn nights grew bleak,
Till his eye grew dim with his hope's decay,
And he pined, and pined, and wasted away,
A skeleton gaunt and weak.

And oft the pitying children brought
Their offerings of meat and bread,
And to coax him away to their homes they sought;
But his buried master he ne'er forgot,
Nor strayed from his lonely bed.

Cold winter came, with an angry sway,
And the snow lay deep and sore;
Then his moaning grew fainter day by day,
Till, close where the broken tomb-stone lay,
He fell, to rise no more.

And when he struggled with mortal pain,
And Death was by his side,
With one loud cry, that shook the plain,
He called for his master—but called in vain;
Then stretched himself, and died.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM (1784–1842).

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

Oh, for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snorting breeze
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There 's tempest in yon hornëd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
But hark the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

THE PITCHER-PLANT OR INDIAN CUP.

Very many of my readers, I suppose, have seen the little plant about which I wish to speak—the pitcher-plant or side-saddle flower, called sometimes "Indian cup" and "huntsman's cup." It is common in the northern and eastern parts of America; and farther south are other kinds quite similar to the northern species. The pitcher-plant grows in bogs and wet meadows, and is so singular in appearance that any one who cares to notice the curious

forms of plants and all the wonderful little things that are everywhere about us, but which are not seen until we look for them with eyes of interest,—any one who cares for these things could hardly fail to notice this curious plant.

Now, what is the use of these curious pitchers? For we are not to suppose that leaves would be changed into such wonderful shapes by their wise Maker without some reason for it. Well, the only use that we know of is to *catch insects*. That is a very queer thing for plants to do, to be sure; yet several kinds do it in different ways, and this pitcher-plant does it. The little pitchers are commonly half full of rain-water, and great numbers of flies and other insects are drowned in it. These insects remain in the water and decay, thus forming, doubtless, a rich fertilizer for the plant to feed upon; and this, perhaps, is the object of the singularly-shaped leaves.

But whatever the object, the insects are caught; and it is not by accident either, for, curiously enough, there is an arrangement to prevent any bugs that have crawled into the pitcher from coming out again. The erect lid or hood projecting above the rest is the part upon which the insect would naturally alight to crawl in, in fact a sort of door-step or pathway into the pitcher; and this lid is covered on the inside with fine, stiff, and pointed hairs or bristles, which all point downwards toward the water inside. So, although they do not hinder the insect from *entering*, they effectually stop its *coming out*. And once in the water (which perhaps was the attraction that caused it to enter), there it stays till it dies. The pitcher-plant, then, is a simple but effectual *fly-trap*. We may suppose that some of the insects, by using their wings, could escape before getting into the water; but certainly many, if not all, of the insects which once enter the pitcher never escape, but remain there and die.

When tempted to enter the path of wrong, let us think of the bristles which keep the fly in when once it has entered the mouth of the pitcher. Let us stop before we find it too late to turn and reach again the freedom of happiness and innocence.

W. S. HARRIS in the *Christian Monthly*.

THE MIDNIGHT WIND.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL (1797-1836).

Mournfully, oh, mournfully
This midnight wind doth sigh!
Like some sweet, plaintive melody
Of ages long gone by.
It speaks a tale of other years,
Of hopes that bloomed to die;
Of sunny smiles that set in tears,
And loves that mouldering lie.

Mournfully, oh, mournfully
This midnight wind doth moan!
It stirs some chord of memory
In each dull, heavy tone;
The voices of the much-loved dead
Seem floating thereupon—
All, all my fond heart cherished
Ere death had made it lone.

Mournfully, oh, mournfully
This midnight wind doth swell,
With its quaint, pensive minstrelsy!—
Hope's passionate farewell
To the dreamy joys of early years,—
Ere yet grief's canker fell
On the heart's bloom—ay! well may tears
Start at that parting knell!

ON FINDING A SMALL FLY CRUSHED IN A BOOK.

CHARLES (TENNYSON) TURNER.

Some hand, that never meant to do thee hurt,
Has crushed thee here between these pages pent;
But thou hast left thine own fair monument,—
Thy wings gleam out and tell me what thou wert.
O that the memories which survive us here
Were half as lovely as these wings of thine!
Pure relics of a blameless life, that shine
Now that thou art gone. Our doom is ever near;
The peril is beside us day by day;
The book will close upon us, it may be,
Just as we lift ourselves to soar away
Upon the summer airs. But, unlike thee,
The closing book may stop our vital breath,
Yet leave no lustre on our page of death.

THE BLUE BIRD.

ALEXANDER WILSON (1766–1813).

[The following description of the Blue Bird has become a "classical quotation" in the literature of American birds. This beautiful bird—so familiar to us in Canada—was by Swainson named after his biographer, Wilson's Blue Bird (*Sialia Wilsonii*).]

The pleasing manners and sociable disposition of this little bird entitle him to particular notice. As one of the first messengers of spring, bringing the charming tidings to our very doors, he bears his own recommendation always along with him, and meets with a hearty welcome from everybody.

Though generally accounted a bird of passage, yet so early as the middle of February, if the weather be open, he usually makes his appearance about his old haunts, the barn, orchard, and fence posts. Storms and deep snows sometimes succeeding, he disappears for a time; but about the middle of March he is again seen, accompanied by his mate, visiting the box in the garden, or the hole in the old apple-tree, the cradle of some generations of his ancestors.

"When he first begins his amours," says a curious and correct observer, "it is pleasing to behold his courtship, his solicitude to please and to secure the favor of his beloved female. He uses the tenderest expressions, sits close by her, caresses and sings to her his most endearing warblings. When seated together, if he espies an insect delicious to her taste, he takes it up, flies with it to her, spreads his wing over her, and puts it in her mouth." If a rival makes his appearance—for they are ardent in their loves—he quits her in a moment, attacks and pursues the intruder as he shifts from place to place in tones that bespeak the jealousy of his affection, conducts him with many reproofs beyond the extremities of his territory, and returns to warble out his transports of triumph beside his beloved mate. The preliminaries being thus settled, and the spot fixed on, they begin to clean out the old nest and the rubbish of the former year, and to prepare for the reception of their future offspring. Soon after this, the House Wren, another sociable little pilgrim, also arrives from the south, and, finding such a snug berth preoccupied, he shows his spite by watching a convenient opportunity, in the absence of the owner, of popping in and pulling out sticks; but he takes special care to make off as fast as possible.

The Blue Bird lays five and sometimes six eggs, of a pale-blue color; and raises two, and sometimes three broods in a season; the male taking the youngest under his particular care while the female is again sitting. Their principal foods are insects, particularly large beetles that lurk among old, dead, and decaying trees. Spiders are also a favorite repast with them. In the fall, they occasionally regale themselves on the berries of the sour gum; and, as winter approaches, on those of the red cedar, and on the fruit of a rough hairy vine that runs up and cleaves fast to the trunks of trees.

The usual spring and summer song of the Blue Bird is a soft, agreeable, and oft-repeated warble, uttered with open quivering wings, and is extremely pleasing. In his motions and general character he has great resemblance to the Robin Redbreast of Britain; and had he the brown olive of that bird, instead of his own blue, he could scarcely

be distinguished from him. Like him, he is known to almost every child; and shows as much confidence in man by associating with him in summer as the other by his familiarity in winter. He is also of a mild and peaceful disposition, seldom fighting or quarrelling with other birds. His society is courted by the inhabitants of the country; and few farmers neglect to provide for him, in some suitable place, a snug little summer-house, ready fitted and rent free. For this he more than sufficiently repays them by the cheerfulness of his song, and by the multitude of injurious insects which he daily destroys. Towards fall, that is, in the month of October, his song changes to a single plaintive note, as he passes over the yellow many-colored woods; and its melancholy air recalls to our minds the approaching decay of the face of nature. Even after the trees are stripped of their leaves, he still lingers over his native fields, as if loath to leave them. About the middle or end of November, few or none of them are seen; but, with every return of mild and open weather, we hear his plaintive note amidst the fields, or in the air, seeming to deplore the devastation of winter. Indeed, he appears scarcely ever totally to forsake us, but to follow fair weather through all its journeyings till the return of spring.

Such are the mild and pleasing manners of the Blue Bird, and so universally is he esteemed, that I have often regretted that no pastoral muse has yet arisen in this Western woody world, to do justice to his name, and endear him to us still more by the tenderness of verse, as has been done to his representative in Britain, the Robin Redbreast. A small acknowledgment of this kind I have to offer, which the reader, I hope, will excuse as a tribute to rural innocence :—

When winter's cold tempests and snows are no more,
  Green meadows and brown furrowed fields reappearing,
The fishermen hauling their shad to the shore,
  And cloud-cleaving geese to the lakes are a-steering;
When first the lone butterfly flits on the wing,
  When red glow the maples, so fresh and so pleasing;—
O then comes the Blue Bird, the herald of spring!
  And hails with its warblings the charms of the season.

Then loud-piping frogs make the marshes to ring;
Then warm glows the sunshine, and fine is the weather;
The blue woodland flowers just beginning to spring,
And spicewood and sassafras budding together;—
O then to your gardens ye housewives repair,
Your walks border up, sow and plant at your leisure;
The Blue Bird will chant from his box such an air,
That all your hard toils will seem truly a pleasure!

He flits through the orchard, he visits each tree,
The red flowering peach, and the apple's sweet blossoms;
He snaps up destroyers wherever they be,
And seizes the caitiffs that lurk in their bosoms;
He drags the vile grub from the corn it devours,
The worms from their webs where they riot and welter;
His song and his services freely are ours,
And all that he asks is—in summer a shelter.

The ploughman is pleased when he gleans in his train,
Now searching the furrows—now mounting to cheer him;
The gard'ner delights in his sweet simple strain,
And leans on his spade to survey and to hear him;
The slow ling'ring schoolboys forget they 'll be chid,
While gazing intent as he warbles before them,
In mantle of sky-blue, and bosom so red,
That each little loiterer seems to adore him.

When all the gay scenes of the summer are o'er,
And autumn slow enters so silent and sallow,
And millions of warblers, that charmed us before,
Have fled in the train of the sun-seeking swallow;
The Blue Bird forsaken, yet true to his home,
Still lingers, and looks for a milder to-morrow,
Till, forced by the horrors of winter to roam,
He sings his adieu in a lone note of sorrow.

While spring's lovely season, serene, dewy, warm,
The green face of earth, and the pure blue of heaven,
Or love's native music have influence to charm,
Or sympathy's glow to our feelings are given,
Still dear to each bosom the Blue Bird shall be;—
His voice, like the thrillings of hope, is a treasure;
For, through bleakest storms, if a calm he but see,
He comes to remind us of sunshine and pleasure.

American Ornithology.

SELF-HELP.

REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

Nobody is surprised to read that Cornelius Vanderbilt blistered his hands rowing a ferry boat. Nobody is surprised to hear that A. T. Stewart used to sweep out his own store. You can think of those who had it very hard who have now got it very easy. Their walls blossom and bloom with pictures: carpets that made foreign looms laugh now kiss their feet. The horses neigh and champ their bits at the doorway, gilded harness tinkles, and the carriage rolls away, like a beautiful wave, on New York life. Who was it? It is the boy who once had all his estate slung over his shoulder in a cotton handkerchief. There was a river of difficulty between Benjamin Franklin, with a loaf of bread under his arm, trudging along the streets of Philadelphia, and Benjamin Franklin the philosopher, outside Boston, playing kite with a thunderstorm. An indolent man was cured of his indolence by looking out of the window at night into another window, and seeing a man turn off one sheet after another of writing paper until almost the daybreak. Who was it that wrote until the morning? It was Walter Scott. Who was it that looked at him from the opposite window? It was Lockhart, afterwards his illustrious biographer. It is push and struggle and drive. There are mountains to scale, there are rivers to ford, and there has been struggle for everybody that gained anything for themselves, or anything for the Church, or gained anything for the world.

THE HERITAGE.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (b. 1819).

What doth the poor man's son inherit?—
  Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
  King of two hands, he does his part
  In every useful toil and art;—

A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?—
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged to toil-worn merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labor sings;—
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?—
A patience learned by being poor;
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it;
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;—
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil
That with all other level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whitens, soft white hands;
This is the best crop from thy lands;—
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,

To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall feel no ill;
For thou, O Lord, art with me still!
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds, I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

ADDISON: *The Spectator* (*No. 441*) 1712.

PART III.

THE HAPPY VALLEY.

SAMUEL JOHNSON (1709-1784).

[*Rasselas*, from which this extract is taken, was written in the evenings of one week (1759); and out of the proceeds Johnson paid the expenses of his mother's funeral.]

The place which the wisdom or policy of antiquity had destined for the residence of the Abyssinian princes was a spacious valley in the kingdom of Amhara, surrounded on every side by mountains, of which the summits overhang

the middle part. The only passage by which it could be entered was a cavern that passed under a rock, of which it has been long disputed whether it was the work of Nature or of human industry. The outlet of the cavern was concealed by a thick wood; and the mouth, which opened into the valley, was closed with gates of iron forged by the artificers of ancient days, so massy that no man could, without the help of engines, open or shut them.

From the mountains, on every side, rivulets descended, that filled all the valley with verdure and fertility, and formed a lake in the middle, inhabited by fish of every species, and frequented by every fowl which nature has taught to dip the wing in water. This lake discharged its superfluities by a stream, which entered a dark cleft of the mountain on the northern side, and fell with dreadful noise, from precipice to precipice, till it was heard no more. The sides of the mountains were covered with trees. The banks of the brooks were diversified with flowers. Every blast shook spices from the rocks, and every month dropped fruits upon the ground. All animals that bite the grass or browse the shrub, whether wild or tame, wandered in this extensive circuit, secured from beasts of prey by the mountains which confined them. On one part were flocks and herds feeding in the pastures; on another, all the beasts of chase frisking in the lawns; the sprightly kid was bounding on the rocks, the subtle monkey frolicking in the trees, and the solemn elephant reposing in the shade. All the diversities of the world were brought together; the blessings of nature were collected, and its evils extracted and excluded.

The valley, wide and fruitful, supplied its inhabitants with the necessaries of life; and all delights and superfluities were added at the annual visit which the emperor paid his children, when the iron gate was opened to the sound of music, and during eight days every one that resided in the valley was required to propose whatever might contribute to make seclusion pleasant, to fill up the vacancies of attention,* and lessen the tediousness of the time. Every desire was immediately granted. All the

* *Vacancies of attention*, hours not otherwise occupied.

artificers of pleasure* were called to gladden the festivity: the musicians exerted the power of harmony, and the dancers showed their activity before the princes, in hope that they should pass their lives in this blissful captivity, to which those only were admitted whose performance was thought capable of adding novelty to luxury.

Such was the appearance of security and delight which this retirement afforded, that they to whom it was new always desired that it might be perpetual; and as those on whom the iron gate had once closed were never suffered to return, the effect of long experience could not be known. Thus every year produced new schemes of delight and new competitors for imprisonment. *Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia.*

HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD.

(*Written in Italy.*)

ROBERT BROWNING (b. 1812).

Oh, to be in England,
Now that April 's there!
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough,
In England—now.

And after April, when May follows,
And the white-throat builds, and all the swallows;
Hark! where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field, and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dew-drops at the bent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush: he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture.
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower,
Far brighter than this gaudy melon flower!

* Those whose office it was to devise new forms of pleasure.

TO THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET.

LEIGH HUNT (1784–1859).

Green little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up * at the feel of June;
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass: †
And you, warm little housekeeper, ‡ who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass: §

* That is, raising your courage.
† That is, loiter though their bugler calls.
‡ Addressed to the cricket.
§ That is, chirp every moment.

Oh, sweet and tiny cousins! that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong
At your clear hearts; and both were sent on earth
To sing in thoughtful ears this natural song:
Indoors and out, summer and winter,—mirth.

THE WORD "KIND."

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH (b. 1807).

We speak of a *kind* person, and we speak of man*kind*, and perhaps, if we think about the matter at all, we seem to ourselves to be using quite different words, or the same word in senses quite unconnected. But they are connected, and that by the closest bonds. A "kind" person is a "kinned" person, one of kin; one who acknowledges and acts upon his kinship with other men,—confesses that he owes to them, as of one blood with himself, the debt of love. And so "mankind" is man-*kinned*.* In the word is contained a declaration of the relationship which exists between all the members of the human family; and, seeing that this relationship, in a race scattered so widely and divided so far asunder, can only be through a common head, we do in fact, every time we use the word "mankind," declare our faith in the one common descent of the whole race of man. And, beautiful before, how much more beautiful now do the words "kind" and "kindness" appear, when we apprehend the root out of which they grow,—that they are the acknowledgment, in loving deeds, of our kinship with our brethren. How profitable to keep in mind that a lively recognition of the bonds of blood, whether those closer ones which unite us to that which by best right we term our family, or those wider ones which knit us to the whole human family, is the true source out of which all genuine love and affection must spring; for so much is affirmed by our daily, hourly use of the word.

* *d* excrescent, older form *mankin*.—SKEAT'S *Etym. Dict.*

THE OPEN WINDOW.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807–1882).

The old house by the lindens
Stood silent in the shade,
And on the gravel pathway
The light and shadow played.

I saw the nursery window
Wide open to the air;
But the faces of the children,—
They were no longer there.

The large Newfoundland house-dog
Was standing by the door;
He looked for his little playmates,
Who would return no more.

They walked not under the lindens,
They played not in the hall;
But shadow, and silence, and sadness
Were hanging over all.

The birds sang in the branches
With sweet familiar tone;
But the voices of the children
Will be heard in dreams alone!

And the boy that walked beside me,
He could not understand
Why closer in mine, ah! closer,
I pressed his warm, soft hand.

THE HEIGHTS OF ABRAHAM.

[The Heights of Abraham form the approach to Quebec on the land side. The battle fought there in 1759 between the French and the English occurred in the course of the Seven Years' War (1756–63), in which England and Prussia were combined against France, Austria, Russia, and other states. The specific cause of the war in America was the attempt made by the French to cut off the English from the fur-trade with the Indians by a chain of forts from the Lakes to the Mississippi. The expedition against Quebec was commanded by General Wolfe, a young officer specially selected by Pitt on account of his ability. The plan of the campaign was, that two armies from the south (under Generals Amherst and Johnson) should join Wolfe before Quebec. After waiting for them in vain, Wolfe attacked the French camp at the Montmorency on July 31st; but he was repulsed with considerable loss.]

The disaster at the Montmorency broke down the health of Wolfe. His eager and ambitious spirit was housed in a sensitive, frail body. For days he lay in burning fever on his bed. He knew that his country expected much from him. He had been specially chosen by Pitt to command, in the expectation that no danger and no difficulty would daunt him. As he tossed restlessly about, the burden of his unaccomplished task oppressed him sorely. As if in sympathy with their beloved General, sickness broke out in the army. For a time the gloom of discouragement rested upon it.

When the fever began to leave him, Wolfe wrote to his generals requiring them to consult over future operations. The obstacles to a successful attack by the Beauport shore were too great. Another plan, suggested, it is said, by General Townsend, was adopted; but it was kept a profound secret. Health returned to the army amid the bustle of preparation. At the end of August, Wolfe, now re-

covered, withdrew from his camp on the left bank of the Montmorency, and concentrated his forces at Point Levi.

On the 12th of September his batteries opened on Quebec; and Admiral Saunders anchored some of his great ships within firing range of the Beauport shore. Montcalm could see the British sailors and marines entering the boats, and he stood ready to repel another attack on his intrenchments. His army was now somewhat diminished in numbers. A mutinous spirit breaking out among the militia, he hanged some "to encourage the others:" many he had been compelled to send away to gather in the harvest. The reports of the capture of Fort Niagara and of the movements of Amherst from Crown Point had disquieted him.

While the cannon were thundering over the Beauport shore, the English army marched by the southern bank of the St. Lawrence eight miles above Quebec, to where the fleet was stationed. Thrilled with the expectation of a great action, the soldiers of the first division stepped silently into the boats. Wolfe was in the foremost. The night of September 14th was starry and still. As the flotilla dropped softly down the tide, he relieved his excitement by reciting Gray's Elegy; adding, when he had finished, "Now, gentlemen, I would rather have been the author of that poem than take Quebec." He was soon to prove how true it is that "the paths of glory lead but to the grave."

On the beach of a cove, three miles above the city, Wolfe and the officers with him leaped. Fast as the boats arrived, the soldiers landed and formed in rank. All night the boats passed between the cove and the fleet, which had now dropped down opposite it, bringing over the other divisions. A narrow path, hidden by the boscage, ran tortuously from the beach up the face of the precipitous rock. Swinging themselves up by the branches, holding on by tufts of grass, the agile Highlanders clambered to the top, and captured a French guard. Wolfe and his whole army followed. When the gray dawn turned to a burning red streaked with glittering golden bars, 4,828 British soldiers

were falling into order of battle on the billowy and bouldered Plains of Abraham!

From the city an officer rode swiftly to Montcalm with the startling intelligence that Quebec was threatened on the south-west. Obeying only the impulse of his chivalrous spirit, he resolved to give battle to the daring foe. Loudly the reveillé rang out, and roused his soldiers from their slumbers. Fast they were hurried over the bridge of boats across the St. Charles, and were formed for battle on a slope on the north-west of the fortress. In his precipitation, Montcalm threw away the advantage that a superior artillery would have given him. He had only two light field-pieces; but his foe had only one. He mustered 7,520 men under arms; but hardly half of them were proved soldiers.

Wolfe had none but veterans under his command. But his position was perilous: while a superior force faced him, another was advancing from Cap Rouge to attack him in the rear.

The French advanced with great show and bravery. Strong parties of their skirmishers drove in upon the

British main line the light infantry which were posted in front. Wolfe, who was on foot near the centre of the battle, with the Louisburg Grenadiers, strode along the ranks and counselled his soldiers not to fire until they saw the eyes of the foe. The French skirmishers retired, and with loud shouts the army advanced in columns, Montcalm in the centre with the regiments of Béarn [*pr.* Bai-arn] and Guienne [*pr.* Ghee-en']. Before their sharp fire the British soldiers fell fast. Wolfe was wounded in the wrist. When within forty yards, the red lines poured forth one simultaneous volley of musketry. It was decisive:—the militia fled: the French columns, shattered and reeling, wavered.

Wolfe gave the word to advance. As he led the way a shot struck him in the body; wounded again, in the breast, he staggered and fell into the arms of a Grenadier officer, and was borne to the rear. Montcalm and his officers strove in vain to re-form their columns, to withstand the charge of the British. Before their advancing fire, and the rush of the Highlanders with their keen claymores, the French soldiers broke into irretrievable flight, and sought safety under the cannon of the ramparts. Montcalm fell mortally wounded, and was borne through the St. John's Gate into Quebec.

"See! they run!" cried out the Grenadier officer who was with Wolfe.—"Who run?" asked Wolfe.—"The enemy, sir; they give way everywhere."—"Now, God be praised;—I die happy." In the short and sharp conflict of "the Plains" the English lost 55 killed and 607 wounded; the French, 1,500 in all. Wolfe was dead. Generals Murray and Moncton were severely wounded. Montcalm died on the morning after the battle, consoled, as a soldier, by the fact that the spotless flag of France still waved over Quebec.

On the first alarm of the utter rout of the French army, the fortifications on the east of the city were abandoned. On the 18th of September the French governor of Quebec received instructions to hold out to the last extremity, as a fresh army was preparing to march to his relief. But it was too late—on that day the British army entered the

capital of Canada. After an existence of one hundred and fifty years, the city of Champlain passed away from the protection of France, and the British standard was unfurled from the Castle of St. Louis. Under the new rule the inhabitants remained in secure possession of their property and in the free exercise of their religion.

ARCHER: *History of Canada.*

A STUDENT OF THE OLDEN TIME.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH (b. 1836).

[In the following lines are beautifully described the illuminated Gospels of the Middle Ages.]

To those dim alcoves, far withdrawn,
He turned with measured steps and slow,
Trimming his lantern as he went:
And there, among the shadows, bent
Above one ponderous folio,
With whose miraculous text were blent
Seraphic faces; angels, crowned
With rings of melting amethyst;
Mute, patient martyrs, cruelly bound
To blazing faggots; here and there
Some bold, serene evangelist,
Or Mary in her summer hair;
And here and there, from out the woods,
A brilliant tropic bird took flight;
And through the margins many a vine
Went wandering—roses, red and white,
Tulip, windflower, and columbine
Blossomed. To his believing mind
These things were real, and the wind,
Blown through the mullioned window, took
Scent from the lilies in the book.

Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book.

MANITOBA: THEN AND NOW.

REV. PRINCIPAL BRYCE, M.A., LL.B.

The past ten years seem like a dream. In the rapidity of change there has hardly been the time for anything to seem real. The conclusions of one year as to the country have had to be abandoned the next, as development took place. The vast extent of the region grows on the mind by degrees. One's idea of distance changes. It seems no more to overtake a hundred miles than it formerly did to go twenty. The most fondly cherished delusions for settlement of certain opening regions have to be abandoned as flourishing settlements rise; and the railway is making such a transformation as to make the "oldest inhabitant" wonder whether he may not be in an enchanted land.

Where Forts Douglas and Gibraltar were, now stands the city of Winnipeg. An unsightly Indian village of log houses, of not more than 300 people in 1871, is replaced by a busy city of 12,000 or 14,000 inhabitants; and the street of log hovels has become the chief business street of the rising city, and been built up with handsome brick buildings.

The tide of population has rolled westward. Portage La Prairie is a thriving town upon the Canadian Pacific Rail way, now of 2,000 people. Three or four miles down Red River, from Fort Daer at Pembina, but on the east side of the river, stands Emerson, of nearly equal size. Not many miles from the old Brandon House, of which Pritchard speaks in his narrative, is the new town of Brandon, where the Canadian Pacific Railway crosses the Assiniboin. This place is only a few months old, but seems to promise to be of some importance. Settlement is now rushing on more than 250 miles west of Winnipeg, and the advance-guard will soon have reached Qu'Appelle, the rendezvous of the Bois-brûlés (half-breeds) in 1846.

The supremacy of the half-breeds is past; the peaceful arts of civilization will now be allowed to flourish. The boundless plains, so long left to the wandering buffaloes, are now everywhere being covered with thriving settle-

ments. Upwards of 70,000 people have entered Manitoba during these ten years, and this in face of the fact that it is only about two years since the advent of the railway made access to the country easy. Agriculture and cattle-raising are the staple occupations of the incoming population. Wheat, it has been demonstrated, can be profitably raised and exported, even with the railway facilities hitherto enjoyed. The Selkirk colonists have not been slow to avail themselves of the opportunities afforded by the development of the country. Their young men and women have, in many cases, intermarried with the incoming Canadians; and many of the most enterprising have left the old home in Kildonan, and settled in the new townships opening up east and west of them. It is a fact worth noting, also, that a number of the grandchildren of the band of colonists led away from Red River by Duncan Cameron in 1815, have come as settlers, of their own accord, to the land deserted by their fathers.

And during the past ten years a vast advance has taken place in the condition of the Indian tribes of the whole North-West. When the writer went to the country, there was still uncertainty as to them; bands of surveyors were stopped as trespassers by them, but now treaties have been made with the Indians over the whole extent to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and settlers are as safe five hundred miles west of Winnipeg as in the centre of the Selkirk settlement. The Indian now, as he always did, respects the great mother (Queen Victoria); all causes of disagreement with the whites are removed.

Manitoba: its Infancy, Growth, and Present Condition (1882).

MEG MERRILIES.

JOHN KEATS (1795-1821).

[Meg Merrilies is the tall masculine gipsy woman introduced by Sir Walter Scott in *Guy Mannering*, chap. iii.]

Old Meg she was a gipsy,
And lived upon the moors:
Her bed it was the brown heath turf,
And her house was out of doors.

Her apples were swart blackberries,
Her currants, pods o' broom;*
Her wine was dew of the wild white rose,
Her book a churchyard tomb.

Her brothers were the craggy hills,
Her sisters larchen trees;
Alone with her great family
She lived as she did please.
No breakfast had she many a morn,
No dinner many a noon;
And, 'stead of supper, she would stare
Full hard against the moon.

But every morn, of woodbine fresh
She made her garlanding;
And, every night, the dark glen yew
She wove, and she would sing.
And with her fingers, old and brown,
She plaited mats of rushes,
And gave them to the cottagers
She met among the bushes.

A CAMEL IN LOVE.

LIEUT.-COL. BURNABY.

I once rode a camel in love; this was in the Great Korosko desert. He was known by the name of the Magnoon, or the Mad Camel; but whether on account of his susceptible heart or not I cannot say. I shall never forget one occasion on which the amorous quadruped had accidently become separated from the Juliet of his affection, a sweet creature that carried the sheik of our party. She was very old; but this was no deterrent in the eyes of her ardent admirer, who was miserable when not at her side. I had ridden on a little ahead of the party when the voice of Juliet, who was being saddled in the desert, and who

* Here the "bonnie broom" of Scotland is intended; its bright yellow flowers are followed by pods.

vented her woes in weird squeals and sounds appropriate to her race, was wafted by the breeze to the attentive ears of her admirer. He was a very long and a very tall camel, and in an instant he commenced to rear. My position became both ludicrous and precarious. Ludicrous to every one but myself, who was interested in the matter more than any one except Romeo. I found that I was, as it were, slipping down the steep roof of a house, with nothing to hold on by but a little peg about four inches long, which projected from the front part of the saddle.

It was an awful moment, but he did not keep me long in suspense. Performing an extraordinary movement, he suddenly swung himself round on his hind legs, and ran as fast as ever he could in the direction of the fair enticer. A camel's gait is a peculiar one; they go something like a pig with the fore, and like a cow with the hind legs. The motion is decidedly rough. At this moment my steed was seized with a strange and convulsive twitching, which threatened to capsize the saddle. My position became each second more ridiculous and appalling. I was a shuttlecock, Romeo's back was the battledore. At every moment I was hurled into the air. The fear of missing the saddle and falling on the ground was continually in my mind. The little projecting knob, which seemed an instrument of torture like the impaling-sticks used to punish the unfaithful in China, was also a source of consternation. I do not think I have ever felt a more thorough sensation of relief than when, on arriving at our encampment, Romeo halted by the side of his Juliet.

Ride to Khiva.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.
"So, fair and softly," John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

COWPER: *John Gilpin.*

FLIGHT OF THE WILD GEESE.

THOS. D'ARCY M'GEE (1825-1868).

[The southward flight of the Canada Goose lasts from the middle of August to the middle of October; the northward flight, from the middle of April to the middle of May.]

"What is the cry so wildly heard,
Oh, mother dear, across the lake?"—
"My child, 'tis but the northern bird
Alighted in the reedy brake."

"Why cries the northern bird so wild?
Its wail is like our baby's voice."—
"'Tis far from its own home, my child,
And would you have it, then, rejoice?"

"And why does not the wild bird fly
Straight homeward through the open air?
I see no barriers in the sky—
Why does she sit lamenting there?"—

"My child, the laws of life and death
Are written in four living books:
The wild bird reads them in the breath
Of winter, freezing up the brooks;

"Reads and obeys—more wise than man—
And meekly steers for other climes;
Obeys the providential plan,
And humbly waits for happier times.

"The spring, that makes the poets sing,
Will whisper in the wild bird's ear;
And swiftly back, on willing wing,
The wild bird to the north will steer."

THE RAPIDS.

JOHN B. GOUGH (b. 1817).

Let me speak, then, of *one* habit which, in its power and influence and fascination, seems to rear its head like a Goliath above all the kindred agencies of evil—I allude to the habit of using intoxicating liquors as a beverage, until that habit becomes a fascination.

I read, the other day, of an old gentleman who said to his friend,—"I have drunk a bottle of wine a day for twenty years, and have enjoyed good health."

"Ah!" said his friend, "but where are your companions?"

"Oh," was the reply, "I have buried six generations of them."

Yes, young men, that's it.

Let men look back upon the fate of the companions of their youth, let the long fingers of memory draw into that memory's chambers the forms of those dear friends, and how many would they find who have gone to death and destruction through a bad habit working with an easy temperament!

There is a young man, full of fire and poetry; of a nervous temperament and a generous heart; fond of society, and open and manly in everything he does. Every one loves him. That is the man most liable to become intemperate.

He enters into the outer circle of the whirlpool, and throws care to the winds. There he thinks to stay; but he gets nearer and nearer to the fatal gulf, until he is suddenly swept into the vortex before he dreams of danger.

This thing, habit, comes gradually. Many a man who has acquired a habit, but does not exactly proceed to excess, is rescued simply by possessing certain physical qualities which his poor unfortunate friend had not.

You say that you are not such a fool as to become a drunkard. So *he* thought once.

You say, "I can leave it off when I like;" as if *he* at first had not had the power to leave it off when *he* liked.

You say, "I have too sound an intellect to become a drunkard;" as if *he* had been born without one.

You say, "I have too much pride in myself, too much self-respect;" as if *he* had not once been as proud as you.

The way in which men acquire this habit is, by looking on those who proceed to excess as naturally inferior to themselves. The difference between you and a drunkard is just this:—you *could* leave off the habit, but won't; he *would* with all his heart and soul, but cannot.

This power of habit is gradually increasing, and is destroying your power of self-control. Samson was bound three times; and when he heard the cry, "The Philistines are upon thee, Samson," three times he burst his bonds. But he fell into Delilah's hands: he laid his head on her knees, and she took off his locks. Then came the cry, "The Philistines are upon thee, Samson;" and he arose and said, "I will go out and shake myself,"—but his strength was gone.

God pity you, young man, if ever you begin to feel the fetters of evil habit galling you, and if, when you go out to burst them, you find them welded iron bands eating into the marrow, so that you cry in agony of spirit, "Who shall deliver me from the slavery of evil habit?" A man's power to do a thing is valueless, unless he have the will to exercise that power.

I tell you, young men, that while the power of a bad habit strips you of nerve and energy and freshness of feeling, it does not destroy your responsibility. You are accountable to God for every power and talent, and for the influence of your position. Although the power of evil habit destroys your power of good, you are still accountable for the terrible result; and then, too late, you will find that "the wages of sin is death."

"I can quit it, but I won't." "Should I find it by experience to be injurious, I will give it up." Surely that is not common sense. Yet such is the fascination thrown around a man by the power of evil habit, that it must have *essentially* injured him before he will consent to give it up.

Many a man has been struck down in his prosperity, has

been sent to prison for crime, before he acknowledged that his evil habit was injuring him.

You might as well say, "I will put my hand into the nest of the rattlesnake, and when I find that he has struck his fangs into me, I will draw it out and get it cured."

I remember riding from Buffalo to the Niagara Falls; and I said to a gentleman, "What river is that, sir?"

"That," he said, "is Niagara River."

"Well, it is a beautiful stream," said I; "bright and fair and glassy: how far off are the rapids?"

"Only a mile or two," was the reply.

"Is it possible that, only a mile from us, we shall find the water in the turbulence which it must show when near the Falls?"

"You will find it so, sir."

And so I found it; and that first sight of the Niagara I shall never forget.

Now, young men, launch your bark on that Niagara River. It is bright, smooth, beautiful, and glassy. There is a ripple at the bow; the silvery wake you leave behind adds to your enjoyment. Down the stream you glide, oars, sails, and helm in proper trim, and you set out on your pleasure excursion.

Suddenly some one cries out from the bank, "Young men, ahoy!"

"What is it?"

"The rapids are below you!"

"Ha, ha! we have heard of the rapids, but we are not such fools as to go there! If we go too fast, then we shall up with the helm and steer to the shore; we shall set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail, and speed to land. Then on, boys! don't be alarmed; there 's no danger."

"Young men, ahoy there!"

"What is it?"

"The rapids are below you!"

"Ha, ha! another old fool told us that! Bother the rapids; we will laugh and quaff; all things delight us. What care we for the future! No man ever saw it! 'Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.' We will enjoy life while we may; we will catch pleasure as it flies! This is

TOO LATE!

enjoyment: time enough to steer out of danger when we are sailing swiftly with the current.

"'Let 's sing away while yet we may,
Prove our voices—'"

"Young men, ahoy!"

"What is it?"

"Beware! beware! The rapids are below you! Look how fast you pass that point! See the water foaming all around you there!"

"Ah! so it is!—Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard!—quick! quick! Pull for your lives! pull till the blood starts from your nostrils, and the veins stand like whipcord upon your brow! Set the mast in the socket! hoist the sail!—Ah, ah! it is too late!" Shrieking, cursing, howling, over you go!

Thousands of young men, in this land of light and liberty, are sent shrieking every year over the rapids of Intemperance, crying all the while, "When I find it is injuring me, then I will give it up!" *Orations* (1854).

THE TREE.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON* (b. 1832).

The Tree's early leaf-buds were bursting their brown;
"Shall I take them away?" said the Frost, sweeping down.
"No; leave them alone
Till the blossoms have grown,"
Prayed the Tree, while he trembled from rootlet to crown.

The Tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung;
"Shall I take them away?" said the Wind, as he swung.
"No; leave them alone
Till the berries have grown,"
Said the Tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

The Tree bore his fruit in the midsummer glow;
Said the girl, "May I gather thy berries now?"
"Yes; all thou canst see;
Take them; all are for thee,"
Said the Tree, while he bent down his laden boughs low.

* Approximate sound,—Bee-ĭrn'-stee-ĕrn'-ay Bee-ĭrn'-son.

RIVERS.

JOHN TYNDALL, LL.D. (b. 1820).

Let us trace a river to its source. Beginning where it empties itself into the sea, and following it backwards, we find it from time to time joined by tributaries, which swell its waters. The river, of course, becomes smaller as these tributaries are passed. It shrinks first to a brook, then to a stream; this, again, divides itself into a number of streamlets, ending in mere threads of water. These constitute the source of the river, and are usually found among hills. Thus, the Severn has its source in the Welsh Mountains; the Thames in the Cotswold Hills; the Missouri in the Rocky Mountains; and the Amazon in the Andes of Peru. But it is quite plain that we have not yet reached the real beginning of the rivers. Whence do the earliest streams derive their water? A brief residence among the mountains would prove to you that the streams are fed by rain. In dry weather you would find the streams feeble, sometimes, indeed, quite dried up. In wet weather you would see them foaming torrents. In general these streams lose themselves as little threads of water upon the hill-sides. Sometimes you may trace a river to a definite spring. But you very soon assure yourself that such springs are also fed by rain, which has percolated through the rocks or soil, and which, through some orifice that it has found or formed, comes to the light of day. But we cannot end here. Whence comes the rain that forms the mountain streams? Observation enables you to answer the question. Rain does not come from a clear sky. It comes from clouds. But what are clouds? Is there nothing you are acquainted with which they resemble? You discover at once a likeness between them and the condensed steam of a locomotive. At every puff of the engine a cloud is projected into the air. Watch the cloud sharply. You notice that it first forms at a little distance from the top of the funnel. Give close attention and you will sometimes see a perfectly clear space between the funnel and the cloud.

Through that clear space the thing which makes the cloud must pass.

What, then, is this thing, which at one moment is transparent and invisible, at the next moment visible as a dense opaque cloud? It is the *steam* or *vapor of water* from the boiler. Within the boiler this steam is transparent and invisible; but to keep it in this invisible state a heat would be required as great as that within the boiler. When the vapor mingles with the cold air above the hot funnel, it ceases to be vapor. Every bit of steam shrinks, when chilled, to a much more minute particle of water. The liquid particles thus produced form a kind of *water dust* of exceeding fineness, which floats in the air, and is called a *cloud*. Watch the cloud-banner from the funnel of a running locomotive: you see it growing gradually less dense. It finally melts away altogether; and, if you continue your observations, you will not fail to notice that the speed of its disappearance depends on the character of the day.

In moist weather the cloud hangs long and lazily in the air; in dry weather it is rapidly licked up. What has become of it? It has been re-converted into true invisible vapor. The *drier* the air, and the *hotter* the air, the greater is the amount of cloud which can be thus dissolved in it.

Make the lid of a kettle air-tight, and permit the steam to issue from the pipe; a cloud is formed in all respects similar to that which issues from the funnel of the locomotive. To produce the cloud, in the case of the locomotive and the kettle, *heat* is necessary. By heating the water we first convert it into steam; and then by chilling the steam we convert it into cloud.

Is there any fire in nature which produces the clouds of our atmosphere? There is—the fire of the sun. Thus, by tracing a river backwards from its end to its real beginning, we come at length to the sun.

Forms of Water.

THE BROOK.

ALFRED TENNYSON (b. 1809).

I come from haunts of coot and hern,*
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.
By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges;
By twenty thorps,† a little town,
And half a hundred bridges;
Till, last, by Philip's farm I flow,
To join the brimming river;—
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.
With many a curve my bank I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland‡ set
With willow-weed and mallow.

* Water-fowl that frequent quiet streams among the hills.
† Hamlets, little villages.
‡ Flat marsh jutting into the brook.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;—
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,
And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me as I travel,
With many a silvery water-break
Above the golden gravel,
And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;—
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers,
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.
I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeams dance
Against my sandy shallows.

"To join the brimming river."

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars,
I loiter round my cresses;
And out again I curve and flow,
To join the brimming river;—
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

MOSES AT THE FAIR.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1728–1774).

As we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, my wife suggested that it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighboring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry us single, or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly; but it was stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonist gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. "No, my dear," said she; "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to a very good advantage. You know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to intrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth they call "thunder and lightning," which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown

away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribbon. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, "Good luck! good luck!" till we could see him no longer.

I began to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost nightfall. "Never mind our son," cried my wife; "depend upon it he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen of a rainy day. I have seen him bring such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing.—But as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse, and the box on his back!"

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating

under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a pedler.—"Welcome, welcome, Moses! Well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?" "I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser.—"Ay, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know; but where is the horse?" "I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and twopence."—"Well done, my good boy," returned she; "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it then." "I have brought back nó money," cried Moses again. "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast; "here they are; a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases."—"A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife, in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles!" "Dear mother," cried the boy, "why don't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have brought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money."—"A fig for the silver rims!" cried my wife in a passion: "I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce."—"You need be under no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence; for I perceive they are only copper varnished over."—"What!" cried my wife; "not silver? the rims not silver?" "No," cried I; "no more silver than your saucepan."—"And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases? A murrain take such trumpery! The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better." "There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong; he should not have known them at all."—"Marry! hang the idiot!" returned she, "to bring me such stuff;—if I had them, I would throw them in the fire." "There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I; "for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under pretence of having one to sell.

"Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of the value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me; and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us." *The Vicar of Wakefield*, chap. xii.

CONVERSE IN PARADISE.

[*Eve addresses these words to Adam:*—]

With thee conversing I forget all time;
All seasons and their change, all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,
With charms of earliest birds; pleasant the Sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glistening with dew; fragrant the fertile Earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful Evening mild; then silent Night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair Moon,
And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train:
But neither breath of Morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising Sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistening with dew; nor fragrance after showers;
Nor grateful Evening mild; nor silent Night,
With this her solemn bird; nor walk by Moon,
Or glittering star-light, without thee, is sweet.

MILTON: *Paradise Lost*, book iv., 639-656.

CHILDREN.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR (1775–1864).

Children are what the mothers are.
No fondest father's fondest care
Can fashion so the infant heart,
As those creative beams that dart,
With all their hopes and fears, upon
The cradle of a sleeping son.

His startled eyes with wonder see
A father near him on his knee,
Who wishes all the while to trace
The mother in his future face;
But 'tis to her alone uprise
His wakening arms; to her those eyes
Open with joy and not surprise.

CHILD AND BOATMAN.

JEAN INGELOW (b. 1830).

"Martin, I wonder who makes all the songs."
"You DO, sir?"
"Yes, I wonder how they come."
"Well, boy, I wonder what you 'll wonder next!"
"But somebody must make them?"
"Sure enough."
"Does your wife know?"
"She never said she did."
"You told me that she knew so many things."
"I said she was a London woman, sir,
And a fine scholar, but I never said
She knew about the songs."
"I wish she did."
"And I wish no such thing; she knows enough,
She knows too much already.—Look you now,
This vessel 's off the stocks, a tidy craft."
"A schooner, Martin?"
"No, boy, no; a brig,
Only she 's schooner-rigged,—a lovely craft."
"Is she for me?—Oh, thank you, Martin dear.
What shall I call her?"
"Well, sir, what you please."
"Then write on her, *The Eagle.*"
"Bless the child!
Eagle! why, you know naught of eagles, you.
When we lay off the coast, up Canada way,
And chanced to be ashore when twilight fell,
That was the place for eagles; bald they were,
With eyes as yellow as gold."
"O Martin, dear,
Tell me about them."
"Tell! there 's naught to tell,
Only they snored o' nights and frighted us."
"Snored?"
"Ay, I tell you, snored; they slept upright
In the great oaks by scores; as true as time;

If I 'd had aught upon my mind just then,—
I wouldn't have walked that wood for unknown gold;
It was most awful. When the moon was full,
I 've seen them fish at night, in the middle watch.
When she got low. I 've seen them plunge like stones,
And come up fighting with a fish as long,
Ay, longer than my arm; and they would sail,—
When they had struck its life out,—they would sail
Over the deck, and show their fell, fierce eyes,
And croon for pleasure, hug the prey, and speed
Grand as a frigate on a wind."

"My ship,
She must be called *The Eagle*, after these.
And, Martin, ask your wife about the songs,
When you go in at dinner-time."

"Not I!"

Songs on the Voices of Birds.

THE COUNTRY SURGEON.

Isa (Craig) Knox (b. 1831).

Her eyes have asked the question—
  Will it be life, or death?
And waiting for the answer,
  She holds her very breath.

Like a half-open gateway
  Her white lips are apart,
While still within is standing
  Her waiting, listening heart.

She will be brave—will meekly
  Go down into the gloom,
Prepared in death's chill shadow
  To shed her very bloom.

He bows his head before her,
  But not a word he saith.
It is enough: in silence
  She reads the answer—Death!

THE HEROINE OF VERCHERES.

FRANCIS PARKMAN (b. 1823).

[The following incident belongs to the period of the deadly struggle between the French settlers in Canada and the Iroquois Indians. The story was, by order of Governor Beauharnois, taken down many years later from the recital of the heroine herself.]

Verchères [*pr.* Ver-shair'] was a fort on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, about twenty miles below Montreal. A strong block-house stood outside the fort, and was connected with it by a covered way. On the morning of the 22nd of October [1692] the inhabitants were at work in the fields, and nobody was left in the place but two soldiers, two boys, an old man of eighty, and a number of women and children. The commandant was on duty at Quebec; his wife was at Montreal; and their daughter, Madeline, fourteen years of age, was at the landing-place not far from the gate of the fort, with a man-servant.

Suddenly she heard firing from the direction where the settlers were at work, and an instant after the servant called out, "Run, miss!—run! here come the Indians!" She turned and saw forty or fifty of them at the distance of a pistol-shot. She ran to the fort as quickly as possible, while the bullets whistled about her ears, and made the time seem very long. As soon as she was near enough to be heard, she cried out, "To arms!—to arms!" hoping that somebody would come out and help her; but it was of no use. The two soldiers in the fort were so scared that they had hidden in the block-house.

When she had seen certain breaches in the palisade stopped, she went to the block-house, where the ammunition was kept; and there she found the two soldiers, one hiding in a corner, and the other with a lighted match in his hand. "What are you going to do with that match?" she asked. He answered, "Light the powder and blow us all up." "You are a miserable coward!" said she. "Go out of this place." She then threw off her bonnet, put on a hat, and taking a gun in her hand she said to her two brothers, "Let us fight to the death. We are fighting for our country and our religion."

The boys, who were ten and twelve years old, aided by the soldiers, whom her words had inspired with some little courage, began to fire from the loop-holes on the Indians; who, ignorant of the weakness of the garrison, showed their usual reluctance to attack a fortified place, and occupied themselves with chasing and butchering the people in the neighboring fields. Madeline ordered a cannon to be fired, partly to deter the enemy from an assault, and partly to warn some of the soldiers who were hunting at a distance.

A canoe was presently seen approaching the landing-place. In it was a settler named Fontaine, trying to reach the fort with his family. The Indians were still near, and Madeline feared that the new-comers would be killed if something were not done to aid them. Distrusting the soldiers, she herself went alone to the landing-place.

"I thought," she said, in her account of the affair, "that the savages would suppose it to be a ruse to draw them towards the fort, in order to make a sortie upon them. They did suppose so; and thus I was able to save the Fontaine family. When they were all landed, I made them march before me in full sight of the enemy. We put so bold a face on it, that they thought they had more to fear than we. Strengthened by this reinforcement, I ordered that the enemy should be fired on whenever they showed themselves.

"After sunset a violent north-east wind began to blow, accompanied with snow and hail, which told us that we should have a terrible night. The Indians were all this time lurking about us; and I judged by all their movements that, instead of being deterred by the storm, they would climb into the fort under cover of darkness."

She then assembled her troops, who numbered six, all told, and spoke to them encouraging words. She with two old men took charge of the fort, and she sent Fontaine and the two soldiers with the women and children to the block-house. She placed her two brothers on two of the bastions, and an old man on a third, while she herself took charge of the fourth. All night, in spite of wind, snow, and hail, the cry of "All 's well" was kept up from the block-house to the fort, and from the fort to the block-

house. One would have supposed that the place was full of soldiers. The Indians thought so, and were completely deceived, as they afterwards confessed.

At last the daylight came again; and as the darkness disappeared, the anxieties of the little garrison seemed to disappear with it. Fontaine said he would never abandon the place while Madeline remained in it. She declared that she would never abandon it: she would rather die than give it up to the enemy.

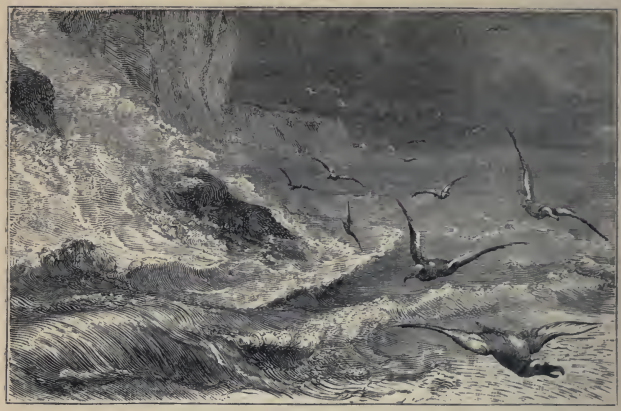
She did not eat or sleep for twice twenty-four hours. She did not go once into her father's house, but kept always on the bastion, except when she went to the block-house to see how the people there were behaving. She always kept a cheerful and smiling face, and encouraged her little company with the hope of speedy succor.

"We were a week in constant alarm," she continues, "with the enemy always about us. At last a lieutenant, sent by the governor, arrived in the night with forty men. As he did not know whether the fort was taken or not, he approached as silently as possible. One of our sentinels, hearing a slight sound, cried, 'Who goes there?' I was at the time dozing, with my head on a table and my gun lying across my arms. The sentinel told me that he heard voices from the river. I went at once to the bastion to see whether they were Indians or Frenchmen who were there. I asked, 'Who are you?' One of them answered, 'We are Frenchmen come to bring you help.'

"I caused the gate to be opened, placed a sentinel there, and went down to the river to meet them. As soon as I saw the lieutenant I saluted him, and said, 'I surrender my arms to you.' He answered gallantly, 'They are in good hands, miss.' He inspected the fort, and found everything in order, and a sentinel on each bastion. 'It is time to relieve them,' said I; 'we have not been off our bastions for a week.'"

A band of converts from St. Louis arrived soon afterwards, followed the trail of their heathen countrymen, overtook them on Lake Champlain, and recovered twenty or more French prisoners.

Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV., chap. xiv.



THE STORM.

MRS. AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

Storm in the dimness of the purpled sky,
And the sharp flash leaps out from cloud to cloud;
But the blue lifted corner spreads more high,—
Brightness and brightness,—bursts the gathered shroud.
Ay, pass, black storm, thou hadst thy threatening hour;
Now the freed beams make rainbows of the shower;
Now the freed sunbeams break into the air;
Pass, and the sky forgets thee and is fair.

Stornelli, in "A Book of Rhyme" (1881).

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

THOMAS CAMPBELL (1777–1844).

[While travelling in Germany, in 1800, Campbell's incautious language led to his arrest as a Jacobin and a spy. Luckily the police, in searching his luggage, found in his trunk the manuscript of this noble ode. The true British feeling which breathes through every line of it caused his acquittal.—C. D. YONGE.]

Ye mariners of England!
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze,

Your glorious standard launch again,
To match another foe,
And sweep through the deep
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep:
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor-flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

THE CASTLE-FAIRY OF OSTERODE.

MRS. ("TOOFIE") LAUDER.

[The scene of this legend is laid at Osterode (-day), a town of Hanover at the foot of the Harz Mountains.]

SPECTRE OF THE BROCKEN, THE HIGHEST PEAK OF THE HARZ MOUNTAINS.

One Sunday morning early, a poor linen weaver was walking to Osterode.

Aurora* showed her gaily laughing and blushing face above the green mountains, a balsamic freshness floated over the valleys and streams, the peaks of the woody heights swam in the blue ether, and the dew-bathed mountain flowers sparkled in the sun's golden splendor. The songs of the birds rang out of the thickets, and soft chimes rose from the villages summoning to worship and praise — a mild, blissful peace hovered over the entire scene.

It was long before the wanderer noticed these sur-

* The goddess of the dawn.

rounding beauties of the morning, for a heavy sorrow lay at his heart. A beloved wife lay at home ill, six hungry children waited with her anxiously for his return, and he must return with empty hands.

His rich cousin, from whom he had hoped for assistance, had repulsed him with cruel words, and now his future lay dark and hopeless before him.

But as the sun rose higher, as all Nature bloomed and sent forth her frankincense of praise, and the streams murmured of peace, he grew more composed.

"How glorious! how wonderful!" he thought, as he stood still and gazed around him; "and what a mystery it is that only man is so often shut out from the universal enjoyment of creation. Why should he be crushed to the earth, and provide in sorrow and pain for his bodily sustenance, while the birds sing and the flowers bloom free from care? Doth He not clothe the lilies, and give the rose and the violet their perfume and exquisite hues? Can the Eternal Father care less for an immortal soul? No, no, never!"

He began again to move forward, singing that noblest hymn in the German language, which has been so perfectly translated by John Wesley, beginning—

"Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.

"Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey;
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

"Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done."

When he came to the lines—

"Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
Bid every care be gone,"—

he quickened his pace with a firmer tread and a lighter heart.

Perhaps he would have sung on to the end of the hymn, had not a voice, clear as a silver bell, greeted him with "Guten morgen!" (Good morning!)

The singer looked in the direction of the voice, and stood like one transfixed at the sight of the vision before him.

On the banks of the brook which flowed past his path sat a lovely maiden clad in white, and bathed her marble-white feet in the crystal water.

Before he could recover from his astonishment, the figure rose and approached him, saying in a voice of the most delicious melody—

"Thou sangst just now a beautiful song, that was made for the troubled. May help be as near every one who sings it as to thee; for know, thou art come at a most happy hour. It is only permitted me once a year to be at this spot; and whoever meets me here, and deserves it as thou, him I make happy—if wealth can make him happy. Listen, then: When the bells ring midnight, leave thy cottage, and climb the mountain in silence to the ruins of Burg Osterode. Between the sunken walls thou wilt find a flower; pluck it, and instantly all the treasures of the heart of the mountain will be revealed to thine eyes, from which thou mayst take as much as thou wilt. Go now thy way, and carry comfort and hope to thy wife. My time is expired."

The slender form, the pale, loving face, transparent as moonlight, the long golden hair, were in a twinkling vanished.

Wonderfully cheered, the weaver hastened home and related his vision to his suffering wife and little children, and they waited with impatience for the appointed hour. At last the leaden-footed hours had passed—it was midnight.

The weaver kissed his wife and hastened forth. It was a glorious night. The full moon shone, the quail sang her nightly song. The picturesque ruin contrasted wonderfully in its dark gray masses with the cloudless blue of the heavens and the silver moonlight.

A peculiar light shone out of an arched chamber; he

followed it, and there sat the pale maiden, adorned with a wreath of white roses in her hair. She raised her jasper-blue eyes, looked kindly on him, and beckoned him to approach and gather the shining flower.

The weaver obeyed and tremblingly plucked the lily.

Hardly had he the flower in his hand when a fearful, rumbling sound arose in the heart of the mountain, the ground close to his feet sank crashing into the depths, and a huge caldron rose in flame, filled to the brim with glittering gold pieces. The maiden bade him take what he would; for he was so overcome with astonishment and terror that he could not move.

At her friendly voice he recovered from his fear, filled pockets and hat with the coins, bowed low and reverently, left the magic chamber, and hurried back to his cottage—and the sun rose on two happy people. Every anniversary of the day they went to the ruins to thank the fairy, who, however, ever afterward remained invisible.

Legends and Tales of the Harz Mountains (1881).

SOLDIER, REST!

SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832).

[These lines are sung by Ellen Douglas, the "Lady of the Lake," when Ellen and her aunt, the lady Margaret, are entertaining James Fitzjames (James V.) at their island retreat in Loch Katrine.]

Soldier, rest! Thy warfare o'er,
  Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battled fields no more,
  Days of danger, nights of waking.

In our isle's enchanted hall,
  Hands unseen thy couch are strewing;
Fairy strains of music fall,
  Every sense in slumber dewing.

Soldier, rest! Thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;

Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armor's clang, or war-steed champing;
Trump nor pibroch summon here
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.

Yet the lark's shrill fife may come,
At the daybreak, from the fallow;
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.

Ruder sounds shall none be near;
Guards nor warders challenge here;
Here 's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping.

Lady of the Lake, canto i.

RULE, BRITANNIA.

[This national anthem is generally published with the works of James Thomson (1699-1748), but by some critics it is attributed to David Mallet (1703[?]-1765). It first appeared in 1740 in the mask of *Alfred* (act ii. scene 5), which was published as the joint work of Thomson and Mallet.]

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sang the strain:
"Rule, Britannia; Britannia rules the waves;
Britons never will be slaves.

"The nations, not so blest as thee,*
Must, in their turn, to tyrants fall;
Whilst thou shalt flourish, great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.

"Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.

"Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to hurl thee down
Will but arouse thy gen'rous flame,
And work their woe—but thy renown:

"To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine:
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles, thine.

"The Muses, still with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;—
Blest isle! with matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair:
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves."

* Syntax would require *thou;* but there are many similar instances of poetic idioms.

HIAWATHA, THE MISCHIEF-MAKER.

There was never in the whole world a more mischievous busy-body than that notorious giant Hiawatha, but whose native name always is Manabozho. He was everywhere, in season and out of season; running about, and putting his hand in whatever was going forward. To carry on his game, he could take almost any shape he pleased: he could be very foolish or very wise; very weak or very strong; very poor or very rich—just as happened to suit his humor best. Whatever any one else could do, he would attempt without a moment's reflection. He was a match for any man he met, and there were few manitoes that could get the better of him. By turns he would be very kind or very cruel; an animal or a bird; a man or a spirit: and yet, in spite of all these gifts, Manabozho was always getting himself involved in all sorts of troubles; and more than once, in the course of his busy adventures, was this great maker of mischief driven to his wits' end to come off with his life.

To begin at the beginning: Manabozho, while yet a youngster, was living with his grandmother, near the edge of a wide prairie. It was on this prairie that he first saw animals and birds of every kind; he also there made first acquaintance with thunder and lightning; he would sit by the hour, watching the clouds as they rolled, and musing on the shades of light and darkness as the day rose and fell.

For a stripling, Manabozho was uncommonly wide awake. Every new sight he beheld in the heavens was a subject of remark; every new animal or bird an object of deep interest; and every sound that came from the bosom of Nature was like a new lesson which he was expected to learn. He often trembled at what he heard and saw.

To the scene of the wide open prairie his grandmother sent him at an early age to watch. The first sound he heard was that of the owl; at which he was greatly terrified, and quickly descending the tree he had climbed, he ran with alarm to the lodge. "Noko! noko! grandmother," he cried. "I have heard a monedo."

She laughed at his fears, and asked him what kind of noise his reverence made. He answered, "It makes a noise like this: ko-ko-ko-ho."

His grandmother told him he was young and foolish; that what he had heard was only a bird which derived its name from the peculiar noise it made.

He returned to the prairie and continued his watch. As he stood there looking at the clouds, he thought to himself, "It is singular that I am so simple and my grandmother so wise; and that I have neither father nor mother. I have never heard a word about them. I must ask and find out."

He went home and sat down, silent and dejected. Finding that this did not attract the notice of his grandmother, he began a loud lamentation, which he kept increasing, louder and louder, till it shook the lodge, and nearly deafened the old grandmother. She at length said, "Manabozho, what is the matter with you? You are making a great deal of noise."

Manabozho started off again with his doleful hubbub; but succeeded in jerking out between his big sobs, "I haven't got any father nor mother, I haven't;" and he set out again lamenting more boisterously than ever.

Knowing that he was of a wicked and revengeful temper, his grandmother dreaded to tell him the story of his parentage, as she knew he would make trouble of it.

Manabozho renewed his cries, and managed to throw out for a third or fourth time his sorrowful lament that he was a poor unfortunate, who had no parents and no relations.

She at last said to him, "Yes, you have a father and three brothers living. Your mother is dead. She was taken for a wife by your father, the West, without the consent of her parents. Your brothers are the North, East, and South; and being older than yourself, your father has given them great power with the winds, according to their names. You are the youngest of his children. I have nursed you from your infancy; for your mother died at your birth. Your mother was my only child, and you are my only hope."

"I am glad my father is living," said Manabozho. "I shall set out in the morning to visit him."

His grandmother would have discouraged him; saying it was a long distance to the place where his father, Ningabiun, or the West, lived.

This information seemed rather to please than to disconcert Manabozho; for by this time he had grown to such a size and strength that he had been compelled to leave the narrow shelter of his grandmother's lodge and to live out of doors. He was so tall that, if he had been so disposed, he could have snapped off the heads of the birds roosting in the topmost branches of the highest trees, as he stood up, without being at the trouble to climb. And if he had at any time taken a fancy to one of the same trees for a walking-stick, he would have had no more to do than to pluck it up with his thumb and forefinger, and strip down the leaves and twigs with the palm of his hand.

Bidding good-bye to his venerable old grandmother, who pulled a very long face over his departure, Manabozho set out at great headway, for he was able to stride from one side of a prairie to the other at a single step.

He found his father on a high mountain-ground, far in the west. His father espied his approach at a great distance, and bounded down the mountain-side several miles to give him welcome; and, side by side, apparently delighted with each other, they reached in two or three of their giant paces the lodge of the West, which stood high up near the clouds.

They spent some days in talking with each other; for these two great persons did nothing on a small scale, and a whole day to deliver a single sentence, such was the immensity of their discourse, was quite an ordinary affair.

One evening, Manabozho asked his father what he was most afraid of on earth.

He replied, "Nothing."

"But is there nothing you dread here—nothing that would hurt you if you took too much of it? Come, tell me."

Manabozho was very urgent; at last his father said,—

"Yes; there is a black stone to be found a couple of

hundred miles from here, over that way," pointing as he spoke. "It is the only thing earthly that I am afraid of; for if it should happen to hit me on any part of my body, it would hurt me very much."

The West made this important circumstance known to Manabozho in the strictest confidence.

"Now you will not tell any one, Manabozho, that the black stone is bad medicine for your father, will you?" he added. "You are a good son, and I know you will keep it to yourself. Now tell me, my darling boy, is there not something that you don't like?"

Manabozho answered promptly, "Nothing."

His father, who was of a very steady and persevering temper, put the same question to him seventeen times, and each time Manabozho made the same answer—"Nothing."

But the West insisted, "There must be something you are afraid of."

"Well, I will tell you," said Manabozho, "what it is."

He made an effort to speak, but it seemed to be too much for him.

"Out with it," said Ningabiun, or the West, fetching Manabozho such a blow on the back as shook the mountain with its echo.

"Je-ee, je-ee—it is," said Manabozho, apparently in great pain. "Yeo, yeo! I cannot name it, I tremble so."

The West told him to banish his fears, and to speak up; no one would hurt him.

Manabozho began again, and he would have gone over the same make-believe of anguish, had not his father, whose strength he knew was more than a match for his own, threatened to pitch him into a river about five miles off. At last he cried out,—

"Father, since you will know, it is the root of the bulrush."

He who could with perfect ease spin a sentence a whole day long, seemed to be exhausted by the effort of pronouncing that one word, "bulrush."

Some time after, Manabozho observed,—

"I will get some of the black rock, merely to see how it looks."

"Well," said the father, "I will also get a little of the bulrush-root, to learn how it tastes."

They were both double-dealing with each other, and in their hearts getting ready for some desperate work.

They had no sooner separated for the evening than Manabozho was striding off the couple of hundred miles necessary to bring him to the place where black rock was to be procured, while down the other side of the mountain hurried Ningabiun.

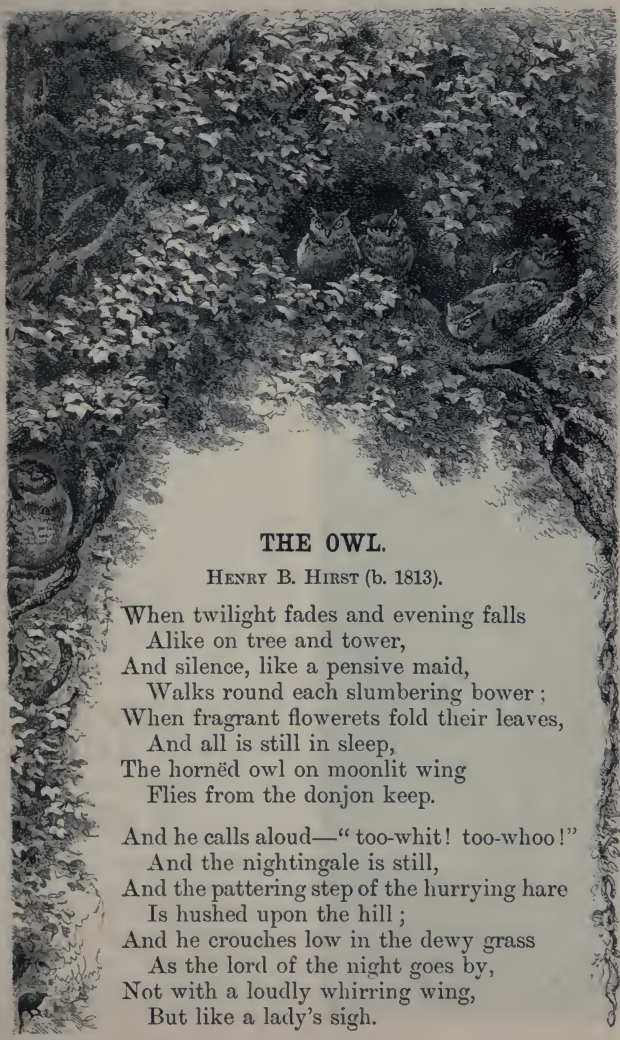
At the break of day they each appeared at the great level on the mountain-top; Manabozho with twenty loads, at least, of the black stone, on one side; and on the other the West, with a whole meadow of bulrush in his arms.

Manabozho was the first to strike—hurling a great piece of the black rock, which struck the West directly between the eyes; who returned the favor with a blow of bulrush, that rung over the shoulders of Manabozho, far and wide, like the whip-thong of the lightning among the clouds.

And now both rallied, and Manabozho poured in a tempest of black rock, while Ningabiun discharged a shower of bulrush. Blow upon blow, thwack upon thwack —they fought hand to hand until black rock and bulrush were all gone. Then they betook themselves to hurling crags at each other, cudgeling with huge oak-trees, and defying each other from one mountain-top to another; while at times they shot enormous boulders of granite across at each other's heads, as though they had been mere jack-stones. The battle, which had commenced on the mountains, had extended far west. The West was forced to give ground. Manabozho pressing on, drove him across rivers and mountains, ridges and lakes, till at last he got him to the very brink of the world.

"Hold!" cried the West. "My son, you know my power;' and although I allow that I am now fairly out of breath, it is impossible to kill me. The four quarters of the globe are already occupied, but you can go and do a great deal of good to the people of the earth, which is beset with serpents, beasts and monsters, who make great havoc of human life.

SCHOOLCRAFT'S *Indian Legends: Ed.* MATTHEWS.



THE OWL.

HENRY B. HIRST (b. 1813).

When twilight fades and evening falls
  Alike on tree and tower,
And silence, like a pensive maid,
  Walks round each slumbering bower;
When fragrant flowerets fold their leaves,
  And all is still in sleep,
The hornëd owl on moonlit wing
  Flies from the donjon keep.

And he calls aloud—"too-whit! too-whoo!"
  And the nightingale is still,
And the pattering step of the hurrying hare
  Is hushed upon the hill;
And he crouches low in the dewy grass
  As the lord of the night goes by,
Not with a loudly whirring wing,
  But like a lady's sigh.

A NIGHT SCENE.

THE REV. HENRY ALFORD, D.D.,
DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

We looked into the silent sky,
We gazed upon thee, lovely moon;
And thou wert shining clear and bright
In night's unclouded noon.

And it was sweet to stand and think,
Amidst the deep tranquillity,
How many eyes at that still hour
Were looking upon thee.

The exile on the foreign shore
Hath stood and turned his eye on thee;
And he hath thought upon his days
Of hope and infancy;

And he hath said, there may be those
Gazing upon thy beauty now,
Who stamped the last, the burning kiss
Upon his parting brow.

The captive in his grated cell
Hath cast him in thy peering light;
And looked on thee and almost blest
The solitary night.

The infant slumbereth in his cot,
And on him is thy liquid beam;
And shapes of soft and faëry light
Have mingled in his dream.

The sick upon the sleepless bed,
Scared by the dream of wild unrest,
The fond and mute companionship
Of thy sweet ray hath blest.

The mourner in thy silver beam
Hath laid his sad and wasted form,
And felt that there is quiet there
To calm his inward storm.

THE BOYHOOD OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

FREDERICK SHERLOCK.

The picture which Mr. J. G. Holland has furnished of the rough log cabin in which the Lincolns dwelt at the time referred to, is one of extreme desolation. They had a few three-legged stools; and their only bed was made in a singular manner. Its head and one side were formed by a corner of the cabin; the bed-post was a single crotch cut from the forest. Laid upon this crotch were the ends of two hickory poles, the extremities of which were placed in two holes made in the logs of the wall. On these sticks rested "slats," or boards rudely split from trees with an axe; and on these slats was laid a bag filled with dried leaves. This was the bed of Thomas and Nancy Lincoln; and into it—when the skins hung at the cabin entrance did not keep out the cold—little Abraham and his sister crept for warmth.

In 1818 a fever epidemic carried off Lincoln's wife. Little Abraham and his sister felt their loss very acutely; but in thirteen months their father brought home a second wife, Mrs. Johnson, a widow, whom he had wooed ineffectually in Kentucky many years before. "She set about mending matters with great energy; and made her husband put down a floor and hang windows and doors. She had brought a son and two daughters of her own; but Abraham and his sister had an equal place in her affections. They were half-naked, and she clad them; they were dirty, and she washed them; they had been ill-used, and she treated them with a little more tenderness. In her own language, she "made them look a little more human." Mr. Leland tells us that this excellent woman loved Abraham tenderly, and that her love was warmly returned. After his death, she declared to Mr. W. H. Herndon, who was for many years the law partner of Abraham Lincoln, "I can say what not one mother in ten thousand can of a boy—Abe never gave me a cross look, and never refused, in fact or appearance, to do anything I requested him; nor did I ever give him a cross word in all my life. His mind and mine—

what little I had—seemed to run together. He was dutiful to me always. Abe was the best boy I ever saw, or ever expect to see." "When in after years Mr. Lincoln spoke of his 'saintly mother,' and of his 'angel of a mother,' he referred to this noble woman, who first made him feel 'like a human being,'—whose goodness first touched his childish heart, and taught him that blows and taunts and degradation were not to be his only portion in the world."

The boy's first teacher was Zachariah Riney, a Catholic priest; but in all his life, reckoning his instruction by days, he had only one year's schooling. As he grew up, when not working for his father he was hired out as a farm laborer to the neighbors. In the evenings he was accustomed to pass the hours in study. By the dim fire-light he would plod at arithmetic with a pencil or coal on a wooden shovel or strip of board. When this was full he would shave it off with a sharp knife and begin again.

"Abraham's poverty of books," it has been aptly remarked, "was the wealth of his life." It is interesting to note that among the first books which he read and thoroughly mastered were "Æsop's Fables," "Robinson Crusoe," "Pilgrim's Progress," and "Weem's Life of Washington." "Lincoln," said his cousin, Dennis Hanks, "was lazy—a *very* lazy man. He was always reading, scribbling, ciphering, writing poetry, and the like." This "laziness," however, enabled him to become a smart lawyer by the age of twenty-five.

Lincoln is described by a fellow-workman as being at twenty-one "the roughest-looking person he ever saw: he was tall, angular, and ungainly, and wore trowsers of flax and tow, cut tight at the ankles, and out at the knees. He was very poor, and made a bargain with Mrs. Nancy Miller to split four hundred rails for every yard of brown jean, dyed with walnut bark, that would be required to make him a pair of trowsers."

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

SAMUEL LOVER (1797–1868).

["A superstition of great beauty prevails in Ireland, that when a child smiles in its sleep it is 'talking with angels.'"—LOVER.]

A baby was sleeping,
Its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea;
And the tempest was swelling
Round the fisherman's dwelling,
And she cried, "Dermot, darling, oh, come back to me!"

Her beads while she numbered,
The baby still slumbered,
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee;
"Oh, blest be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

"And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh, pray to them softly, my baby, with me!
And say thou would'st rather
They 'd watch o'er thy father!—
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee."

The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see;
And closely caressing
Her child, with a blessing,
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."

MOUNTAIN DRIVE TO THE GEYSERS OF CALIFORNIA

[The Californian "Geysers" are a series of hot springs and fountains, situated in a deep gorge of the Coast Range, about 70 miles from San Francisco. The following graphic account is from the pen of the Rev. Hugh Johnston, M.A., who, during the spring of 1871, visited the Geysers in company with the Rev. Dr. Punshon and Mr. Herbert Mason.]

Here the famous whip, Mr. Clarke Foss, the champion driver of the world, took us in charge. Like a royal autocrat he dictated to us the conditions of enjoyable riding. We must not fear, for he was a perfectly safe driver —"the biggest coward that ever pulled a rein." We must not brace ourselves. "He had tried to hold down a ship once but couldn't do it," and so gave up the effort. A splendid specimen of a man is Mr. Foss—tall, stout, handsome, well-proportioned; he is, in his own words, a "healthy ghost," and weighing two hundred and fifty pounds. He has immense strength, and is "too big to strike in a fall." We soon made the acquaintance of his six-in-hand;—"Ned and John," the leaders, high-bred and thoroughly trained; "Heenan and Limber Jim," the swing,—the said Jim starting off so rampant that his driver told him in words that he could not fail to understand (for he says, "they know his talk if it isn't very good") that he would come back like a sick cat; "Hemmingway and Jeff Davis," the obedient wheelers. But how shall we describe the ride?—that exciting, bewildering mountain drive—up steep hills and down them at full gallop—across pasture grounds—climbing, stretching, toiling up an immense mountain side, in tortuous path, as if winding around a gigantic cork-screw—trotting, galloping, rushing; the whole band of six fleet coursers lifted at one time from the ground and grasped in the strong hand of the driver. Now pausing from some immense height, to look back and down upon thirty miles of the Russian River valley, with its fields spread out like a great chessboard, and the stream winding like a thread of silver between the sloping heights—now flying like the wind over "Hog's Back" (the crest of a mountain running

away from the edge like the sides of a roof), the road so narrow that you look from the bristle, sheer down two thousand feet at the ravines below. At length we came to a point that overlooked the canyon of the Pluto River, narrow and deep, the place of the smoking and boiling springs. But it is two miles down, and the rapid descent is eighteen hundred feet. "Now," says Foss, "look at your watches; we'll be there in ten minutes." Away we go, plunging down the mountain side with apparent recklessness of life or limb, making sharp turns, where the leaders are swung directly off their feet—away we go pell mell, holding our breath until with a sudden turn we are at the sides of the canyon, and halt at the hotel.

"Well," said one of our party, heaving a sigh of relief as he stepped out of the carriage, "I never before drove down a house-side in a coach and six." Now for the springs. All around you are the marks of volcanic action; you are burdened with a sense of oppressive heat, clouds of smoky vapors are rising, and the earth is hollow and rumbling, and from it the sounds of escaping steam are heard. From a thousand heated crevices are issuing jets of sulphurous hot steam. The ground is white and yellow and gray; porous and rotten with high heat. Along the bottom of the ravine, and up its sides, are caldrons filled with heated water; such as the "Devil's Punch-bowl," and "The Witches' Caldron"—a large hole several feet in diameter. The waters differ in temperature; some are cold and others hot—rising in temperature from 150° to 200°. They differ also in taste, color, and smell. Some are white, and others black as ink. We found all around us little orifices, deposits of sulphur, and sulphate of magnesia, alum, and the various salts of iron. As you ascend the gulch, you hear a puffing noise, resembling that which a steamboat makes in resisting a strong current. This is "The Steamboat" Geyser, and from it rises a volume of steam to a height of from fifty to a hundred feet. The earth shakes and trembles under the pressure of the feet; ebullitions and horrid boilings increase at every step, and you are anxious to get away, fearing some earthquake opening, or some volcanic outburst of fire.

MOOSE-HUNTING IN CANADA.

LORD DUNRAVEN (b. 1841).

Out on the lake it was blowing a gale, and right against us. We had to kneel in the bottom of the canoes, instead of sitting on the thwarts, and vigorously ply our paddles. The heavily laden craft plunged into the waves, shipping water at every jump, and sending the spray flying into our faces. Sometimes we would make good way; at other times, in a squall, we would not gain an inch, and would be almost driven on shore. But after much labor we gained the shelter of a projecting point, and late in the evening reached our destination, and drew up our canoes for the last time.

While others make camp, old John, our Indian guide, wanders off with head stooped, and eyes fixed on the ground, according to his custom. After dark he comes quietly in, sits down by the fire and lights his pipe, and, after smoking a little while, observes: "Moose been here, sir, not long ago. I saw fresh tracks, a cow and a calf close handy just around that little point of woods." And so we fall to talking about former hunting excursions till bed time, or rather sleepy time, comes, and we curl up in our blankets, full of hopes for the future, which may or may not be disappointed.

Moose-calling commences about the 1st of September, and ends about the 15th of October. A full moon occurring between the middle and the end of September is the best of all times. The best plan in calling is to fix upon a permanent camp and to make little expeditions of two or three days' duration from it, returning to rest and to get fresh supplies. Then you enjoy the true luxury of hunting. Then you feel really and thoroughly independent and free.

The Indian carries your blanket, your coat, a little tea, sugar, and bread, a kettle, and two tin pannikins. The hunter has enough to do to carry himself, his rifle, ammunition, a small axe, a hunting-knife, and a pair of field-glasses. Thus accoutred, clad in a flannel shirt and home-

spun trowsers, moose-hide moccasins on your feet, your trowsers tucked into woollen socks, your arms unencumbered with that useless article a coat, you plunge into the woods, the sun your guide in clear weather, your pocket-compass if it be cloudy, the beasts and birds and fishes your companions; and you wander through the woods at will, sleeping where the fancy seizes you, "calling" if the nights are calm, or hunting on a windy day.

Calling is the most fascinating, disappointing, exciting of all sports. You may be lucky at once and kill your moose the first night you go out, perhaps at the very first call you make. You may be weeks and weeks, perhaps the whole calling season, without getting a shot. Moose-calling is simple enough in theory; in practice it is immensely difficult. It consists in imitating the cry of the animal with a hollow cone made of birch bark, and endeavoring by this means to call up a moose near enough to get a shot at him by moonlight or in the early morning. He will come straight up to you, within a few yards—walk right over you almost—answering—"speaking" is the Indian term—as he comes along, if nothing happens to scare him; but that is a great *if*, so many unavoidable accidents occur.

The great advantage of moose-calling is, that it takes one out in the woods during the most beautiful period of the whole year; when Nature, tired with the labor of spring and summer, puts on her holiday garments, and rests luxuriously before falling into the deep sleep of winter. The great heats are past, though the days are still warm and sunny; the nights are calm and peaceful, the mornings cool, the evenings so rich in coloring that they seem to dye the whole woodland with sunset hues, for the maple, oak, birch, and beech trees glow with a gorgeousness unknown to similar trees in the British Islands.

As soon as the moon was high enough to shed a good light, Noel and I walked down to a little point of woods jutting out into the barren, to call. Putting the birch-bark caller to his lips, Noel imitated the long-drawn, wailing cry of the moose; and then we sat down, wrapped in our blankets, patiently to listen and to wait. No answer—

perfect stillness prevailed. Presently, with a strange, rapidly approaching rush, a gang of wild geese passed, clanging overhead, their strong pinions whirring in the still air.

"Hark!" says Noel; "what's that! I hear him right across the wood there;" and in truth we could just make out the faint call of a bull moose miles away. The sound got rapidly nearer, he was coming up quickly, when we heard a second moose advancing to meet him. They

MOOSE DEER.

answered each other for a little while, and then they ceased speaking, and the forest relapsed into silence, so death-like that it was hard to believe that it ever had been or could be broken by any living thing.

The moose arrived within about fifty or sixty yards of us. We could dimly see him in the dark shadow of an island of trees. In another second he would have been out in the moonlight if we had left him alone; but Noel,

in his anxiety to bring him up, called like a bull, and the moose turned right round and went back again across the barren. We did not try any more calling, but made up our fire and lay down till daylight.

The next night, or rather on the morning after, we called up two moose after sunrise, but failed from various causes in getting a shot; but on the day succeeding that, I killed a very large bull.

We had called without any answer all night, and were going home to the principal camp about ten in the day, when we heard a cow call. It was a dead calm, and the woods were dry as tinder and strewn with crisp, dead leaves; but we determined to try and creep up to her.

I will not attempt to describe how we crept up pretty near, and waited, and listened patiently for hours, till we heard her again, and fixed the exact spot where she was: how we crept and crawled, inch by inch, through bushes, and over dry leaves and brittle sticks, till we got within sight and easy shot of three moose—a big bull, a cow, and a two-year-old. Suffice it to say that the big bull died; he paid the penalty. Female loquacity cost him his life.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (1794–1878).

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?

Alas! they all are in their graves—the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie; but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The windflower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild air, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill;
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom, that grew up and faded by my side:
In the cold, moist earth we laid her, when the forests cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief:
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

THE AUTUMN FOREST.

DORA READ GOODALE (b. 1866).

The woodland path is full of light,
With maple-fires returning;
The day succeeds the frosty night,
With sudden splendor burning:
The pines are black against the sky,
With shifting asters bordered;
Behind, the glowing forests lie,
In gold and scarlet broidered.

The line of birches to the right
Is melted into amber;
And up along the wooded height
The poison-ivies clamber:
By yonder stately chestnut, where
A mateless thrush is calling,
The leaves are dropped across the air
Like flakes of sunlight falling.

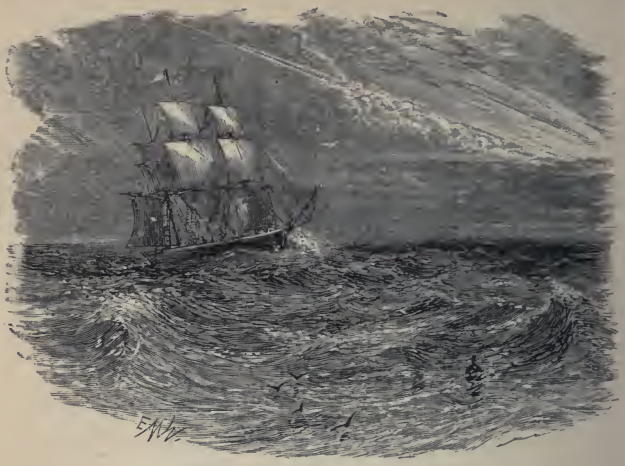
The woodland path is full of light,
And fever-fires returning;
The stinging frost of yesternight
Has set the maples burning:
The wood a regal color shows,
With purple asters bordered;
And Autumn's dark-blue mantle glows
In gold and scarlet broidered.

All Round the Year: Verses from Sky Farm (1881).

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

MRS. EMMA (HART) WILLARD (1787-1870).

Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure, I rest upon the wave,—
For thou, O Lord, hast power to save.



I know thou wilt not slight my call,
For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

When in the dead of night I lie
And gaze upon the trackless sky,
The star-bespangled heavenly scroll,
The boundless waters as they roll,—
I feel thy wondrous power to save
From perils of the stormy wave:
Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I calmly rest and soundly sleep.

And such the trust that still were mine,
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death!
In ocean cave, still safe with thee
The germ of immortality!
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep. *Poems* (1830).

PART IV.

RED LANCES IN THE SKY.

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

See, in the heaven there glances,
  Piercing its northern night,
Light, as of luminous lances,
  Flashing, and hurled in fight.

With weird and wavering gleaming
Bright ranks advance ever higher,
As if through a battle's mist streaming,
And storming the zenith with fire.

Arrayed like a rainbow, but beating
The dark, with thousands of spears,
Each thrown, as though armies were meeting,
All glittering and red re-appears.

At times in fair order, and crossing
The heaven as with a span,
Or disarrayed, striving, and tossing,
Seem the hosts to the eyes of man.

See how their lines are shaking,
Surge on, and fast retire;
How through them faster breaking
Rise others—gleam—expire.

Are rival banners vying,
And waved by armëd hands,
Or sheen of planets flying
From bright celestial brands?

But the silence reigns unbroken,
They fight without a sound;
If indeed these lights betoken
That wars the stars astound!

For whether they burn all gory,
Or blanch the trembling sky,
No thunder vaunts their glory
As in the gloom they die.

Do they come as warning, telling
Of death, or war, or shame,
When their tremulous pulses, swelling,
Can fill the world with flame?

Do they tell of cities burning,
'Mid sack, and blood, and lust;

Of lighted arrows, turning
Loved hearths to smoking dust?

For like to an awful presage
Of fields of slaughtered dead,
Just where they held their passage
A crimson cloud is spread.

Or, boding no fell chastening,
Are they but paths, where shine
Swift feet, immortal, hastening
With messages divine?

Come thus the angels speeding
With blighting wing, and rod?
Ah, none may know the reading
Or follow the signs of God!

In silence He, the Maker,
Bids kindle the fair fire;
In silence he, the Taker,
Lets the red flame expire.

And o'er the watcher's spirit,
With Fear, Desire is thrown:
A longing deep doth stir it
To know the yet Unknown.

We seek, with useless yearning,
To pry at hidden things,
Where God, to mock our learning,
His veil of mystery flings.

Earth rears us, and to love her
From birth our nature's bound;
But she, like the fires above her,
May die without a sound.

Her seasons' varying story,
The fate of all her race,
May, like the Aurora's glory,
Change, in a moment's space!

Guido and Lita: A Tale of the Riviera.

FROZEN VOICES.

JOSEPH ADDISON (1672-1719).

We were separated by a storm in the latitude of 73° N., insomuch that only the ship which I was in, with a Dutch and a French vessel, got safe into a creek of Nova Zembla. We landed, in order to refit our vessels and store ourselves with provisions. The crew of each vessel made themselves a cabin of turf and wood, at some distance from each other, to fence themselves against the inclemencies of the weather, which was severe beyond imagination.

We soon observed that, in talking to one another, we lost several of our words, and could not hear one another at above two yards' distance, and that, too, when we sat very near the fire. After much perplexity, I found that our words froze in the air, before they could reach the ears of the person to whom they were spoken.

[With a turn of the wind, the frozen voices thawed all at once.] My reader will easily imagine how the whole crew was amazed to hear every man talking, and see no man opening his mouth. In the midst of this great surprise we were all in, we heard a volley of oaths and curses, lasting for a long while, and uttered in a very hoarse voice, which I knew belonged to the boatswain, who was a very choleric fellow, and had taken his opportunity of cursing and swearing at me when he thought I could not hear him; for I had several times given him the strappado on that account, as I did not fail to repeat it for these his pious soliloquies when I got him on shipboard.

I must not omit the names of several beauties in Wapping, which were heard every now and then in the midst of a long sigh that accompanied them: as, "Dear Kate!" "Pretty Mrs. Peggy!" This betrayed several things which had been concealed till that time, and furnished us with a great deal of mirth in our return to England.

When this confusion of voices was pretty well over, though I was afraid to offer at speaking, as fearing I should not be heard, I proposed a visit to the Dutch cabin, which lay about a mile farther up into the country. My crew

were extremely rejoiced to find they had again recovered their hearing, though every man uttered his voice with the same apprehensions that I had done.

At about half a mile's distance from our cabin we heard the groanings of a bear, which at first startled us; but, upon inquiry, we were informed by some of our company that he was dead, and now lay in salt, having been killed upon that very spot about a fortnight before, in the time of the frost. Not far from the same place, we were entertained likewise with some posthumous snarls and barkings of a fox.

Tatler: No. 9, Nov. 23, 1710.

THE OLD MAN'S DREAM.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (b. 1809).

"Oh for one hour of youthful joy!
Give back my twentieth spring!
I'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy
Than reign a gray-beard king!

"Off with the wrinkled spoils of age!
Away with learning's crown!
Tear out life's wisdom-written page,
And dash its trophies down!

"One moment let my life-blood stream
From boyhood's fount of flame!
Give me one giddy, reeling dream
Of life all love and fame!"

My listening angel heard the prayer,
And calmly smiling said,
"If I but touch thy silvered hair
Thy hasty wish hath sped.

"But is there nothing in thy track
To bid thee fondly stay,
While the swift seasons hurry back
To find the wished-for day?"

"Ah, truest soul of womankind,
Without thee, what were life?
One bliss I cannot leave behind:
I'll take — my — precious — wife!"

The angel took a sapphire pen,
And wrote in rainbow dew,
"The man would be a boy again,
And be a husband too!"

"And is there nothing yet unsaid
Before the change appears?
Remember, all their gifts have fled
With these dissolving years."

Why, yes; for memory would recall
My fond paternal joys;
I could not bear to leave them all:
I'll take—my—girl—and—boys!"

The smiling angel dropped his pen—
"Why, this will never do;
The man would be a boy again,
And be a father too!"

And so I laughed—my laughter woke
The household with its noise—
And wrote my dream, when morning broke,
To please the gray-haired boys.

Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.

GULLIVER AMONG THE GIANTS.

DEAN SWIFT (1667–1745).

It was about twelve at noon, and a servant brought in dinner. It was only one substantial dish of meat (fit for the plain condition of a husbandman), in a dish of about four-and-twenty feet diameter. The company consisted of the farmer and his wife, three children, and an old grandmother. When they were seated, the farmer placed me at some distance from him on the table, which was thirty feet high from the floor.

I was in a terrible fright, and kept as far as I could from the edge, for fear of falling. The wife minced a bit of meat, then crumbled some bread on a trencher, and placed it before me. I made her a low bow, took out my knife and fork, and fell to eating, which gave them exceeding delight. The mistress sent her maid for a small dram-cup, which held about two gallons, and filled it with drink.

I took up the vessel with much difficulty in both hands, and in a most respectful manner drank to her ladyship's health, expressing the words as loudly as I could in English; which made the company laugh so heartily, that I was almost deafened with the noise. This liquor tasted like a small cider, and was not unpleasant.

Then the master made me a sign to come to his trencher-side; but, as I walked on the table, being in great surprise all the time, as the indulgent reader will easily conceive and excuse, I happened to stumble against a crust, and fell flat on my face, but received no hurt.

I got up immediately, and, observing the good people to be in much concern, I took my hat (which I held under my arm, out of good manners), and, waving it over my head, gave three huzzas, to show I had received no mischief by my fall. On advancing toward my master (as I shall henceforth call him), his youngest son, who sat next to him, an arch boy of about ten years old, took me up by the legs, and held me so high in the air that I trembled in every limb; but his father snatched me from him, and at

the same time gave him such a box on the left ear as would have felled a European troop of horse to the earth, and ordered him to be taken from the table. Being afraid the boy might owe me a spite, and well remembering how mischievous all children among us naturally are to sparrows, rabbits, young kittens, and puppy-dogs, I fell on my knees, and, pointing to the boy, made my master to understand as well as I could that I desired his son might be pardoned. The father complied, and the lad took his seat again; whereupon I went to him and kissed his hand, which my master took, and made him stroke me gently with it.

In the midst of dinner, my mistress's favorite cat leaped into her lap. I heard a noise behind me like that of a dozen stocking-weavers at work; and, turning my head, I found it proceeded from the purring of that animal, who seemed to be three times larger than an ox, as I computed by the view of her head and one of her paws, while her mistress was feeding and stroking her. The fierceness of this creature's countenance altogether discomposed me, though I stood at the farther end of the table, above fifty feet off, and though my mistress held her fast, for fear she might give a spring and seize me in her talons. But it happened that there was no danger, for the cat took not the least notice of me when my master placed me within three yards of her. As I have been always told, and found true by experience in my travels, that flying, or discovering fear before a fierce animal, is a certain way to make it pursue or attack you, so I resolved, in this dangerous juncture, to show no manner of concern. I walked with intrepidity five or six times before the very head of the cat, and came within half a yard of her; whereupon she drew herself back, as if she were afraid of me. I had less apprehension concerning the dogs, whereof three or four came into the room—as it is usual in farmers' houses—one of which was a mastiff, equal in bulk to four elephants, and a greyhound somewhat taller than the mastiff, but not so large.

Travels of Lemuel Gulliver (1726).

HOME.

JAMES MONTGOMERY (1771–1854).

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons imparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth:
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole:
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend:
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life!
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy Country, and that spot thy Home.

West Indies, part iii., opening lines.

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (b. 1819)

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came chanticleer's muffled crow;
The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood,—
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then with eyes that saw not I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

Under the Willows (1869).

SONNET—CANADIAN WINTER NIGHT.

CHARLES HEAVYSEGE (1816-1876).

The stars are setting in the frosty sky,
Numerous as pebbles on a broad sea-coast;
While o'er the vault the cloud-like galaxy
Has marshalled its innumerable host.
Alive all heaven seems: with wondrous glow,
Tenfold refulgent every star appears;
As if some wide, celestial gale did blow,
And thrice illumine the ever-kindled spheres.
Orbs, with glad orbs rejoicing, burning, beam
Ray-crowned, with lambent lustre in their zones;
Till o'er the blue-bespangled spaces seem
Angels and great archangels on their thrones;—
A host divine, whose eyes are sparkling gems,
And forms more bright than diamond diadems.

THE SNOW MAN.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN (b. 1805).

"It 's so wonderfully cold that my whole body crackles!" said the Snow Man. "This is a kind of wind that can blow life into one—and how the gleaming one up yonder is staring at me." He meant the sun, which was just about to set. "It shall not make *me* wink—I shall manage to keep the pieces."

He had two triangular pieces of tile in his head instead of eyes. His mouth was made of an old rake, and consequently was furnished with teeth.

He had been born amid the joyous shouts of the boys, and welcomed by the sound of sledge bells and the slashing of whips.

The sun went down, and the full moon rose, round, large, clear, and beautiful in the blue air.

"There it comes again from the other side," said the Snow Man. He intended to say the sun is showing himself again. "Ah! I have cured him of staring. Now let him hang up there and shine, that I may see myself. If I only knew how I could manage to move from this place—I should like so much to move. If I could, I would slide along yonder on the ice, just as I see the boys slide; but I don't understand it—I don't know how to run."

"Away! away!" barked the old Yard Dog. He was quite hoarse, and could not pronounce the genuine "bow-wow." He had got the hoarseness from the time when he was an indoor dog, and lay by the fire. "The sun will teach you to run! I saw that last winter in your predecessor, and before that in *his* predecessor. Away! away! —and away they all go."

"I don't understand you, comrade," said the Snow Man. "That thing up yonder is to teach me to run?" He meant the moon. "Yes, it was running itself when I saw it a little while ago, and now it comes creeping from the other side."

"You know nothing at all," retorted the Yard Dog. "But then you 've only just been patched up. What you see yonder is the moon, and the one that went before was

the sun. It will come again to-morrow, and will teach you to run down into the ditch by the wall. We shall soon have a change of weather; I can feel that in my left hind leg, for it pricks and pains me: the weather is going to change."

"I don't understand him," said the Snow Man, "but I have a feeling that he's talking about something disagreeable. The one who stared so just now, and whom he called the sun, is not my friend. I can feel that."

"Away! away!" barked the Yard Dog; and he turned round three times, and then crept into his kennel to sleep.

The weather really changed. Towards morning, a thick damp fog lay over the whole region; later there came a wind, an icy wind. The cold seemed quite to seize upon one; but when the sun rose, what splendor! Trees and bushes were covered with hoar frost, and looked like a complete forest of coral, and every twig seemed covered with gleaming white buds. The many delicate ramifications, concealed in summer by the wealth of leaves, now made their appearance: it seemed like a lace-work, gleaming white. A snowy radiance sprang from every twig. The birch waved in the wind—it had life, like the rest of the trees in summer. It was wonderfully beautiful. And when the sun shone, how it all gleamed and sparkled, as if diamond-dust had been strewn everywhere, and big diamonds had been dropped on the snowy carpet of the earth! or one could imagine that countless little lights were gleaming, whiter than even the snow itself.

"That is wonderfully beautiful," said a young girl, who came with a young man into the garden. They both stood still near the Snow Man, and contemplated the glittering trees. "Summer cannot show a more beautiful sight," said she; and her eyes sparkled.

"And we can't have such a fellow as this in summer-time," replied the young man, and he pointed to the Snow Man. "He is capital."

The girl laughed, nodded at the Snow Man, and then danced away over the snow with her friend—over the snow that cracked and crackled under her tread as if she were walking on starch.

"Who were those two?" the Snow Man inquired of the Yard Dog. "You 've been longer in the yard than I. Do you know them?"

"Of course I know them," replied the Yard Dog. "She has stroked me, and he has thrown me a meat bone. I don't bite those two."

"But what are they?" asked the Snow Man.

"Lovers!" replied the Yard Dog. "They will go to live in the same kennel, and gnaw at the same bone. Away! away!"

"Are they the same kind of beings as you and I?" asked the Snow Man.

"Why, they belong to the master," retorted the Yard Dog. "People certainly know very little who were only born yesterday. I can see that in you. I have age and information. I know every one here in the house; and I know a time when I did not lie out here in the cold, fastened to a chain. Away! away!"

"The cold is charming," said the Snow Man. "Tell me, tell me.—But you must not clank with your chain, for it jars something within me when you do that."

"Away! away!" barked the Yard Dog. "They told me I was a pretty little fellow: then I used to lie on a chair covered with velvet, up in master's house, and sit in the lap of the mistress of all. They used to kiss my nose, and wipe my paws with an embroidered handkerchief. I was called 'Ami—dear Ami—sweet Ami.' But afterwards I grew too big for them, and they gave me away to the housekeeper. So I came to live in the basement story. You can look into that from where you are standing, and you can see into the room where I was master; for I was master at the housekeeper's. It was certainly a smaller place than upstairs; but I was more comfortable, and was not continually taken hold of and pulled about by children as I had been. I received just as good food as ever, and even better. I had my own cushion; and there was a stove—the finest thing in the world at this season. I went under the stove, and could lie down quite beneath it. Ah! I still dream of that stove. Away! away!"

"Does a stove look so beautiful?" asked the Snow Man. "Is it at all like me?"

"It's just the reverse of you. It's as black as a crow, and has a long neck and a brazen drum. It eats firewood, so that the fire spurts out of its mouth. One must keep at its side, or under it; and there one is very comfortable. You can see it through the window from where you stand."

And the Snow Man looked, and saw a bright polished thing with a brazen drum, and the fire gleamed from the lower part of it. The Snow Man felt quite strangely: an odd emotion came over him, he knew not what it meant, and could not account for it; but all people who are not snow men know the feeling.

"And why did you leave her?" asked the Snow Man; for it seemed to him that the stove must be of the female sex. "How could you quit such a comfortable place?"

"I was obliged," replied the Yard Dog. "They turned me out of doors, and chained me up here. I had bitten the youngest young master in the leg, because he kicked away the bone I was gnawing. 'Bone for bone,' I thought. They took that very much amiss, and from that time I have been fastened to a chain and have lost my voice. Don't you hear how hoarse I am? Away! away! I can't talk any more like other dogs. Away! away! that was the end of the affair."

But the Snow Man was no longer listening to him. He was looking in at the housekeeper's basement lodging, into the room where the stove stood on its four iron legs, just the same size as the Snow Man himself.

"What a strange crackling within me!" he said. "Shall I ever get in there? It is an innocent wish, and our innocent wishes are certain to be fulfilled. I must go in there and lean against her, even if I have to break through the window."

"You will never get in there," said the Yard Dog; "and if you approach the stove you'll melt away—away!"

"I am as good as gone," replied the Snow Man. "I think I am breaking up."

The whole day the Snow Man stood looking in through the window. In the twilight hour the room became still

more inviting: from the stove came a mild gleam, not like the sun nor like the moon; no, it was only as the stove can glow when he has something to eat. When the room door opened, the flame started out of his mouth; this was a habit the stove had. The flame fell distinctly on the white face of the Snow Man, and gleamed red upon his bosom.

"I can endure it no longer," said he; "how beautiful it looks when it stretches out its tongue!"

The night was long; but it did not appear long to the Snow Man, who stood there lost in his own charming reflections, crackling with the cold.

In the morning the window panes of the basement lodging were covered with ice. They bore the most beautiful ice-flowers that any snow man could desire; but they concealed the stove. The window-panes would not thaw; he could not see the stove, which he pictured to himself as a lovely female. The freezing air crackled and whistled in him and around him; it was just the kind of frosty weather a snow man must thoroughly enjoy. But he did not enjoy it; and, indeed, how could he enjoy himself when he was stove-sick?

"That's a terrible disease for a Snow Man," said the Yard Dog. "I have suffered from it myself, but I got over it. Away! away!" he barked; and he added, "The weather is going to change."

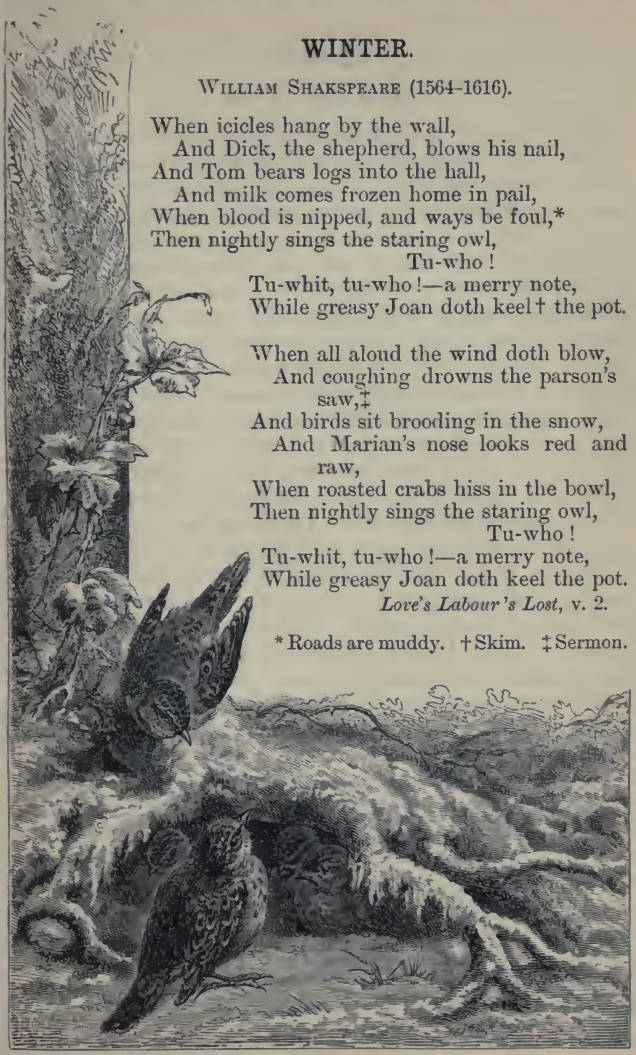
And the weather did change; it began to thaw.

The warmth increased, and the Snow Man decreased. He said nothing and made no complaint—and that's an infallible sign.

One morning he broke down. And, behold, where he had stood, something like a broomstick remained sticking up out of the ground. It was the pole round which the boys had built him up.

"Ah! now I can understand why he had such an intense longing," said the Yard Dog. "Why, there's a shovel for cleaning out the stove fastened to the pole. The Snow Man had a stove-rake in his body, and that's what moved within him. Now he has got over that too. Away! away!"

HANS ANDERSEN'S *Fairy Tales.*



WINTER.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE (1564–1616).

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick, the shepherd, blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,*
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-who!
Tu-whit, tu-who!—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel† the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,‡
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-who!
Tu-whit, tu-who!—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2.

* Roads are muddy. † Skim. ‡ Sermon.

CLOUDS.

JOHN RUSKIN (b. 1819).

Has the reader any distinct idea of what clouds are?

That mist which lies in the morning so softly in the valley, level and white, through which the tops of the trees rise as if through an inundation—why is *it* so heavy, and why does it lie so low, being yet so thin and frail that it will melt away utterly into splendor of morning when the sun has shone on it but a few moments more? Those colossal pyramids, huge and firm, with outlines as of rocks, and strength to bear the beating of the high sun full on their fiery flanks, why are *they* so light, their bases high over our heads, high over the heads of Alps? Why will these melt away, not as the sun *rises*, but as he *descends*, and leave the stars of twilight clear; while the valley vapor gains again upon the earth like a shroud? Or that ghost of a cloud which steals by yonder clump of pines; nay, which does *not* steal by them, but haunts them, wreathing yet round them, and yet, and yet, slowly; now falling in a fair waved line like a woman's veil; now fading, now gone; we look away for an instant, and look back, and it is again there. What has it to do with that clump of pines, that it broods by them, and waves itself among their branches to and fro? Has it hidden a cloudy treasure among the moss at their roots, which it watches thus? Or has some strong enchanter charmed it into fond returning, or bound it fast within those bars of bough? And yonder filmy crescent, bent like an archer's bow above the snowy summit, the highest of all the hills—that white arch which never forms but over the supreme crest—how it is stayed there, repelled apparently from the snow—nowhere touching it, the clear sky seen between it and the mountain edge, yet never leaving it—poised as a white bird hovers over its nest! Or those war-clouds that gather on the horizon, dragon-crested, tongued with fire—how is their barbed strength bridled? What bits are those they are champing with their vaporous lips, flinging off flakes of black foam? Leagued leviathans of the sea

of heaven, out of their nostrils goeth smoke, and their eyes are like the eyelids of the morning: the sword of him that layeth at them cannot hold; the spear, the dart, nor the habergeon. Where ride the captains of their armies? Where are set the measures of their march? Fierce murmurers, answering each other from morning until evening—what rebuke is this which has awed them into peace; what hand has reined them back by the way in which they came?

For my own part I enjoy the mystery; and perhaps the reader may. I think he ought. He should not be less grateful for summer rain, or see less beauty in the clouds of morning, because they come to prove him with hard questions; to which, perhaps, if we look close at the heavenly scroll, we may find also a syllable or two of answer illuminated here and there. *Frondes Agrestes.**

THE EVENING CLOUD.

JOHN WILSON (1785–1844).

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow;
Long had I watched the glory moving on
O'er the still radiance of the lake below.
Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow!
Even in its very motion there was rest;
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous West.
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul!
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given;
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onwards to the golden gates of Heaven,
Where, to the eye of faith, it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

* Under this title, "Leaves of the Field," were published (1875), with Mr. Ruskin's approbation, selected passages from his first great work, "Modern Painters;" which, as a whole, he says he is "resolved never to republish."

SUMMER AND WINTER.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792-1822).

It was a bright and cheerful afternoon,
Towards the end of the sunny month of June,
When the north wind congregates in crowds
The floating mountains of the silver clouds
From the horizon, and the stainless sky
Opens beyond them like eternity.
All things rejoiced beneath the sun—the weeds,
The river, and the cornfields, and the reeds,
The willow leaves that glanced in the light breeze,
And the firm foliage of the larger trees.

It was a winter such as when birds die
In the deep forests, and the fishes lie
Stiffened in the translucent ice; which makes
Even the mud and slime of the warm lakes
A wrinkled clod as hard as brick; and when
Among their children, comfortable men
Gather about great fires, and yet feel cold;—
Alas then for the homeless beggar old!

Poems written in 1820.

A TRUE CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY.

GOLDWIN SMITH, M.A., LL.D. (b. 1823).

The vast works of the railway and steamboat age called into existence, besides the race of great engineers, a race of great organizers and directors of industry, who may be generally termed Contractors. Among these no figure was more conspicuous than that of Mr. Brassey.

There were periods in Mr. Brassey's career during which he and his partners were giving employment to eighty thousand persons, upon works requiring seventeen millions of capital for their completion. It is also satisfactory to know that in the foreign countries and colonies over which his operations extended, he was instrumental in raising the wages and condition of the working-class, as well as in affording, to the *élite* of that class, opportunities for rising to higher positions.

Mr. Brassey, like all men who have done great things in the practical world, knew his way to men's hearts. In his tours along the line, he remembered even the navvies, and saluted them by their names. He understood the value of the co-operative principle as a guarantee for hearty work. His agents were made partakers in his success; and he favored the butty-gang system—that of letting work to a gang of a dozen men, who divide the pay, allowing something extra to the head of the gang.

Throughout his life it was a prime object with him to collect around him a good staff of well-tried and capable men. He chose well, and adhered to his choice. If a man failed in one line, he did not cast him off, but tried him in another. It was well known in the labor market that he would never give a man up if he could help it. He did not even give men up when they had gone to law with him. In the appendix is a letter by him to provide employment for a person who "had by some means got into a suit or reference against him," but whom he described as "knowing his work well." In hard times he still kept his staff together, by subdividing the employment.

Of all Mr. Brassey's undertakings, not one was superior in importance to that with which Canadians are best

acquainted—the Grand Trunk Railway, with the Victoria Bridge. It is needless here to describe this enterprise, or to recount the tragic annals of the loss brought on thousands of shareholders, which, financially speaking, was its calamitous sequel. The severest part of the undertaking was the Victoria Bridge. "The first working season there," says one of the chief agents, "was a period of difficulty, trouble, and disaster." The agents of the contractors had no experience of the climate. There were numerous strikes among the workmen. The cholera committed dreadful ravages in the neighborhood. In one case, out of a gang of two hundred men, sixty were sick at one time, many of whom ultimately died. The shortness of the working season in this country involved much loss of time. It was seldom that the setting of the masonry was fairly commenced before the middle of August, and it was certain that all work must cease at the end of November. Then there were the shoving of the ice at the beginning and breaking up of the frosts, and the collisions between floating rafts two hundred and fifty feet long and the staging erected for putting together the tubes. Great financial difficulties were experienced in consequence of the Crimean War. The mechanical difficulties were also immense, and called for extraordinary efforts both of energy and invention. The bridge, however, was completed, as had been intended, in December 1859, and formally opened by the Prince of Wales in the following year. "The devotion and energy of the large number of workmen employed," says Mr. Hodges, "can hardly be praised too highly. Once brought into proper discipline, they worked as we alone can work against difficulties. They have left behind them in Canada an imperishable monument of British skill, pluck, science, and perseverance in this bridge, which they not only designed but constructed."

The whole of the iron for the tubes was prepared at Birkenhead; but so well prepared, that in the centre tube, consisting of no less than 10,309 pieces, in which nearly half a million of holes were punched, not one plate required alteration, neither was there a plate punched wrong.

GOLDWIN SMITH *in Canadian Monthly.*

PREHISTORIC MAN.

DANIEL WILSON, LL.D. (b. 1816).

It was with a strange and fascinating pleasure, that, after having striven to resuscitate the races of Britain's prehistoric ages by means of their buried arts, I found myself face to face with the aborigines of the New World. Much that had become familiar to me in fancy, as pertaining to a long obliterated past, was here the living present; while around me, in every stage of transition, lay the phases of savage and civilized life: the nature of the forest, the art of the city; the God-made country, the man-made town;*

* An allusion to Cowper's familiar line:—

"God made the country, and man made the town."

The Task (*I. The Sofa*), 749.

each in the very process of change, extinction, and re-creation. Here, then, was a new field for the study of civilization and all that it involves. The wild beast is in its native state, and hastens, when relieved from artificial constraints, to return to the forest wilds as to its natural condition. The forest-man—is he too in his natural condition? For Europe's sons have, for upwards of three centuries, been levelling his forests, and planting their civilization on the clearings, yet he accepts not their civilization as a higher goal for him. He, at least, thinks that the white man and the red are of diverse natures; that the city and cultivated field are for the one, but the wild forest and the free chase for the other. He does not envy the white man; he only wonders at him as a being of a different nature.

Broken-Arm, the Chief of the Crees, receiving the traveller Paul Kane and his party into his lodge, at their encampment in the valley of the Saskatchewan, told him the following tradition of the tribe:—One of the Crees became a Christian. He was a very good man, and did what was right; and when he died he was taken up to the white man's heaven, where everything was beautiful. All were happy amongst their friends and relatives who had gone before them; but the Indian could not share their joy, for everything was strange to him. He met none of the spirits of his ancestors to welcome him: no hunting nor fishing, nor any of those occupations in which he was wont to delight. Then the Great Manitou called him, and asked him why he was joyless in his beautiful heaven: and the Indian replied that he sighed for the company of the spirits of his own people. So the Great Manitou told him that he could not send him to the Indian heaven, as he had whilst on earth chosen this one; but as he had been a very good man, he would send him back to earth again.

Prehistoric Man, chap. i.

SONNETS.

[In both of these exquisite sonnets the thought is:—"After death, I would rather be entirely forgotten by my friend than occasion him saddening memories."]

I.—SONNET LXXI.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE (1564–1616).

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly, sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
Oh if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay,—
Lest the wise world should look into your moan
And mock you with me after I am gone.

II.—REMEMBER.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI (b. 1830).

Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go, yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more, day by day,
You tell me of our future that you planned:
Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet, if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.

Goblin Market and other Poems (1862.

THE DEATH OF SIR ROBERT PEEL.

WITH THE CORRESPONDENCE OF HER MAJESTY, QUEEN VICTORIA.

"Sir Robert Peel is to be buried to-day. The feeling in the country is absolutely not to be described. We have lost our truest friend and trustiest counsellor, the throne its most valiant defender, the country its most open-minded and greatest statesman.

"BUCKINGHAM PALACE, *9th July 1850.*"

Writing the same day to King Leopold, Her Majesty says:—"Peel is to be buried to-day. The sorrow and grief at his death are most touching, and the country mourns over him as over a father. Every one seems to have lost a personal friend."

It was indeed so. From the time his life was known to be in danger, the entrance of his house was besieged by crowds, to whom a bulletin of his progress was from time to time read by a policeman. The faces of his friends, as they passed from the door, were eagerly scanned, and sorrow fell upon people's hearts at the grave sadness which alone was to be read there. The deep and silent grief of all classes was most affecting. Biography, like history, repeats itself, and what Tacitus wrote of Agricola might have been applied, word for word, to the modern statesman:—"To his family the closing of his life was a deep affliction; it was a heavy grief to his friends, and cast a gloom even over strangers and those to whom his person was unknown. As he lay sick, the common people, too, and those who generally feel no concern in public events, thronged about his house, and his name was on all men's tongues in the market-place and in the streets. Nor was there any one who, hearing of his death, either was glad, or went on his way and thought of it no more."

In the case of Sir Robert Peel, as in so many others, death swept away the mists of passion or prejudice, or mere indifference, which had veiled the true proportions of his character from many eyes. His patience, his courage, the wise and far-seeing counsels with which he had tempered the action and strengthened the hands of the

Government which had driven him from office, had subdued even his adversaries. The attachment, so hard to sacrifice, of the bulk of the party he had led had been replaced by the daily growing esteem of the nation; and in the shock it felt at a loss for which it was so little prepared, the country became alive to the fact that he had possessed their confidence in a measure to which no other public man could pretend. Lord John Russell in the Lower, and Lords Lansdowne and Stanley in the Upper House, spoke in generous and glowing terms of the void which the disappearance of "a great man and a great statesman," as he was styled by Lord Stanley, had created in the council of the nation; but of the many eloquent things that were said on all sides, no words are more likely to be long remembered than the few by which the Duke of Wellington, in a voice thickened with emotion, paid his tribute to the friend whose public and private worth he had reason to know so well: "In all the course of my acquaintance with Sir Robert Peel I never knew a man in whose truth and justice I had a more lively confidence, or in whom I saw a more invariable desire to promote the public service. In the whole course of my communications with him I never knew an instance in which he did not show the strongest attachment to truth; and I never saw in the whole course of my life the slightest reason for suspecting that he stated anything which he did not believe to be the fact." It need not be said how much this quality of entire truthfulness endeared Sir Robert Peel to the Prince,* himself the soul of truth, and impatient almost to a fault of the moral weakness which its absence implies.

As Sir Robert Peel had enjoined by his will that his funeral should be of the simplest kind, and that he should be buried beside his father and mother in the family vault at Drayton Bassett, the nation could only substitute for the public funeral in Westminster Abbey, which it was eager to have assigned him, a monument there at the public expense. This was voted by Parliament, a few days after his death, on the motion of Lord John Russell;

* Prince Albert.

from whom the public, at the same time, learned that the offer of a peerage had been declined by Lady Peel. "Her own wish," he said, "was to bear no other name than that by which Sir Robert Peel was known." Any other course, she had at the same time intimated, would have been contrary to her husband's wish recorded in his will, that none of his family should accept, if offered, any title, distinction, or reward, on account of any services he might be supposed to have rendered to his country.

SIR THEODORE MARTIN'S *Life of the Prince Consort.*

VICTORIA'S TEARS

MRS. ELIZABETH (BARRETT) BROWNING (1809–1861).

[Queen Victoria's first Privy Council was held at Kensington Palace on the morning of her accession, June 20, 1837. When the heralds proclaimed her as Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, she threw herself into her mother's arms and burst into tears.]

"O maiden! heir of Kings!
A King has left his place;
The majesty of death has swept
All other from his face:
And thou upon thy mother's breast
No longer lean adown,
But take the glory for the rest,
And rule the land that loves thee best!"
The maiden wept—
She wept to wear a crown!

They decked her courtly halls;
They reined her hundred steeds;
They shouted at her palace gate,
"A noble Queen succeeds!"
Her name has stirred the mountain's sleep,
Her praise has filled the town;
And mourners, God had stricken deep,
Looked hearkening up and did not weep.
Alone she wept,
Who wept to wear a crown!

She saw no purples shine,
For tears had dimmed her eyes;
She only knew her childhood's flowers
Were happier pageantries!
And while the heralds played their part,
Those million shouts to drown,
"God save the Queen!" from hill to mart,
She heard through all her beating heart,
And turned, and wept—
She wept to wear a crown!

God save thee, weeping Queen!
Thou shalt be well beloved!
The tyrant's sceptre cannot move
As those pure tears have moved!
The nature in thine eyes we see
That tyrants cannot own—
The love that guardeth liberties!
Strange blessing on the nation lies,
Whose Sovereign wept—
Yea, wept to wear a crown!

God bless thee, weeping Queen,
With blessing more divine!
And fill with happier love than Earth's
That tender heart of thine!
That when the thrones of Earth shall be
As low as graves brought down,
A piercëd hand may give to thee
The crown which angels shout to see!—
Thou wilt not weep
To wear that heavenly crown.

THE EXECUTION OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

CHARLES DICKENS (1812-1870).

She, feeling sure that her time was now come, wrote a letter to the Queen of England, making three entreaties: first, that she might be buried in France; secondly, that

she might not be executed in secret, but before her servants and some others; thirdly, that, after her death, her servants should not be molested, but should be suffered to go home with the legacies she left them. It was an affecting letter; and Elizabeth shed tears over it, but sent no answer. Then came a special ambassador from France, and another from Scotland, to intercede for Mary's life; and then the nation began to clamor, more and more, for her death.

What the real feelings or intentions of Elizabeth were, can never be known now; but I strongly suspect her of only wishing one thing more than Mary's death, and that was—to keep free of the blame of it. On the 1st of February 1587, Lord Burleigh having drawn out the warrant for the execution, the Queen sent to the Secretary Davison to bring it to her that she might sign it; which she did. Next day, when Davison told her it was sealed she angrily asked him why such haste was necessary.

Next day but one she joked about it, and swore a little. Again, next day but one she seemed to complain that it was not yet done; but still she would not be plain with those about her. So, on the 7th the Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury, with the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, came with the warrant to Fotheringay, to tell the Queen of Scots to prepare for death.

When those messengers of ill-omen were gone, Mary made a frugal supper, drank to her servants, read over her will, went to bed, slept for some hours, and then arose and passed the remainder of the night saying prayers. In the morning she dressed herself in her best clothes, and at eight o'clock, when the sheriff came for her to her chapel, took leave of her servants, who were there assembled praying with her, and went downstairs, carrying a Bible in one hand and a crucifix in the other. Two of her women and four of her men were allowed to be present in the hall, where a low scaffold, only two feet from the ground, was erected and covered with black, and where the executioner from the Tower and his assistant stood, dressed in black velvet. The hall was full of people. While the sentence was being read she sat upon a stool; and when it was fin-

ished she again denied her guilt, as she had done before. The Earl of Kent and the Dean of Peterborough, in their Protestant zeal, made some very unnecessary speeches to her; to which she replied she died in the Catholic religion, and they need not trouble themselves about that matter. When her head and neck were uncovered by the executioners, she said that she had not been used to be undressed by such hands, or before so much company. Finally, one of her women fastened a cloth over her face; and she laid her neck upon the block, and repeated more than once in Latin, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit." Some say her head was struck off in two blows, some say in three. However that be, when it was held up, streaming with blood, the real hair beneath the false hair she had long worn was seen to be as gray as that of a woman of seventy, though she was at that time only in her forty-sixth year. All her beauty was gone.

But she was beautiful enough to her little dog, who cowered under her dress, frightened, when she went upon the scaffold, and who lay down beside her headless body when all her earthly sorrows were over.

Child's History of England.

THE SLEIGH-BELLS

MRS. SUSANNA MOODIE (b. 1803).

'Tis merry to hear at evening time,
By the blazing hearth, the sleigh-bells' chime;
To know the bounding steeds bring near
The loved one, to our bosoms dear.
Ah! lightly we spring the fire to raise,
Till the rafters glow with the ruddy blaze.
Those merry sleigh-bells! our hearts keep time,
Responsive to their fairy chime.
Ding-dong, ding-dong! o'er vale and hill
Their welcome notes are trembling still.

'Tis he! and blithely the gay bells sound
As glides his sleigh o'er the frozen ground.

Hark! he has passed the dark pine wood;
He crosses now the ice-bound flood,
And hails the light at the open door
That tells his toilsome journey 's o'er.
The merry sleigh-bells! my fond heart swells
And throbs to hear the welcome bells.
Ding-dong, ding-dong! o'er ice and snow,
A voice of gladness, on they go.

Our hut is small, and rude our cheer,
But love has spread the banquet here;
And childhood springs to be caressed
By our beloved and welcome guest.
With a smiling brow his tale he tells;
The urchins ring the merry sleigh-bells.
The merry sleigh-bells! with shout and song
They drag the noisy string along.
Ding-dong, ding-dong! the father 's come,
The gay bells ring his welcome home.

SONNET.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807-1882).

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leaves his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Not wholly reassured or comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please him more;
So Nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

A JOURNEY ACROSS THE DESERT.

ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE (b. 1811).

The manner of my daily march was this. At about an hour before dawn I rose, and made the most of about a pint of water which I allowed myself for washing. Then I breakfasted upon tea and bread. As soon as the beasts were loaded, I mounted my camel and pressed forward. My poor Arabs, being on foot, would sometimes moan with fatigue and pray for rest; but I was anxious to enable them to perform their contract for bringing me to Cairo within the stipulated time, and I did not therefore allow a halt until the evening came. About mid-day, or soon after, Mysseri * used to bring up his camel alongside of mine, and supply me with a piece of bread softened in water (for it was dried hard like board); and also, as long

* A *tatar*, or government courier, who acted as captain and interpreter, and was officially responsible for the safety of the travellers.

as it lasted, with a piece of the tongue. After this there came into my hand—how well I remember it!—the little tin cup half filled with wine and water.

As long as you are journeying in the interior of the desert, you have no particular point to make for as your resting-place. The endless sands yield nothing but small stunted shrubs; even these fail after the first two or three days, and from that time you pass over broad plains, you pass over newly reared hills, you pass through valleys that the storm of the last week has dug—and the hills and the valleys are sand, sand, sand, still sand, and only sand, and sand, and sand again. The earth is so samely, that your eyes turn toward heaven,—toward heaven, I mean, in the sense of sky. You look to the sun, for he is your task-master, and by him you know the measure of the work that you have done, and the measure of the work that remains for you to do. He comes when you strike your tent in the early morning; and then, for the first hour of the day, as you move forward on your camel, he stands at your near side, and makes you know that the whole day's toil is before you; then for a while, and a long while, you see him no more, for you are veiled and shrouded, and dare not look upon the greatness of his glory—but you know where he strides overhead by the touch of his flaming sword. No words are spoken, but your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, your skin glows, your shoulders ache, and for sights you see the pattern and the web of the silk that veils your eyes, and the glare of the outer light. Time labors on. Your skin glows, and your shoulders ache, your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, and you see the same pattern in the silk, and the same glare of light beyond; but conquering Time marches on, and by-and-by the descending sun has compassed the heaven, and now softly touches your right arm, and throws your lank shadow over the sand, right along on the way for Persia. Then again you look upon his face, for his power is all veiled in his beauty, and the redness of flames has become the redness of roses; the fair wavy cloud that fled in the morning now comes to his sight once more—comes blushing, yet still comes on—comes burning with blushes, yet hastens, and clings to his side.

Then arrives your time for resting. The world about you is all your own, and there, where you will, you pitch your solitary tent; there is no living thing to dispute your choice. When at last the spot had been fixed upon, and we came to a halt, one of the Arabs would touch the chest of my camel, and utter at the same time a peculiar gurgling sound. The beast instantly understood and obeyed the sign, and slowly sank under me till she brought her body to a level with the ground; then gladly enough I alighted. The rest of the camels were unloaded, and turned loose to browse upon the shrubs of the desert, where shrubs there were; or, where these failed, to wait for the small quantity of food which was allowed them out of our stores.

My servants, helped by the Arabs, busied themselves in pitching the tent and kindling the fire. While this was doing, I used to walk away toward the east, confiding in the print of my foot as a guide for my return. Apart from the cheering voices of my attendants, I could better know and feel the loneliness of the desert. The influence of such scenes, however, was not of a softening kind, but filled me rather with a sort of childish exultation in the self-sufficiency which enabled me to stand thus alone in the wilderness of Asia;—a short-lived pride; for wherever man wanders, he still remains tethered by the chain that links him to his kind; and so when the night closed round me I began to return—to return, as it were, to my own gate. Reaching at last some high ground, I could see, and see with delight, the fire of our small encampment; and when at last I regained the spot, it seemed to me a very home that had sprung up for me in the midst of these solitudes. My Arabs were busy with their bread; Mysseri rattling teacups; the little kettle, with her odd, old-maidish look, sat humming away old songs about England; and two or three yards from the fire my tent stood prim and tight, with open portal and with welcoming look, like "the old armchair" of our lyrist's "sweet Lady Anne."

At the beginning of my journey, the night breeze blew coldly. When that happened, the dry sand was heaped up outside round the skirts of the tent; and so the wind, that

everywhere else could sweep as he listed along those dreary plains, was forced to turn aside in his course, and make way, as he ought, for the Englishman! Then within my tent there were heaps of luxuries—dining-rooms, dressing-rooms, libraries, bed-rooms, drawing-rooms, oratories, all crowded into the space of a hearth-rug. The first night, I remember, with my books and maps about me, I wanted light. They brought me a taper; and immediately from out of the silent desert there rushed in a flood of life, unseen before. Monsters of moths of all shapes and hues, that never before, perhaps, had looked upon the shining of a flame, now madly thronged into my tent, and dashed through the fire of the candle till they fairly extinguished it with their burning limbs. Those that had failed in attaining this martyrdom suddenly became serious, and clung despondingly to the canvas.

By-and-by there was brought to me the fragrant tea, and big masses of scorched and scorching toast, that minded me of old Eton* days, and the butter that had come all the way to me in this desert of Asia from out of that poor, dear, starving Ireland. I feasted like a king—like four kings—like a boy in the fourth form.

When the cold, sullen morning dawned, and my people began to load the camels, I always felt loath to give back to the waste this little spot of ground that had glowed for awhile with the cheerfulness of a human dwelling. One by one, the cloaks, the saddles, the baggage, the hundred things that strewed the ground and made it look so familiar —all these were taken away and laid upon the camels. A speck in the broad tracts of Asia remained still impressed with the mark of patent portmanteaus and the heels of London boots; the embers of the fire lay black and cold upon the sand;—and these were the signs we left.

My tent was spared to the last; but when all else was ready for the start, then came its fall: the pegs were drawn, the canvas shivered, and in less than a minute there was nothing that remained of my genial home but only a pole and a bundle. The encroaching Englishman was off; and instant, upon the fall of the canvas, like an

* The famous English school on the Thames, opposite Windsor.

owner who had waited and watched, the Genius of the Desert stalked in.

Eöthen; or, Traces of Travel Brought Home from the East (1844).

THE TURF SHALL BE MY FRAGRANT SHRINE.

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852).

The turf shall be my fragrant shrine;
My temple, Lord, that arch of thine,
My censer's breath, the mountain airs;
And silent thoughts my only prayers.

My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
When murmuring homeward to their caves;
Or when the stillness of the sea,
Even more than music, breathes of thee.

I 'll seek by day some glade unknown,
All light and silence, like thy throne;
And the pale stars shall be at night
The only eyes that watch my rite.

Thy heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book;
Where I shall read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.

I 'll read thy anger in the rack
That clouds a while the daybeam's track;
Thy mercy, in the azure hue
Of sunny brightness breaking through!

There 's nothing bright above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of thy Deity!

There 's nothing dark below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love,
And meekly wait that moment when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again!

GIBRALTAR.

COUNT VON MOLTKE, CHIEF MARSHAL OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE (b. 1800).

October 1846.

When we went on board the corvette *Amazon* on a sunny evening in last month, the sea was smiling as if to invite us on a pleasure trip, but shortly afterwards it became terribly rough. It took us sixteen days to beat up against the wind to Gibraltar. The sea was high, and the vessel, no longer steadied by her sails, reeled like a drunken man, and as if the masts would snap off. At length the Rock of Tarik *—a splendid sight—rose out of the water. The rugged mass, 1361 feet high, is only connected with the continent of Europe by a level tongue of land, and therefore is a gigantic insulated cone. Opposite to it, on the coast of Africa, the other Pillar of Hercules rises in like manner, the Apes' Hill at Ceuta. We struggled long against the strong tide which here always sets in to the Mediterranean. At length we cast anchor, and the fortress greeted our mourning flag with a royal salute.

The first step on shore led us into a new world—a wonderful combination of Spain and England. The brilliancy and luxuriance of a southern sky are here allied with the energy and activity of the North. The red-coated unbreeched Highlanders stand like giants among the small brown Spaniards, wrapped in their cloaks, and among the slender Arabs, who flock in numbers into the fair land which belonged to them for seven hundred years. There lay, in immense quantities, grapes, oranges, dates, and olives, from Malaga, Valencia, and Granada, together with English potatoes and cheese; while lobsters, flying-fish, and dolphins from the Atlantic lay beside dried stock-fish from the Arctic seas. Above the flat roofs, the balconies, and the gardens with their pomegranates and palms, project the three tiers of galleries which have been mined in the limestone rock to the depth of a mile, and which are armed with cannon from the Scotch foundries. Three

* Gibraltar—that is, Gebel-al-Tarik, or Hill of Tarik, the Moorish conqueror who landed there April 30, 711.

noble ships of the line, bearing the British flag, tower above the swarm of small craft and of steamboats. Our *Amazon* appeared beside them like a graceful child.

Gibraltar is constantly increasing, but it is only permitted by its iron armor to grow in height. Plots of ground and house-rent are incredibly dear. A limestone rock and a spit of sand necessarily produce nothing, and were originally inhabited only by partridges and apes. All the necessaries of life must be brought by sea, even drinking-water, which is the great want in this otherwise impregnable fortress. Spanish guards are posted on the spit of sand, 1680 yards from the Rock, with loaded guns, not armed to resist an attack, but to put down the smuggling trade, which is carried on here on a large scale.

I had decided to make the rest of the journey by land; but it was necessary that it should be only a courier's journey, which would leave little time for enjoyment and sight-seeing. An order from the governor admitted me to all the fortifications, to the Moorish castle, O'Hara's tower, and to the telegraph station on the summit of the Rock. From this spot, where the eastern cliff has a perpendicular descent of 1,000 feet, there is a wide view over the Spanish coast, the snowy peaks of the Sierra Nevada, which is 10,000 feet high, and across the dark blue sea. On the farther side of the strait are seen the African mountains of Tangiers and Ceuta, and the wide bay of Algeçiras opens on the west. We looked down upon the town, the fortifications, and the beautiful harbor, as on a map. I sought to imprint the picture on my memory, feeling how unlikely it was that I should ever again see one of such extent and beauty. *Count von Moltke's Spanish Journal.*

Thy memory, thy pain, to-night,
My brother! and thine early lot,
Possess me quite.
The murmur of this midland deep
Is heard to-night around thy grave,
There, where Gibraltar's cannoned steep
O'erfrowns the wave.

MATTHEW ARNOLD: *A Southern Night.*

CHARMING THE WOLVES.

W. H. KINGSTON.

We went on and on, but no sign could we see of Mike. It was already getting dusk when Kepenau stopped and examined the ice.

"A man has passed this way," he said, "and has turned off to the right."

Telling one of his people to follow up the trail, he proceeded onwards, narrowly scrutinizing the ice.

"It is as I thought," he observed: "he was coming along on foot when he saw a pack of wolves following him, and instead of continuing on the ice he made his way for the shore, to try and reach a tree into which he could climb—the wisest thing he could do."

Having made this remark, he led the way in the direction the other Indian had taken. He soon overtook him; but as darkness was increasing we had to proceed slowly, so as not to lose the trail, which I was utterly unable to perceive. The banks were of a low, marshy nature, so that there were few trees about up which the fugitive could have escaped. I did not confidently expect to meet Mike on this occasion; for he, I thought, would have come along on his skates, whereas this person, the Indian said, was on foot.

We had not gone far when Kepenau stopped. "That is the howl of wolves," he observed; "but it is accompanied by a curious sound, and they are not howling in their usual fashion."

Advancing further, I could clearly distinguish the howling of the wolves, accompanied by another sound.

"Why, as I'm alive, those are the tones of Mike Laffan's fiddle!" exclaimed Uncle Mark. "He is safe, at all events—that is one comfort; but it is a curious place to be playing in."

Kepenau now told us that the path we were following would lead us to the ruins of an old fort, erected by the early French settlers, and that he had little doubt our friend had found his way to it for refuge from the wolves;

CHARMING THE WOLVES.

but they had followed him, and were certainly not far off. We hurried on, and as the sounds of the fiddle became

more distinct, the full moon rose from behind a dark mass which proved to be a ruined wall of the building; and immediately afterwards, directly in front of us, we discovered Mike Laffan seated on one of the time-worn and rickety beams which had once formed part of the fort. There he was, bow in hand, fiddling with might and main; while below him were a whole pack of wolves, their mouths open, singing an inharmonious chorus to his music. So entranced were they, that the brutes actually did not discover us; nor, so far as we could see, were they making any attempt to reach Mike.

At a sign from Kepenau we stopped; but Mike, though he had perceived us, went on fiddling. Presently he changed the tune to one of extraordinary rapidity: this evidently astonished his vulpine audience, which began to leap about. Suddenly he exclaimed: "Now, shout, friends, shout! and we shall put the spalpeens of wolves to flight." As we raised our voices he made his instrument produce the most fearful shrieks and cries, while he uttered at the same time a true Irish howl.

Mike's plan had the desired effect. The wolves, bewildered by the strange sounds, were seized with terror, and off they scampered like a pack of curs, howling and biting at each other as they rushed along towards the forest, in which they soon disappeared.

Mike on this jumped down from his perch, laughing heartily, and thanked us all for having come to his assistance.

In the Forest.

CANADA'S HERITAGE.

THE EARL OF DUFFERIN.

[On the 11th of June 1872, a banquet was given at Belfast to the Earl of Dufferin, then on the eve of his departure for Canada. Replying to the toast, "The health of his Excellency the Governor-General of Canada," Lord Dufferin delivered a brilliant speech, of which the following is the peroration:—]

Of course the most constant and absorbing duty of every one connected with the government of Canada, and one not less agreeable than those to which I have alluded, will

be that of developing the latent wealth and the enormous material resources of the vast territory comprised within my new jurisdiction. Few people in this country have any notion how blessed by nature is the Canadian soil. The beauty, majesty, and material importance of the Gulf of St. Lawrence is indeed the theme of every traveller, while the stupendous chain of lakes, to which it is the outlet, is well known to afford a system of inland navigation such as is to be found in no other part of the habitable globe. The inexhaustible harvest of its seas annually gathered by its hardy maritime population, the innumerable treasures of its forests, are known to all; but what is not so generally understood is, that beyond the present inhabited regions of the country—beyond the towns, the lakes, the woods—there stretches out an enormous breadth of rich alluvial soil comprising an area of thousands of square miles, so level, so fertile, so ripe for cultivation, so profusely watered, and intersected by enormous navigable rivers, with so exceptionally mild a climate, as to be destined at no distant time to be occupied by millions of our prosperous fellow-subjects, and to become a central granary for the adjoining continents. Such a scene as this may well fire the most sluggish imagination; nor can there be conceived a greater privilege than being permitted to watch over the development of an industry and civilization fraught with such universal advantage to the human race. In fact, it may be doubted whether the inhabitants of the Dominion themselves are as yet fully awake to the magnificent destiny in store for them, or have altogether realized the promise of their young and hardy nationality. Like a virgin goddess in a primeval world, Canada still walks in unconscious beauty among her golden woods and by the margin of her trackless streams, catching but broken glances of her radiant majesty, as mirrored on their surface, and scarcely recks as yet of the glories awaiting her in the Olympus of nations.

Speeches and Addresses of the Earl of Dufferin (1882).

ENGLAND IN 1685.

LORD MACAULAY (1800-1859).

Could the England of 1685 be, by some magical process, set before our eyes, we should not know one landscape in a hundred or one building in ten thousand. The country gentleman would not recognize his own fields. The inhabitant of the town would not recognize his own street. Everything has been changed but the great features of nature, and a few massive and durable works of human art. We might find out Snowdon and Windermere, the Cheddar Cliffs and Beachy Head. We might find out here and there a Norman minster, or a castle which witnessed the Wars of the Roses. But, with such rare exceptions, everything would be strange to us. Many thousands of square miles which are now rich corn land and meadow, intersected by green hedge-rows, and dotted with villages and pleasant country seats, would appear as moors overgrown with furze, or fens abandoned to wild ducks. We should see straggling huts built of wood and covered with thatch, where we now see manufacturing towns and seaports renowned to the farthest ends of the world. The capital itself would shrink to dimensions not much exceeding those of its present suburb * on the south of the Thames. Not less strange to us would be the garb and manners of the people, the furniture and the equipages, the interior of the shops and dwellings.

[The historian discusses in detail the social condition of England in 1685; he then proceeds:—]

The general effect of the evidence which has been submitted to the reader seems hardly to admit of doubt. Yet, in spite of evidence, many will still image to themselves the England of the Stewarts as a more pleasant country than the England in which we live.

It may at first sight seem strange that society, while constantly moving forward with eager speed, should be constantly looking backward with tender regret. But these two propensities, inconsistent as they may appear,

* Southwark.

can easily be resolved into the same principle. Both spring from our impatience of the state in which we actually are. That impatience, while it stimulates us to surpass preceding generations, disposes us to overrate their happiness. It is, in some sense, unreasonable and ungrateful in us to be constantly discontented with a condition which is constantly improving. But, in truth, there is constant improvement precisely because there is constant discontent. If we were perfectly satisfied with the present, we should cease to contrive, to labor, and to save with a view to the future. And it is natural that, being dissatisfied with the present, we should form a too favorable estimate of the past.

In truth, we are under a deception similar to that which misleads the traveller in the Arabian desert. Beneath the caravan all is dry and bare; but far in advance, and far in the rear, is the semblance of refreshing waters. The pilgrims hasten forward and find nothing but sand where, an hour before, they had seen a lake. They turn their eyes and see a lake where, an hour before, they were toiling through sand. A similar illusion seems to haunt nations through every stage of the long progress from poverty and barbarism to the highest degrees of opulence and civilization. But if we resolutely chase the mirage backward, we shall find it recede before us into the regions of fabulous antiquity. It is now the fashion to place the Golden Age of England in times when noblemen were destitute of comforts the want of which would be intolerable to a modern footman, when farmers and shopkeepers breakfasted on loaves the very sight of which would raise a riot in a modern workhouse, when to have a clean shirt once a week was a privilege reserved for the higher class of gentry, when men died faster in the purest country air than they now die in the most pestilential lanes of our towns, and when men died faster in the lanes of our towns than they now die on the coast of Guiana. We too shall, in our turn, be outstripped, and in our turn be envied. It may well be, in the twentieth century, that the peasant of Dorsetshire may think himself miserably paid with twenty shillings a week; that the carpenter at

" Beneath the caravan all is dry and bare; but far in advance. and far in the rear, is the semblance of refreshing waters."

Greenwich may receive ten shillings a day; that laboring men may be as little used to dine without meat as they now are to eat rye-bread; that sanitary, police, and medical discoveries may have added several more years to the average length of human life; that numerous comforts and luxuries which are now unknown, or confined to a few, may be within the reach of every diligent and thrifty working man. And yet it may then be the mode to assert that the increase of wealth and the progress of science have benefited the few at the expense of the many, and to talk of the reign of Queen Victoria as the time when England was truly merry England, when all classes were bound together by brotherly sympathy, when the rich did not grind the faces of the poor, and when the poor did not envy the splendor of the rich.

History of England, chap. iii.

A CHRISTMAS CARD FOR A CHILD

THEODORE WATTS

To catch old Christmas in the morning air,
A child stole out and wandered on the heath;
And there sat Christmas, blowing foggy breath,
Cross-legged upon a stile, and cried, "Look here;
This smile 's for you—a good wide smile, my dear,
Of bright red gums, and rare plum-pudding teeth,
And jolly old wrinkles round my holly wreath;
Ho, ho for Christmas and a glad New Year!"

That child was I; and every year, in snow,
Or mist, or rain, to that same heath I go:
And there sits Christmas on the self-same stile;
And of the dear sweet days we talk awhile,
Laughing and crying at the things we know,
But parting ever with a hug and smile.

Contributed to Athenæum, Christmas Eve, 1881.

.."not Might..in the good time coming."

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

CHARLES MACKAY (b. 1814).

There 's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray
Of the good time coming.
Cannon balls may aid the truth,
But thought 's a weapon stronger;
We 'll win our battle by its aid;—
Wait a little longer.

There 's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
The pen shall supersede the sword,
And Right, not Might, shall be the lord,
In the good time coming.
Worth, not Birth, shall rule mankind,
And be acknowledged stronger;
The proper impulse has been given;—
Wait a little longer.

There 's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
War in all men's eyes shall be
A monster of iniquity,
In the good time coming.
Nations shall not quarrel then,
To prove which is the stronger;
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake;—
Wait a little longer.

There 's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
Let us aid it all we can,
Every woman, every man,
The good time coming.
Smallest helps, if rightly given,
Make the impulse stronger;
'Twill be strong enough one day;—
Wait a little longer.

THE SNOWBALL BATTLE.

(*From the Swedish of* ZACH. TOPELIUS.)

"Now we are going to have a war!" cried little Matthew, as he rushed into the hall, flushed with excitement, adorned with huge mustaches made by charcoal smut, a cock's feather stuck in his cap, and brandishing his wooden sword.

"Heaven save us!" ejaculated old Sarah, who was sweeping the dining-room floor; and the news gave her such a fright that she felt quite faint, and was nearly sitting down on the floor.

"What do you say, Master Matthew? are we going to have war?"

"That you may depend upon!" said the young fellow, proudly, and stuck his sword into the loop of his belt. "Yes, war! so that it will echo in the hills too! But I say, give me some bread and butter first; there 's a dear old soul: it is not the thing to go into battle with a hungry stomach."

"Now you are joking, Master Matthew," Sarah resumed, not knowing exactly what to believe, and feeling rather frightened. "War, dear me, is a great scourge; and how cruel it is when people kill each other, and burn towns and hamlets, and trample on the growing corn in the fields!—Perhaps the Turks have come at last!"

"Yes, of course they have," said Matthew, appropriating some large slices of bread and butter from the cupboard, and munching heartily while talking. "The whole yard is crowded with Turks," he continued, with his mouth full; "but just you wait a bit—we will soon scatter them to the winds. We defy them to capture our fortress, 'Dreadnought!'"

"Well, I 'm blest if I understand all this," said old Sarah; and, gathering up her sweepings in the pan, she hastened out to the yard. The old woman was curious to know what it all meant, and what was going on outside; so she opened the back door all in a tremble, and saw—the whole yard filled with boisterous school-boys, and that in a corner against the railings was built a miniature fortress of snow, on the top of which was placed as a standard a red kerchief

fixed on a tall hop-pole. The old woman muttered "Talk of old Nick," and then returned indoors with her pan, in quite a pet. She did not observe that behind the palings were gathered a whole army of eager warriors, measuring on an average about three feet six inches, and all distinguished with the sign of a paper half-moon, pinned on their backs, this supposed to be the most appropriate place for a decoration. These were evidently the Turks, busily engaged in casting shot, that is to say, forming hard snowballs, and piling them up in pyramids against the walls.

The Christian crusaders were all assembled in the yard, and each carried as an emblem a sprig of spruce-fir stuck in the button-hole of his jacket.

"Where is the General?" asked one of the Christian officers, with an anxious glance at the side whence they expected the enemy.

"He is having some bread and butter in the pantry, I believe, sir," replied one of the soldiers, saluting the Captain in a military fashion.

"Dear me! is this the time for a general to munch bread and butter, when the foe is advancing?" said the Captain, knitting his eyebrows.

"Sir," observed the warrior, proudly, "you will remember that was just what General Sandels did when he gained the battle of—"

"How dare you answer?" said the Captain, angrily, cutting him short; "you, a simple cornet! away at once with my orders to the General, that he instantly quit the pantry," he commanded in a stern voice.

"All right, Captain," answered the cornet.

But the General appeared at this moment on the door-steps. The first thing he caught sight of was the red banner on the battlements.

"Who has dared to hoist a blood-colored flag on our fortress of 'Dreadnought'?" he demanded, in a voice of thunder. No answer came.

"Sir General," answered the Captain at last, rather abashed, "I borrowed it from the scullery-maid, and made her allowance from the commissariat. Really I couldn't help that the kerchief happened to be red."

"Captain," said the chief, somewhat appeased, "you don't understand the color of flags any more than a blind bat! Surely we are not pirates, or buccaneers, that we must show a red flag! Let me tell you, blue and white are our true colors; deep blue as our lakes, and white the symbol of our snowy fields."

And the General hastily produced from the breast-pocket of his coat a blue and white flag, which the day before his sister had tacked together from some shreds of bunting.

The corsair standard was on the instant lowered, and soon the blue and white banner floated proudly on the top of the hop-pole in its place.

"The Turks are coming!" cried the sentinel; "everybody to his post!"

Now great activity was displayed by the Christian army, which was parted in three divisions: two columns were despatched to the gate, to take up their position one on each side, to welcome the enemy with a terrific storm of shot; and the third hastened into the fort to arrange the batteries and repair the ramparts where the snow had crumbled. The General kept a stern eye on everybody, and any one who was not sharp enough, got a ruthless punch in the ribs, to stimulate him to activity. But Fritz, the little drummer, who did not feel inclined to risk his young life of only seven winters in the pending conflict, dropped his drumsticks from sheer fright, and retreated into the dog-kennel!

The Turks mustered nearly twice the force of the Christians, so they pressed on with great courage through the gate.

Hurrah! now whizzed the first volley—phuff! pugh! puff!

The Turks wavered for a moment, and their cadets began to cry. But their chief, Dschingis Khan, a tall ringleader, premier of the upper form, knew how to rally them. A perfect cannonade of snowballs rained upon the Christian army, who in vain turned up their coat-collars to shield themselves from the furious attack, and in their turn began to waver.

This was the decisive moment of the battle, when the

drum was of the greatest importance. But the drum! the drum which would have instilled new courage into the wavering columns, was silent. If the Christians had only heard the beating of the drum, they would have been sure to have carried the day. But the General called in vain, in agony, upon his missing drummer. The little rascal lay silent and unseen; he had taken sanctuary in the dog-kennel.

"The traitor!" cried the General, fearful in his wrath; but nothing came of it. The enemy stormed through and swarmed into the yard; and though the Christians manfully defended every inch of ground, they were at last forced to retreat before the terrific onslaught of the overwhelming masses of the enemy, and take refuge within the walls of the fortress.

The General was beside himself with rage. The victorious Turks cheered lustily, and carried off in triumph the spoils of war found on the battle-field, consisting of a boot, two tin sabres, seven caps, and fourteen or fifteen mittens, all odd ones.

A short truce now ensued, and then the Turkish Pasha treated his victorious Bashee-Bazouks to a feast of almond rock, at the expense of his commissariat. Then he sent one of his dragomans to parley with the Christian commander, and insolently demanded him to give up the fortress unconditionally. In case of refusal, every man would have to run the gauntlet; which meant, to lie down on the snow-covered ground and pretend to be killed.

The cornet, who had scaled the battlements from within, of course thought this such an awful insult, that he, without waiting for orders, seized a snowball lying on the battery, took a sure aim, and hit the insolent herald right between the eyes, and knocked his fez off; and the infidel took to his heels as fast as he could.

"It is against all recognized laws of warfare," cried Dschingis Khan, disgusted.

"Very likely," shouted the cornet; "but here might is right!" and at the same moment he sent another snowball whizzing close to the ear of the proud conqueror, who had to duck his head ingloriously to save his skin.

"Well done, cornet!" called out the General's well-known voice. "If anybody dares to talk of surrendering, he shall be shot on the instant! Cornet, I appoint you lieutenant on the spot!" and here the commander raised his voice, so as to be heard all over the battle-field. "But the drummer-boy is a craven miscreant, and I relegate him to the baggage service!"

"Brave Mussulman!" bawled Dschingis Khan, "you have heard how the braggart mouthed it. I will not pay you, because that is not my habit; but behind the boarding is still a basket of almond-rock provision, and the first man who scales the fortress ramparts, I will give him, as true as my name is Dschingis Khan, the whole of its contents."

"Hurrah! long live our Dschingis Khan!" shouted the Turkish hordes, and they simultaneously stormed the fort.

But "Dreadnought" was not so easily taken possession of as was the surrounding open district of the yard. Volleys of snowballs whizzed about their ears, incessant as a hail-storm. Now fell a Turk, and then another was sent head over heels down from the battlements. Ammunition ran short, and indeed could no longer be used, for now the belligerents closed in upon one another, and fought man to man, sparring, and then rolling down the ramparts, locked in each other's struggling embrace. The walls of the fort suffered great damage in the fearful strife, and big breaches were soon effected. Some of the Bashee-Bazouks even pulled their antagonists by the hair on the quiet, though this was against the conventional laws of civilized warfare, and could not even boast of being might for right.

The General and his soldiers performed prodigies of valor, though in the fray they had been despoiled of caps and mittens; yea, some even lost their boots. They kept their hold stoutly to the last man; but, alas! the Turks were so numerous, and—there was no help for it—they gained at last the ascendency. The General himself was taken prisoner; the banner was torn down; and the victorious enemy was already swarming up and all over the battlements, when was heard—the beat of the drum!

At this unexpected signal, the Turks lost all presence

of mind ; they understood in a moment that reinforcements were coming up in the rear to the relief of the distressed fort, and in great panic they flung themselves headlong down the ramparts, and took to their heels, and did not rally until they were a good way beyond the gate, which was naturally considered the frontier of the domains of the "Sublime Porte."

The General and his men, though in a sad plight, soon extricated themselves from the crumbling ruins of the fortress, and could scarcely believe their eyes when they saw little Fritz coming, quite alone across the yard, and composedly beating his drum! But when he came up to where the General stood in surprise surrounded by his staff, he saluted and knelt down in penitence before him, and said,—

"If you please, sir, I am ready to be shot! I know I deserve it, for I deserted my comrades when the enemy bore down upon us. I prefer to be shot, rather than be reduced to the baggage service! I heard all you said about me, General, when I lay hid in the dog-kennel, and it smote me to the heart. It is true I was afraid of the Turks; but I fear more being called a coward. So I bit my lips firmly, and determined to find my drumsticks, which I soon did amongst the snow; and I said to myself, 'They may beat me, but I 'll beat the drum first.' But la! they all ran away as fast as they could instead."

The General gently lugged the ears of the drummer-boy, then lifted him up, and gave him a smacking kiss, so delighted was he.

"Comrades," he said, "the drummer Fritz has saved the fortress of 'Dreadnought,' and all of us from massacre. Before our whole army I solemnly declare that drummer Fritz is a first-rate honest fellow. Let him only grow a head taller, and no kennel will hold him; and, let me tell you, he will never again hide anywhere as long as he lives. And shame upon any one who, in the hour of danger, deserts the noble fortress of 'Dreadnought!' But honor be to him who prefers to be shot, rather than throw away his drumsticks when his duty is to save his own country!"

Finland Idyls.

THE PINE.

JOHN RUSKIN (b. 1819).

The pine—magnificent! nay, sometimes almost terrible. Other trees, tufting crag or hill, yield to the form and sway of the ground, clothe it with soft compliance, are partly its subjects, partly its flatterers, partly its comforters. But the pine rises in serene resistance, self-contained; nor can I ever without awe stay long under a great Alpine cliff, far from all house or work of men, looking up to its companies of pines, as they stand on the inaccessible juts and perilous ledges of the enormous wall, in quiet multitudes, each like the shadow of the one beside it—upright, fixed, spectral, as troops of ghosts standing on the walls of Hades, not knowing each other, dumb for ever. You cannot reach them—cannot cry to them: those trees never heard human voice: they are far above all sound but of the winds. No foot ever stirred fallen leaf of theirs: all comfortless they stand, between the two eternities of the Vacancy and the Rock; yet with such iron will, that the rock itself looks bent and shattered beside them—fragile, weak, inconsistent, compared with their dark energy of delicate life and monotony of enchanted pride—unnumbered, unconquerable.

Then note, further, their perfectness. The impression on most people's mind must have been received more from pictures than reality, so far as I can judge, so ragged they think the pine; whereas its chief character in health is green and full *roundness*. It stands compact, like one of its own cones, slightly curved on its sides, finished and quaint as a carved tree in some Elizabethan garden; and, instead of being wild in expression, forms the softest of all forest scenery: for other trees show their trunks and twisting boughs, but the pine, growing either in luxuriant mass or in happy isolation, allows no branch to be seen. Summit behind summit rise its pyramidal ranges, or down to the very grass sweep the circlets of its boughs—so that there is nothing but green cone and green carpet. Nor is it only softer, but in one sense more cheerful than other

foliage, for it casts only a pyramidal shadow. Lowland forest arches overhead, and chequers the ground with darkness; but the pine, growing in scattered groups, leaves the glades between emerald bright. Its gloom is all its own; narrowing into the sky, it lets the sunshine strike down to the dew. And if ever a superstitious feeling comes over me among the pine glades, it is never tainted with the old German forest fear, but it is only a more solemn tone of the fairy enchantment that haunts our English meadows; so that I have always called the prettiest pine-glade in Chamouni "Fairies' Hollow."

Other trees rise against the sky in dots and knots, but this in fringes. You never see the edges of it, so subtle are they; and for this reason, it alone of trees, so far as I know, is capable of the fiery change which has been noticed by Shakspeare. When the sun rises behind a ridge crested with pine, provided the ridge be at a distance of about two miles, and seen clear, all the trees, for about three or four degrees on each side of the sun, become trees of light, seen in the clear flame against the darker sky, and dazzling as the sun itself. I thought at first this was owing to the actual lustre of the leaves; but I believe now it is caused by the cloud-dew upon them—every minutest leaf carrying its diamond. It seems as if these trees, living always among the clouds, had caught part of their glory from them; and themselves the darkest of vegetation, could yet add splendor to the sun itself. *Frondes Agrestes.*

A NIGHT IN A CHURCH SPIRE.

(*From the Swedish of* RICHARD GUSTAFSSON.)

CHAPTER I.

One fine summer evening some twelve or fifteen of us boys, who belonged to the collegiate school of the town of Aros, in Sweden, after much importunity had obtained from the bell-ringers permission to accompany them up into the church steeple, whence they were in the habit of sending out the peals at eight o'clock on Saturday night,

to remind the inhabitants of the little town that it was the eve of the Sabbath. This church spire was the highest in Scandinavia, and vied with that of Strassburg itself; and besides, it was a rare place for jackdaws, rooks, and owls: so whenever the schoolboys could prevail upon the bell-ringers to let them, they would mount the countless stairs and ladders, and search all possible nooks and hidden places to collect eggs, in which an extensive system of barter was always being carried on among the boys. I, however, was but a little fellow of nine years of age, with no special taste for collecting eggs, or indeed for collecting anything; but I was rather given to purposeless solitary roamings, in which it had sometimes happened that I had surprised the others by unexpected daring in some hazardous freaks of exploration amongst the rocks and woods—but this was only on rare occasions of excitement, and ordinarily I was only a timid, quiet lad, "all eyes," as my playmates tauntingly loved to call me.

The old cathedral dates, I believe, from the thirteenth or fourteenth century; and with it, of course, are associated many legends of monkish life, and stories of subterranean passages, leading below the black river into the forest opposite, for the

egress from which we have in vain searched many a time in our rambles through the woods. There had been an unhappy king buried in the church—murdered by his brother; and, besides, there was an empty monastic cell, half-way up the tower, with which there were also connected some old legends. We had to pass this cell on our way upward, and of course I and one or two more for a few minutes revelled in the mysteries that seemed to breathe out of the lone chamber. At last we reached the place, where all the big bells soon began to ring out their evening chime. What a glorious thing it is to be present at such a deafening vesper! The bells seemed almost to become alive, and translate into musical cadences their Latin inscriptions. They all take their turn, wagging their wise heads; now thrilling the air with ponderous chimes, now with vibrating awe-inspiring sounds; now quick harmonious cadences peal from the smaller bells; and so on, till the whole wooden framework trembles and quivers with the music, calling into life remote echoes from the adjoining dome itself, till you fancy that all those who lie buried below, these many centuries past, are telling through the echoes their tales of war and woe. The boys soon dispersed over the roof among the dusty rafters and through the tower in search of eggs; but I intended to wait till unobserved I could slip away and find a young jackdaw, intending to hide it under my jacket, so that none of the bigger boys might take it from me.

Above the place for the big bells was another spacious hall, where the clock was; and over that again was another little room with round windows looking out on all sides. This was called the "College Hall;" and it was the boast of many boys, when below in the neighboring playground, to point up and be able to say, "I have been there:" for there was a horrible long and steep ladder leading to it, and it required no small nerve to accomplish the ascent to this lantern-like room; but when once reached, a glorious view over the country round rewarded the climber.

"Now then, 'Eyes!' I warrant you 'll never *dare* to get up there!" taunted a big boy called Olaf. "Won't I?"

said I, and I felt the blood run to my cheeks and make them red-hot while the rest curdled quite cold in my veins; for I knew what a bad hand I was at gymnastics, and this Olaf knew quite well, so of course he wanted to show himself big by making me appear small. But, determined to show my valor and gain indisputable honors from the other boys, who were now coming up, I climbed with tremulous arms, till at last I reached the top; and the other boys shouted, "Well done, 'Eyes!' who would have thought it?" Then discovering another ladder, with only one central beam, and bars sticking out on each side of it, I made up my mind to complete my adventure by climbing this also. I accordingly shouted down to the other boys; but on climbing a few bars, I discovered it only led to a black hole, which I remembered would lead to an opening in the outside of the spire, on which, I was told, big spikes were inserted for the accommodation of any mortal who might have the nerve, or rather be so devoid of nerves, as to proceed on this hazardous way till he reached the golden weathercock—as big as a condor, and on which he might rest himself perched across its broad back. Indeed, there is a tradition of a daring plumber having accomplished this feat, and emptying a bumper to the health of the lookers-on below, who must have appeared as pigmies or flies to him; that he also descended to the aforesaid opening in the spire, but there toppled over, and dashed out his brains amongst his admiring friends below. I don't think there could have been much of them—the brains—or he would never have ascended so far. However, the black prospect was not an inviting one, so I soon turned back, and passed away from the upturned gaze of my schoolfellows, to look for one of the young jackdaws, of which any number used to flutter around the tower and spire. But my eyes were soon arrested by the glorious view outside, stretching over two provinces, and over the great lake which has as many islands as there are days in the year.

A NIGHT IN A CHURCH SPIRE.

CHAPTER II.

The sunset was gloriously illuminating the country and waters around, and I clapped my young hands in unconscious adoration of the Maker of all this splendor, when, outside the small-paned window through which I was looking, I saw that I had unawares a companion, evidently absorbed in the same meditation as myself: it was a young jackdaw, tremulously clinging to the window-sill and pressing against the pane of glass. He was too young to fly far: if I frightened him, he would only tumble down and cripple his young life, accidents of which we schoolboys were perfectly aware, as we often found young jackdaws and rooks dying on the pavement below. He was evidently the bird I had started in search of—but how to get hold of him! The window did not open, and breaking the glass

would be sure to precipitate him below with fright. Then I thought of opening the next window; but to reach him where he sat, almost stupefied, was impossible. I went back to the first window, and, taking care not to be seen, I put my cap to him inside, and this made him move a little; he evidently fancied some other bird wanted room. Again I applied the cap, and again he moved a little nearer the side where I wanted him to come. Then I went to the open window. Surely now I should reach him, and warily placing my cap over him secure my gentle prisoner. I stretched myself out as far as I dared at that giddy height, —further, I am sure, at nine years of age than I should venture now,—but it was impossible; still there was a gap of a few inches between me and my coveted prize, just as in after-life I have so often been so near the attainment of what I sought for but have always somehow just failed in clutching it. I withdrew again into the "College Hall," to see if I could not get something to reach him with. Nothing was there but the old bare walls and that abominable ladder; I must therefore humble myself, and call for assistance from my schoolfellows. I looked down the steep hole up which I had come. It made me feel so giddy that I could not descend the perpendicular ladder. I laid myself on the floor and called out, "Olaf! John! Axel!" but no answer came. Surely they had not left the place while I had been so intent upon obtaining the jackdaw! They had evidently left the large room, and I thought they might now be examining the big bells and the machinery by which they were worked; but yet I heard no sound from them below, and I was so giddy and frightened I dared not for my life try to descend. I threw my cap down, to attract their attention: I heard its soft fall, but no answer came. Then a bright idea struck me: "You must throw down your pocket-knife"—(schoolboys seem to be born with big pocket-knives); "it will surely clank against one of the big bells just below, and make it tell your whereabouts." Down went the pocket-knife, and sure enough a big bell called out my message; but to its sharp note, searching through all the nooks and corners of the vast place, no friendly human schoolboy's voice re-

sponded. I should have far preferred a rough bawling from the sturdy bell-ringers, but there was no sign of them; they were perhaps sleeping amongst their friends the bells, as I knew the people used sometimes to say jokingly when, on a fire breaking out, it was their duty to arouse the town by ringing the bells, and it usually happened that they arrived too late to give the signal. "Necessity is the mother of invention"—so off I took one shoe and dashed it down. An angry peal of an answer came from a big bell, as much as to say, "Have not I told you there is no one here?" I thought of flinging the other shoe down as well, in sheer desperation; but then the tone of that bell had struck on my ear as not very friendly, so I thought I had better not wake their anger, for I did not know what terrible things such huge monsters might do if they were roused; and for the first time in the spire, strange fancies of spirits and ghosts and gnomes came upon me, and in silent anguish I limped again to the window, where my mute but live friend still sat outside. I felt some comfort from a living thing being so near me, and as adverse fate would have it that I could not reach him, I was determined to get as near him as I possibly could: so I put both my hands on the pane of glass, fancying that I had him in my hands; and leaving space enough between my hands for my face, I put my lips to his head and kissed him through the cold, unyielding crystal between us.

The sun had gone down in dark threatening clouds, and the shadows were falling fast over the land, lake, and tower. The evening star winked at me, and bade me have no trembling fears. A pale summer moon, from that portion of the sky which was yet free from dark clouds, was gently breathing an atmosphere of celestial light and love over the scene. My young spirit felt quite a dreamy pleasure in basking in the mild moonlight beams that were sent to comfort it all the way from that heavenly orb. I thought I heard the distant echo of organ music, like the soft preludes before an Easter festival. Clearer came the tones—the prelude increased into a loud swell, not indeed from the church below, but from the spheres above, a loud long peal of thunder now rolled forth. Thor was abroad,

riding on the storm that gathered. Ah! there! the first shock from his hammer—the sparks glisten in the heavens, and the lightning darts forth from all sides of his rattling wheels; and lo! the goats, the one limping; and now Thor himself appears, the giant god of the North, enthroned among masses of the dark clouds, pressing forward and hurling his angry messages to the trembling earth below—(remember, I was a Scandinavian boy, and the dream was true to me). The steeple, being built of wood, rocked to and fro fully a yard, as if in dread, and certainly it trembled violently when the crash of the thunder rattled through it. Then through the open window darted two owls into the "College Hall," and perched upon the ladder. Were they Hugin and Mugin—the two birds of wisdom and knowledge which, from the throne of Woden himself, used to dart out into the world to gather news of the doings of men? The owls glared at me, but my soul shrunk from them, it would have none of their wise saws, savoring of hated pedants; and shaking their wise heads they soared upwards into the dark, mystic hole above, which I had before shrunk from, and which their eyes only could explore, their safest retreat from the flashing eyes of angry Thor. But I loved Thor, as a boy loves what is great and powerful; and I called out, "Oh! give me wings, god Thor, that I may journey with thee through the wide world! I am pinched and tormented in this narrow world below me, and I would fly far, far away. I am a Scandinavian boy, and have true Norse blood in my veins. I am longing for bold adventure for adventure's sake. Oh! give me the wings of an eagle or a sea-hawk, but none of the owls'; let me fly away from the musty old school where nobody understands me, let me—!" Thor answered with a tremendous crash that shook the spire like a nervous living being; but I only laughed loudly with delight, and I thought I dashed forward to rob the little jackdaw of his wings, and with them fly out into the uproarious element before me.

But a soft voice whispered in my ear, as if it had been my mother's from far away: "But Thor is the god of war, of blood and carnage—that is not your mission!"

"No! no! I will none of that either; but I love adventure, and the deeds that heroes do!"

"You shall have these by-and-by," they said softly. "We are but moonbeams. But first we will endow you with wings, bright and strong, and of many hues, with which you may be able to fly far away, carrying yourself abroad and home again, and abroad again as often as you like, so long as you take care not to stain and defile them."

Then one of them seated herself, and, lying upon the floor, I reclined my head upon her lap. A number of her sisters, radiant and beautiful, lit up the room, and crowded around me.

* * * * *

The bells were ringing when I woke. It was the old familiar chime that I knew so well.

"Awake! awake! 'tis nine o'clock of a Sunday morning!" I started to my feet, and soon remembered where I was. Still the bells were pealing merrily, and the sunshine smiled at me (there's special sunshine on Sunday mornings, to make little boys feel so merry), and I downright laughed at the adventures of the night, which perhaps after all had been but a dream of the future. Then I thought of how I would now wipe off the stigma of cowardice, which somehow had clung to me before, in the opinion of my schoolfellows. Why, there was the little jackdaw nestling in my bosom, between my shirt and vest, —but how had it got there? I never could tell. A wise man, to whom I once told the story, said: "My dear fellow, you had fetched him in your sleep. You must have been a somnambulist, and crept out on the window framework of the spire, kept your balance, for you knew nothing then of the perilous height, and so succeeded in bringing in your gentle prisoner."

"Oh! if I had known it then, wouldn't I have been the hero of the school, having walked *outside* the 'College Hall,' on the narrow ridge midway, high up in the air outside the tower, and at midnight too!"

"It was well you did not understand it, for you would have been the cause of destroying no end of brave boys,

who would have tried to outdo you and perform the same airy evolution wide awake."

When the bells stopped, I thought I would frighten the churlish bell-ringers a little, so I dropped my other shoe down upon a big bell.

"Hallo!" one called out, "are there ghosts at this time of day? Look out, there! Here are shoes coming rattling down the ladders and tumbling among the bells!"

"And sure enough, here's another! And here's a pocket-knife, and a cap. It can't be one of those rascally schoolboys turned ghost in the night-time, eh?"

"I say—none of you bell-ringers has dropped one of the lads down the tower last night? Tell the truth, and we'll bury him quietly or we shall never get any peace if his ghost begins plaguing us up there!"

"Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!" I merrily rang out from above.

"Why, bless me! if it isn't really a spirit above there! what shall we do?"

"Why, let us lay the ghost."

"But how?"

"I think I know the words. 'Be thou angel or goblin fiend'—this is the way they do it at the show at fair times—I used to be a scene-shifter, at the play at fair times," he whispered.

"Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!" I roared even more lustily than before.

"Now I'm hanged and quartered, if that is not a real goblin's laugh; I must try it again. 'Be thou born of earth or the child of—'"

"No; I am only Mr. ——'s son;" and here I mentioned my father's name, in quite an innocent tone, for I wanted to get down.

"Well, I am blessed if after all it is not one of those rascals who went up with us last night; and just to think,—he has been in the steeple all night *by himself!* Now none of you would have dared that. Are there any more of you?" he called up.

"Yes; I have a little fellow with me, much smaller than myself."

And all the men looked at each other.

"Well, come down, both of you."

"That's just what I wish, but I can't, I am so afraid of those horrible ladders."

"Well then, I will get up and help you."

"That's a good fellow; it's just what I wanted." And thrusting his big head up at last through the hole down which I had looked, he asked, "Where is the other one?"

"I have him here!" I said, and laughed, and showed my dear little companion.

"Why don't you dare to come down, when you dared to go up?"

"When I went up, all the boys were looking at me—that made me determine to get up the ladder; but when creeping down, a fellow must feel backward, and if he topples over, it is best to have a great big soft fellow, like you, to fall back upon."

These philosophical remarks were delivered piecemeal, almost only one word for each step of the ladder, so the sturdy bell-ringer did not exactly catch the meaning of it: and I think I was such a sly dog, that I indulged in this more to have my own quiet joke at him than for anything else; which was very ungrateful of me. Then they brought me my shoes and cap and pocket-knife, which, as soon as I could, I appropriated to their proper places; and after this I made my way down the other long narrow stairs. past all the dark places, in the comfortable company of the burly bell-ringers, who professed themselves great admirers of my high spirits, after a night in the church spire, and taunted me with "Who would have thought him such a plucky little fellow?"

"And when once down?"

I ran away. *Woodland Notes: Ed.* ALBERT ALBERG.

REVOLUTIONS

MATTHEW ARNOLD (b. 1822).

Before man parted for this earthly strand,
While yet upon the verge of heaven he stood,
God put a heap of letters in his hand,
And bade him make with them what word he could.

And man has turned them many times; made "Greece,"
"Rome," "England," "France;"—yes, nor in vain essayed
Way after way, changes that never cease!
The letters have combined, something was made:

But, ah! an inextinguishable sense
Haunts him that he has not made what he should;
That he has still, though old, to recommence,
Since he has not yet found the word God would.

And empire after empire, at their height
Of sway, have felt this boding sense come on;
Have felt their huge frames not constructed right,
And drooped, and slowly died upon their throne.

One day, thou sayest, there will at last appear
The word, the order which God meant should be:
—Ah! we shall know *that* well when it comes near;
The band will quit man's heart, he will breathe free.

Poems. (Ed. 1880.)

NEW YEAR'S CHIMES.

ALFRED TENNYSON (b. 1809).

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light!
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die!

Ring out the old, ring in the new;
Ring, happy bells, across the snow!
The year is going—let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor;
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

"Ring, happy bells, across the snow."

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right;
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old;
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land;
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

In Memoriam, cvi.

VOCABULARY

OF THE MORE DIFFICULT WORDS.

A-ban'-don, give up.
A-bom'-i-na-ble, hateful; detestable.
Ab'-so-lute-ly, quite; wholly.
Ab-sorb', swallow up.
Ac-com'-mo-date, hold; meet one's views.
Ac-com'-pa-ny, attend.
Ac-com'-plish, to do fully.
Ac-cus'-tomed, used.
Ac-knowl'-edge, own; admit.
A-cute'-ly, keenly
Ad-ept', skilled.
Ad-here', stick to.
Ad-judge', award.
Ad'-mi-ra-ble, worthy of esteem.
Ad-orned', ornamented.
Ad-van'-tage, benefit
Ad-ven'-ture (26), risk; dangerous undertaking.
Ad'-ver-sa-ries, opponents.
Af-fec-ta'-tion, pretence.
Af'-ter-math, second crop of grass.
Ag'-gra-vate, provoke; increase.
Ag'-ile, nimble; active.
A-gric'-o-la, Roman Governor-General of Britain.
Al'-cove, recess.
A-light', get down.
Al-lot', set apart.
Al-lu'-vial, deposited by floods.
Al'-ter, change.
A-maze', very greatly surprise.
Am'-e-thyst, purple-tinted quartz.
Am-mu-ni'-tion, powder and ball for firearms.
A-mour', courtship.
Am-phib'-ious, living in water and on land.
An-ces'-tral, descending from forefathers.
A-nem'-o-nē, wind-flower.
An'-gel of the Shadow, Angel of Death.
An'-guish, great pain or sorrow.
An'-nals, public records.
An-ni-ver'-sa-ry, yearly return.
An-tag'-o-nist, opponent.
An-ti'-ci-pāte, look for.
An-ti'-qui-ty, age; olden times.
Anx-i'-e-ty, trouble of mind.
A-os'-ta, town of Piedmont.
Ap-pall'-ing, terrifying.
Ap-pēar'-ance, look.
Ap-pre-hend', understand; fear.
Ap-pro'-pri-ate, (*v.*) take for one's use; (*adj.*) fit, suitable.
Ar'-chīves (*ch* hard), public records.
Ar'-gō-sies, treasure-ships.
Ar-tif'-i-cers, mechanics.
Ar-ti-fi'-cial, not natural.
Ar-til'-ler-y, heavy guns; or the gunners.
As-cen'-dan-cy, the upper hand.
As-cer-tain', find for certain.
As-sem'-bled, met together.
As-sent', agree to.
As-sert', say with decision.
As-ses'-sor (21), legal adviser.
As-signed', set apart for.
As-sin'-i-boins, tribe of North West Indians.
As-so'-ci-ate, keep company.
As'-ter, star-shaped wild-flower
As-ton'-ish, greatly surprise.
As-tound', strike with wonder
A-sun'-der, apart.
A-tone', make up for.
At'-ti-tude, posture.
Aud'-i-bly, so as to be heard.
Aus'-pi-ces, circumstances; conditions.
Au-thor'-i-ty, right under the law.

Au'-to-crat, uncontrolled ruler.
Av'-er-age, medium.
A'-zure main, deep blue sea.

Balm'-y, soothing; fragrant.
Bal-sam'-ic, aromatic.
Beach'-y Head, highest headland on English Channel.
Bēa'-gle, small hound.
Be-dight', adorned.
Berne, Swiss capital, on river Aar.
Bick'-er, to quiver; formerly, to skirmish.
Bi-og'-ra-phy, story of one's life.
Blight'-ed, blasted.
Blithe, joyous.
Block'-house, small timber fort.
Boat'-swain (*bō'sn*), one in charge of sails, etc.
Bois'-ter-ous, noisy.
Bos'-cage, underwood.
Boul'-der, large stone distant from its native rock.
Boun'-ti-ful-ly, generously.
Brae, hill-side.
Brand'-ish, whirl round the head.
Brands (196), flashing swords.
Brim'-ming, full to the brim.
Brine, sea-water.
Brood over, to dwell upon.
Brow'-beat, to bully.
Browse, to feed.
Buc-ca-neer', pirate in West Indies.
Buck'-ing-ham Pal'-ace, in St. James' Park, London.
Bul'-le-tin, official announcement.
Bul'-warks, fortress walls.
But'-ter-y, store-room.

Cā'-dence, tone.
Ca-det', officer in training.
Cal-ā'-bri-a, district of Southern Italy.
Cal-am'-i-ty, great loss.
Cal'-dron, large basin-like vessel or hollow.
Cam-paign' (50), commencing of warfare.
Can'-ker, blight.
Cañ'-on (*can'-yun*), deep river-gorge.
Can'-o-py, overhead covering.
Can'-vassed, discussed.
Ca-pac'-i-ty, power; ability.
Cap'-i-tal-ist, moneyed man.
Cap-size', upset.
Car'-a-van, company of travellers.
Ca-reer'-ing, hurrying on.
Ca-ress', fondle.
Car'-i-bou, Canadian reindeer.
Car'-ol, sing; warble.
Ca-rous'-ing, noisy drinking.
Car-rā'-ra, white marble from Carrara in Italy.
Cas-cade', waterfall.
Cath-e'-dral, church of a bishop.
Căv'-er-nous gloom, darkness of a cave.
Cel'-e-brāt-ed, famous.
Ce-les'-tial, belonging to the sky.
Cen-is' (*sen-ee'*), peak of Alps on French frontier.
Cer'-e-mo-ny, sacred rite.
Cha'-mou-ni (*sha'-mō-nee*), vale in Switzerland.
Champ, to roll the bit between the jaws.
Chan'-cel, part of church shut off by altar rails.
Chan'-ti-cleer, cock; rooster.
Char'-i-ta-ble, liberal to the poor.
Ched'-dar Cliffs, in county Somerset, England.
Chĕv'-iot Hills, between England and Scotland.
Chiv'-al-rous (*shiv'-*), gallant; generous.
Chol'-er-ic (*ch* hard), passionate.
Cir'-clets, little circles.
Cir'-cuit, judge's round in holding courts.
Cir'-cum-stance, attendant event.
Cit'-a-del, city fortress.
Civ'-ic slan'-der, citizen slandering citizen.
Civ'-i-lize, reclaim from savage state.
Clar'-i-fied, made clear.
Cloud'-rack, thin scudding clouds.
Cogn'-ac (*kōn'-yac*) (105), brandy.
Col-lī'-sion, striking together.
Co-los'-sal, immense.
Com'-fort-a-ble, yielding ease.
Com-man-dant', governor; chief officer.
Com-mis-sa'-ri-at (246), provision-chest.
Com-mis'-sion, business to be done; instructions.
Com'-mon Pleas, court of law.
Com-mu'-ni-cate, tell; make known.
Com-mūn'-ion, intercourse.
Com-pact'-ed, worked or framed together.

Com-par'-a-tive-ly, by comparison.
Com'-pe-tent, fit; suitable.
Com-pet'-i-tor, rival.
Com-plied', did as asked.
Com-pōs'-ed-ly, calmly.
Com-pōs'-ure, calm demeanor.
Con-ceiv'-a-ble, that can be thought of.
Con-cen'-trate, gather together.
Con-densed', made dense; visible.
Con'-dor, great vulture of the Andes.
Con-fec'-tion-er-y, candies; sweetmeats.
Con'-fi-dence, trust.
Con-fu'-sion, disorder.
Con-geals', freezes.
Con'-gre-gate, assemble.
Con'-scious, aware of.
Con'-se-crāt-ed, set apart.
Con-sid'-er, think; regard.
Con-spic'-u-ous, clearly seen; well-known.
Con'-sti-tute, to frame.
Con'-tem-plate, to gaze thoughtfully.
Con-trac'-tor, an undertaker of work.
Con-trīv'-ance, plan.
Con-ven'-tion-al, settled by usage or agreement.
Con-vul'-sive, spasmodic.
Co-op'-er-a-tive, sharing the profit as well as the work.
Copse, wood of small growth.
Cor'-net, ensign of cavalry.
Cor'-sair, pirate.
Cor-vette', small ship of war.
Coun'-selled, advised.
Cou'-rier, swift messenger.
Crā'-ni-um, head.
Cra'-ven mis'-cre-ant, cowardly ruffian.
Cres'-cent, new moon, or its shape.
Crest'-fall-en, humbled.
Cri'-sis, turning-point.
Croon', murmur.
Cru-sa'-ders, soldiers of the Cross.
Crys'-tal-line, clear; sharp cut.
Cus'-tom-er, buyer.

Dab'-bled in, played with.
Daz'-zle, overpower with light.
Dea'-con, church officer.
Dec-la-ra'-tion, statement.
Dec-o-ra'-tion, ornament.
Def'-i-nite, precise.
Deg-ra-da'-tion, lowering of rank.
De-lib'-e-rate-ly, as if weighing well.
De-mol'-ish-ing, making ruins of.
Dĕ'-mon-strate, prove.
De-rive', draw from.
De-sist', cease.
Des'-per-ate, hopeless.
Des-ti-na'-tion, journey's end.
Des'-ti-ny, fate.
De-tails', particulars.
De-ter'-rent, obstacle.
De-vel'-op-ment, growth; increase.
De-vi'-tal-iz-ing, deadening.
Dex'-ter-ous-ly, skilfully.
Di-am'-e-ter, greatest breadth.
Dil'-i-gent, hard-working.
Dim-i-nu'-tion, lessening.
Dis-a-gree'-a-ble, not pleasant.
Dis-ap-pear', go out of sight.
Dis-ar-rayed' (196), with broken ranks.
Dis-as'-ter, a great loss.
Dis'-ci-pline (216), obedience to control.
Dis-com'-fit-ure, defeat.
Dis-com-pose', disturb.
Dis-con-cert', disturb; put out of countenance.
Dis-con-tent'-ed, not satisfied.
Dis-creet', prudent; cautious.
Dis-cuss', take a subject to pieces.
Dis-en-tomb'-ing, taking from a tomb.
Dis-solve', melt away.
Dis-tinct'-ly, plainly; clearly.
Di-ver'-si-fy, give variety to.
Di-ver'-si-ty, variety.
Dōme, round-shaped roof.
Do-mes'-tic e-con'-o-my, saving at home.
Don'-jon, central tower of old castles.
Dow'-er, gift.
Drăg'-o-man, interpreter.
Dra'-per-ied, draped; clothed.
Dray'-ton Bas'-set, village in county Stafford, England.

Eb-ul-li'-tion, boiling.
Ed'-dy-ing, whirling.
Ef-fec'-tu-al-ly (67), successfully
E-jac'-u-late, hastily exclaim.
Eke her living out (*Hood*), add to her life.
E-lab'-o-rate, wrought with toil.
El'-e-vate, raise.
É-lite' (*ay-leet'*), picked men.

E-liz-a-bēth'-an, in the style of Elizabeth's reign.
El'-o-quence, fine speaking.
Em-bayed', enclosed in a bay or inlet.
Em-broid'-ered, worked with the needle.
Em'-er-ald, a gem of beautiful green.
E-mō'-tion, quickened feeling.
Em-ployed' (24), used.
Em-ploy'-ment, work.
En-cour'-age, urge on.
En-croach', trespass.
En'-er-gy, activity.
En-gin-eer'-ing (216), construction of public works.
En-larged', set free.
E-nor'-mous, vast; immense.
En-shroud', cover up.
En'-ter-prise, undertaking.
En-thu'-si-asm, warm zeal.
En-tic'-ing (*adj.*), attractive; charming.
En-tranced', charmed.
En-trea'-ty, urgent request.
Ep'-ic rage, wild tumult of thoughts that sweeps forward the writer of heroic (epic) verse.
Ep-i-dem'-ic, affecting the whole people.
Eq'-ui-page, carriage and attendants.
Es-sen'-ti-al-ly, to an important degree.
Es-tab'-lish, set firmly.
Es-tab'-lish-ment (51), place of business.
Es-teemed', highly valued.
Es'-ti-mate, view; calculation.
E-ter'-nal, lasting for ever.
E-ter'-ni-ty, everlasting existence.
E-van'-ge-list, writer of a Gospel.
E-vap'-o-rate, drive off contained fluid.
Ev'-i-dent-ly, plainly; clearly.
Ev-o-lu'-tion, movement.
Ex-am'-ine, look closely at.
Ex'-cel-lent, very good.
Ex-cite'-ment, agitation.
Ex-clud'-ed, shut out.
Ex-haust'-ed (3), tired out.
Ex-pe-di'-tion, journey.
Ex-pe'-ri-enced, felt.
Ex-perts', skilful men.
Ex-pi-ra'-tion, end.
Ex-pound', tell the meaning of.
Ex-pres'-sion, feature.
Ex-press'-ly, in plain terms.
Ex'-qui-site, very beautiful.
Ex-tem'-pō-rē, spoken off-hand; unprepared.
Ex-tin'-guish, put out.
Ex-tract'-ed, drawn out of.
Ex-traor'-di-na-ry, very unusual.
Ex-ul-ta'-tion, wild joy.

Fa'-er-y, another form of *fair'-y*.
Fag'-got, bundle of sticks for fuel.
Fain, gladly.
Faith'-ful-ly, in a devoted manner.
Fal'-low, untilled.
Fa-mil'-i-ar, well known.
Fan-tas'-tic, fanciful.
Fas'-ci-nat-ing, charming.
Fee, held in, completely his own.
Fell (*adj.*), cruel; bloody.
Fer'-til-ize, to make fruitful.
Fi'-nal-ly, in the end.
Fi-nan'-cial-ly, from a money point of view.
Fleet'-ing, passing away.
Flip'-pan-cies, pert talk.
Flow'-er-et, little flower.
For'-a-ging, looking for food.
For-ti-fi-ca'-tion, armed wall or building.
Fort'-u-nate, lucky.
Frăg'-ile, weak.
Frank'-in-cense, resinous fragrance.
Fraught, laden.
Freight, load.
Fresh'-en-ing, reviving.
Fron'-tier, boundary.
Full-orbed glory, brilliance of the full moon.
Fun'-nel, chimney.

Gal'-lant-ly, bravely; nobly
Gam'-bol, play.
Gar'-ri-son, defenders.
Gaunt, thin; wan.
Gen'-er-ous, free in giving.
Gen'-u-ine, real.
Glad'-some, joyous.
Glis'-ter, glisten; glitter.
Gloam'-ing, morning or evening twilight.
Gloat'-ed, gazed with satisfaction
Gnarled, knotted.
Gnomes, dwarfs; goblins.
Gob'-lin, fairy.

Gold'-en Age, in Latin poets the joint reign of Janus and Saturn in Italy.
Gold'-en-zoned, with belt of bright yellow.
Gor'-geous, showy.
Grad'-u-al-ly, step by step.
Grăn'-a-ry, store-house for grain.
Grate'-ful, thankful.
Grat-i-fi-ca'-tion, pleasure.
Gus'-ty, windy.
Gym-nas'-tics, exercises of strength, or activity.

Ha-ber'-ge-on, armor for neck.
Hal'-low, make holy.
Ham'-let, small village.
Har'-bin-ger, pioneer.
Har'-bor bar, ridge of sand across a harbor.
Haunt'-ed, frequented by ghosts.
Ha-wai'-i (*hay-wi'-ee*), or Owhyhee, largest and most southerly of Sandwich Islands.
Haz'-ar-dous, dangerous.
Hear'-ken, listen to.
Her'-alds, royal messengers.
Her'-i-tage, what comes by birth.
Her'-mit-age, retreat from the world.
Hi'-lo, bay on east coast of Hawaii.
Hoard'-ed, stored up.
Hoax, to mislead.
Ho'-ly Rood, holy cross.
Ho-ri'-zon, sky-line.
Hos-pice (*-peece*), monastery.
Hos-til'-i-ty, warfare; unfriendliness.
Hu-mane', kind-hearted.

I-den'-ti-cal, the very same.
Ig-no-min'-i-ous, shameful.
Il-lu'-mi-nate (213), print in brilliant letters.
Im-ag-i-na'-tion, fancy.
Im'-i-tate, copy; make something like.
Im-me'-di-ate-ly, at once.
Im-me-mo'-ri-al, beyond man's memory.
Im-mor'-tal, that cannot die.
Im-par'-a-dise, render delightful.
Im-pa'-tient (26), not willing to wait.
Im-pen'-e-tra-ble, that cannot be pierced.
Im'-pe-tus (38), force; speed.
Im-por-tu'-ni-ty, urgent asking.
Im-preg'-na-ble, that cannot be stormed.
Im'-pulse, something that impels.
In-ac-ces'-si-ble, that cannot be approached.
In-cal'-cu-la-ble, that cannot be counted.
In-clem'-en-cies, severities.
In-con-sis'-tent, disagreeing with one's self.
In-de-scrib'-a-ble, that cannot be told.
In-dic'-a-tive, showing; exhibiting.
In'-do-lent, lazy; inactive.
In-ex-pres'-si-ble, that cannot be told.
In-fal'-li-ble, that cannot err.
In-fe'-ri-or, lower; not so good.
In-flex'-i-ble, that will not yield.
In-ge'-ni-ous, clever.
In-gen'-u-ous, frank; open.
In-har-mo'-ni-ous, out of tune.
In-iq'-ui-ty, gross wrong.
In-ju'-ri-ous, hurtful.
In'-no-cent, doing no harm.
In-nu'-mer-a-ble, that cannot be counted.
In-spire', to breathe into.
In'-stant-ly, at once.
In-stinc'-tive-ly, naturally.
In'-stru-ment, way; means.
In'-su-lat-ed, separated.
In'-tel-lect, mind.
In-tel'-li-gence, ability to understand.
In-ter-cede', to plead.
In-ter-rupt', to break in.
In-ter-sect'-ed, cut; traversed.
In-ter-vene', come between.
In-tol'-er-a-ble, not to be suffered.
In-tre-pid'-i-ty, boldness.
In-un-da'-tion, flood.
In-va'-ri-a-bly, always.
In-ven'-tion (216), finding of ways and means.
In-vig'-o-rate, strengthen.
In-vis'-i-ble, that cannot be seen.
In-vol'-un-ta-ry, that cannot be controlled.
Ir-re-triev'-a-ble, hopeless.

"Ja-mai'-ca" (105), rum.
Jant'-y, showy; airy.
Jo-cose'-ly (28), merrily, as in joke.
Junc'-ture, crisis.
Ju-ris-dic'-tion, rule; administration of the law.

Keel (*Shakspeare*), skim.
Ken'-sing-ton Pal'-ace, one of the royal residences in London, on west side of Kensington Gardens.
Knell, tolling for the dead.

La-bō'-ri-ous, toilsome.
La-con'-ic, said in few words.
Land'-scape, view; scenery.
Lan'-guid-ly, as though tired.
Larch, tamarack.
Lay at (213), tilt at; charge.
Lea, grass-land.
Lead'-en (205), heavy; overcast with clouds.
Lead'-en-foot'-ed, heavy-footed; slow.
Leagued, joined.
Lĕg'-end, unlikely story.
Le-vi'-a-than, vast monster.
Life-stream (*of maple*), maple-sap.
Lime, lin'-den, trees allied to bass-wood.
Lo-co-mō'-tive, railway engine.
Loom'-ing, appearing mistily.
Loose-strife, marsh plant usually with purple flowers.
Lo-quac'-i-ty, love of talk.
Lū'-di-crous, laughable.
Lul'-la-by, song that lulls to sleep.
Lū'-mi-nous, shining.
Lust'-y, strong.
Lux-u'-ri-ance, abundant growth.
Lux'-u-ries, things beyond mere comforts.
Lux-u'-ri-ous, self-indulgent.

Mag'-ic (10), *adj.* for magical.
Ma-gī'-cian, one dealing in sorcery.
Mag-nif'-i-cent, grand; noble.
Mal-treat', ill-use.
Man-build'-ed, built by man.
Man-i-to (*Indian*), a spirit, good or bad.
Mar'-i-time, belonging to the sea.
Mar-tig-ny (*mar-teen-yee'*), Swiss town.
Mar'-tyr, sufferer for the truth.
"Ma-te'-ri-al re-sourc'-es," products of the fields, mines, etc.
"Meas'-ures of their march," milestones.
Me-chan'-i-cal (216), requiring skilled labor.
Med'-ley, confused mixture.
Mel'-an-chol-y, sad.
Mer'-ci-less, unsparing.
Met'-tle, spirit.
Mim'-ic, that imitates or reflects.
Min'-ia-ture, copy on small scale.
Min'-now, small fresh-water fish.
Min'-ster, church of a monastery.
Min'-strel-sy, song or song-music.
Mi-rage' (*me-razh'*), illusive air-mirror.
Mis'-er-a-ble, wretched.
Mis'-sile, weapon or thing thrown.
Mis'-sion, field of work.
Mod'-ern-ized, altered to present fashions.
Mol-es-ta'-tion, annoyance
Mon-arque' Grand, Louis XIV. of France.
Mo-nas'-tic, of or belonging to monks.
Mon-ē'-do (*Indian*), cannibal.
Mo-not'-o-ny, sameness.
Mon'-ster, gigantic or misshapen being.
Mouse'-heart-ed, cowardly.
Mul'-lioned, divided.
Mu-nic-i-pal'-i-ty, district in charge of a council.
Mur'-rain (*mur'-rin*), plague; distemper.
Mus'-cle, flesh.
Mus-tache', hair on the upper lip.
Mus'-ter, get together.
Mu'-ti-nous, rebellious.

Nā-tion-al'-i-ty (10), new national existence.
Nav'-i-ga-ble, on which ships may sail.
Nav'-vy, laborer.
Nec'-tar, sweet juice.
Nerve (44), strong sense.
Nest'-ling, young bird.
Night'-rack, scudding night-clouds.
Norse, belonging to Norway or Sweden.
Nor-we'-gi-an, belonging to Norway.
Nymph, maiden.

Ob-lit'-er-ate, smear out.
Ob-scu'-ri-ty, darkness.
Ob-ser-va'-tion, act of heeding.
Oc-ca'-sion-al, as chance offers.
O'-dor-ous, yielding a scent.
O-lym'-pus (*North Greece*), meeting-place of the gods.
O-paque', dense; not to be seen through.
Op-por-tu'-ni-ty, chance.
Op-press', burden.

Op'-u-lence, riches; abundance of means.
Or'-a-to-ry (230), a place of prayer.
Or'-chis (*ch* hard), a genus of flowering plants.
Or'-gan-ize, form; arrange.
O'-ri-ent, eastern; rising.
Ŏr'-i-fice, mouth; opening.
Ō-rig'-i-nal, one's own; in earliest form.
Or'-tho-dox, conforming to rule.

Păg'-eant, show; parade.
Pal-i-sade', picket-fence.
Par'-a-dise, place of delight.
Par-take', share.
Par-ti-al'-i-ty, one-sidedness.
Par-tic'-u-lar, special.
Pat'-ter, to strike often.
Peas'-an-try, farming class.
Ped'-a-gogue, teacher.
Ped'-an-try, show of learning.
Pem'-mi-can. Explained on p. 103.
Pen'-du-lum, swinging weight.
Pen'-i-tence, sorrow.
Pen'-sive-ly, thoughtfully, sadly.
Pent (*Tennyson-Turner*), imprisoned.
Per-chance', perhaps.
Per'-co-lat-ed, trickled.
Per'-il-ous, full of danger.
Per'-ma-nent, lasting.
Per-o-ra'-tion, conclusion of a speech.
Per-pen-dic'-u-lar, sheer up or down.
Per-pet'-u-al-ly, for ever.
Per-pe-tu'-i-ty, holding for ever.
Per-plex'-i-ty, doubt.
Per-se-vere', continue.
Per'-son-al, belonging to one's self.
Per-suade', induce.
Per-tain', belong; relate.
Per-ti-na'-cious, obstinate.
Pes-ti-len'-tial, breeding disease.
Phā'-ses, forms; appearances.
Phi-lŏs'-o-pher, one who studies the causes of things.
Phil-o-soph'-i-cal, wise; thoughtful.
Pi'-broch (*pee'-broch*), music of Scottish bagpipe.
Pic-tu-resque', picture-like.
Piece'-meal, bit by bit.
Pig'-mies, dwarfs.
Pil'-lion, cushion behind saddle.
Pī'-rate, sea-robber.
Plain'-tive, sad; mournful.
Pleas'-ant-ly, agreeably, kindly.
Poised, weighed.
Pol'-i-tics, science or art of government.
Pom'-mel, high part of saddle-bow.
"Pon'-der-ous fo-li-o," large, heavy book.
Pop'-u-lar, pleasing to the people.
Port'-al, gate; entry.
Port-man'-teau, leather trunk.
Post'-ern, entrance.
Post'-hu-mous (199), heard long after they were uttered.
Po-ta'-tion, drinking.
Pre-cede', go before.
Pre'-ci-pice, headlong descent.
Pre-cip'-i-tate, to throw headlong.
Pre-cip-i-ta'-tion, headlong haste.
Pre-cise'-ly, just; quite.
Pre-his-tor'-ic, prior to written records.
Pre'-ju-dice, partiality; unfairness.
Pres'-age, omen.
Prī-me'-val, early.
Prin'-ci-ple, foundation-truth.
Prod'-i-gy, wonderful person or thing.
Pro-fane'-ly, with contempt for things sacred.
Pro-fes'-sion, occupation; calling.
Pro-fuse'-ly, abundantly.
Pro-hi-bi'-tion (49), act of forbidding.
Pro-jec'-tion (38), part that juts out.
Pro-mul'-gat-ing, making public.
Pro-pi'-tious, favorable.
Prop-o-si'-tion (21), what is offered.
Pro-prie'-tor, owner.
Pros-per'-i-ty, time of success.
Pro-tu'-ber-ant, bulging out.
Prov'-en-der, food.
Prowl'-ing, roving about.
Pru'-dence, caution; discretion.
Pulse (*Herrick*), pottage.
Punc-tu-a'-tion, separation of words by stops.
Purl, flow with soft murmur.
Pur'-pose-less, without an object.
Purs'-lane, juicy garden weed.
Pyr'-a-mid, pile having its sides meeting at a point.
Pȳr-e-nees', mountains between France and Spain.

Quaff, drink off.
Qui-vive' (*kē-vē've'*), on the alert.
Quiz (27), to puzzle.

Ra'-di-an-cy, brilliancy.
Rā'-jah, prince of Hindostan.
Ral'-lied, got into order again.
Ram-i-fi-ca'-tion, branching.
Ram'-part, fortified wall or mound.
Rap'-ture, delight.
Răv'-age, waste; destroy.
Ra-vine', deep mountain pass.
Re-al-i-za'-tion (52), bringing home to one.
Re-buked', reproved.
Reck'-less, careless of consequences.
Rec'-og-nize, know again.
Re-com-men-da'-tion, favorable notice.
Rec'-om-pense, reward.
Re-dress', set right.
Ref'-er-ence (215), arbitration.
Re-in-force'-ment, help; assistance.
Re-lapsed', fell back.
Re-la'-tion-ship, family tie.
Rel'-e-gate, degrade to lower rank.
Re-mark'-a-ble, worthy of notice.
Re-marked', noticed.
Re-mem'-brance, memory.
Re-mind'-ed, brought back to mind.
Rem-i-nis'-cence, recollection.
Ren'-dez-vous (*rong'-day-vou*), place of meeting.
Re-nowned', famous.
Re-plen'-ish, fill again.
Re-pre-sent', show; declare.
Re-sist'-less-ly, helplessly.
Res'-o-lute-ly, with firmness.
Re-sound'-ed, echoed.
Re-spec'-tive-ly, taken in the same order.
Re-spond', answer back.
Re-spon'-si-ble, answerable, accountable.
Re-sus'-ci-tate, bring back to life.
Re-tire'-ment, withdrawal from the world.
Re-treat', go back.
Re-veille' (*ray-vay'-yay*), beat of drum.
Re-venge'-ful, apt to return an injury.
Rev'-er-ence, respect.
Rheu'-ma-tism, a disease stiffening the joints.
Rid'-i-cule, laughter; mockery.
Ru'-bi-cund, red-faced.
Rū'-nic, early Gothic.
Rū'-ral, belonging to the country.
Rūth'-less, unsparing; merciless.
Să'-chem (*ch* soft), Indian chieftain of first rank.
Sack'-ing, plundering.
Săg'-a-more, Indian chieftain of second rank.
Sal'-low, of wan, yellow appearance.
Sal'-ly, issue forth.
Săl-u-ta'-tion, mode of address.
Sa-lute', hail; address.
Sanct'-u-a-ry, place of refuge.
San'-i-ta-ry, belonging to health.
Sap, to undermine.
Sapph'-ire (*săf'-fir*), brilliant precious stone.
Sar-don'-ic, bitter; heartless.
Sas-katch'-e-wan River, rises in Rocky Mountains and flows into Lake Winnipeg.
Saw (*Shakspeare*), sermon.
Scaf'-fold, high platform.
Scan, look closely at.
Scan-di-na'-vi-a, Norway and Sweden.
Scath, blast.
Scep'-tre, royal staff.
Scope, space; design.
Scru'-ti-nize, look narrowly at.
Seeth'-ing (79), boiling; whirling.
Self-con-tained', showing no emotion.
Self-poised' (85), balancing itself.
Self-wise', relying on one's own wisdom.
Sem'-blance, likeness.
Sen'-si-tive, delicate; easily affected.
Sen-ten'-tious, short and seeming-wise.
Sen'-ti-nels, armed watchmen.
Se-rene', calm.
Sha-green', granulated leather.
Share'-hold-er, owner of stock or shares.
Sharp'-er, cheat; swindler.
Shat'-ter, break to pieces.
Sheen, flash; splendor.
Sheik, Arab chieftain.
Shin'-gly, gravelly.
Sim-ul-ta'-ne-ous, happening at the same time.
Sin'-gu-lar, odd; unusual.
Skew'-er, meat-pin.
Slaugh'-ter, butcher.
Slug'-gard, drone; lounger.
Slum'-ber-ing, sleeping lightly.
Smut, soot.
Snow'-don Moun'-tain, highest peak in Wales.

Sŏ'-ci-a-ble, disposed to be a companion.
So-lĭl'-o-quiz-ing, talking with one's self.
Sol'-i-ta-ry, lonely.
Sol'-i-tude, loneliness.
Som'-bre, melancholy.
Som-nam'-bu-list, sleep-walker.
Sor'-tie, sudden attack; sally.
Spars (*Herrick*), rafters.
Spec'-ta-cle, sight; scene.
Spec'-tre, ghost.
Spell (*n.*), charm; incantation.
Spind'-ling, sending out a long stalk.
Spon-ta'-ne-ous, given without asking.
Spruce'-ly, neatly.
Stand'-ard, flag; colors.
Star'-be-span'-gled, glittering with stars.
Starve'-ling, ill-fed animal.
State'-ly, grand; majestic.
Stave, verse; stanza.
St. Bon'-i-face, suburb of Winnipeg, on east bank of Red River.
Steam'-ing, night's, night's journey by steamer.
Stim'-u-late, urge on.
Stip'-u-lat-ed, agreed on.
Stock'-dove, wood-pigeon.
Strap-pa'-do, beating; formerly *torture*.
Strass'-burg, city of Alsace, or Elsass, near Rhine; also Strasbourg.
Stream'-let, little stream.
Stu'-di-ous, given to study.
Stunt'-ed, undersized.
Stu-pen'-dous, wonderful
Sub-lime' Porte (*port*) (248), Turkish Sultan.
Sub'-sti-tute, exchange.
Suc-ceed'-ing, following.
Suc'-cor, assistance.
Suc-cumb', yield; give way.
Sug-gest'-ed, hinted.
Su-per-flu'-i-ty, excess; luxury.
Su-per-in-tend', overlook; take charge of (50).
Su-per-sede', displace.
Su-per-sti'-tion, undue reverence or fear.
Su-per-vi'-sion (21), oversight.
Sur'-plice, clerical vestment.
Sus-pense', doubt.
Sus'-ten-ance, support.
Swath, line of mown grass.
Sweat'-ing lodge, wigwam for vapor-baths.
Sym'-bol, emblem; token.

Tac'-i-tus, Roman historian, and biographer of Agricola.
Tap'-pan Zee, lake-like expansion of Hudson River.
Tar'-ry-town, town on Hudson River.
Taunt'-ing-ly, in a scoffing manner.
Te'-dious, slow; wearisome.
Tem'-per-a-ment, natural bent.
Tem'-per-a-ture, degree of heat.
Temp-ta'-tion, attraction.
Ten'-sion, strain.
Tev'-iot-dale (*Tĭv'-iot*), in Roxburghshire, Scotland.
Thatched, roofed with straw.
Theme, subject.
Thor'-ough-ly, fully; altogether.
Thresh'-old, stone or plank beneath door.
Thrill, set the nerves vibrating.
Thwarts, seats.
Thyme (*time*), aromatic herb.
Time-tu'-tored, taught by experience.
Tin'-tin-nab-u-la'-tion, tinkling.
"Tipped the wink," winked at.
Tit'-il-late, tickle.
Tor'-tu-ous, winding.
Touch'-stone, stone for testing purity of metals.
Tour'-ist, one who travels for pleasure.
Tran'-quil, quiet; peaceful.
Trans-fix'-ing, piercing through.
Trans-for-ma'-tion, change of shape.
Tran-si'-tion, change.
Trans-lu'-cent, that allows light to pass.
Trans-par'-ent, that can be seen through.
Treach'-er-ous, apt to betray.
Treas'-ur-er, one having charge of money.
Trel'-lis, lattice-work.
Trem'-u-lous, shaking.
Trench'-er (*Swift*), large wooden platter for carving joints of meat on.
Trib'-u-ta-ries, streams that go to swell a river.
Troll, to fish.
Truss, bundle.
Tun'-nel, passage under ground.
Tur'-bu-lence, agitation; tumult.

Tweed, river-boundary between England and Scotland.
Ty'-pha, cat-tail flag; a marsh plant.
Tyr'-an-ny, harsh rule.

Ul'-ti-mate-ly, in the end.
Un-ac-com'-plished, unfinished.
U-nan'-i-mous-ly, with one mind.
Un-a-void'-a-ble, that cannot be helped.
Un-con-di'-tion-al-ly, without terms.
Un-con'-scious, unaware of.
Un-cour'-te-ous-ly, rudely.
Un-couth', awkward.
Un-en-cum'-bered, not burdened.
Un-fort'-u-nate, unlucky; unhappy.
Ŭ'-ni-verse, whole world.
Un-manned', daunted.
Un-ob-struc'-ted-ly, without hindrance.
Un-per-ceived', not noticed.
Un-sight'-ly, ugly.
Un-wield'-y, clumsy.
Ur'-chins, children.
U'-til-ized, made use of.

Va'-por-ous (*Ruskin*), cloud-like breath.
"Va'-ried lays" (10), the notes of various birds.
Vault'-er, leaper.
Veg-e-ta'-tion, plant growth.
Vein (44), impulse.
Verd'-ure, greenness.
Ver-mil'-ion, brilliant red color.
Ves'-per, evening hymn.
Vi'-brate, quiver.
Vi-cin'-i-ty, neighborhood.
Vig'-or-ous-ly, forcibly; with all one's strength.
Vi'-tal breath, breath of life.
Vo-ca'-tion, calling; occupation.
Vol'-ley, simultaneous discharge.
Vo-lupt'-u-ous, given to pleasure.
Vor'-tex, whirlpool.
Voy'-a-geur (*vwa'-ya-zhur*—generally pronounced on the Ottawa so as to rhyme with *there*), canoe-man of the fur-trading companies.
Vul'-pine, wolfish.

Wag'-gish, sportive.
Wăn'-ing, fading.
Wap'-i-ti, Iroquois name for the Canadian species of deer that corresponds to the European stag.
War'-rant, (*v.*) to answer for; (*n.*) official authority for an act.
Wars of the Roses, wars waged for the possession of the English throne by the Houses of York and Lancaster (1455-1485).
Wā'-ver, hesitate.
Way'-ward, self-willed; perverse.
"Wearing few" (40), becoming few.
Weath'-er-proof, that can keep out rain.
Weath'-er-warped, twisted by the weather.
Weighed, their worth taken.
Weird, unearthly.
West'-min-ster, district in the west of London (England) where the Houses of Parliament stand.
Wig'-wam, Indian hut.
Wil'-der-ness, tangled thicket.
Win'-der-mere, a lovely lake in Westmoreland, England.
Wind'-flow-er, anemone.
Wind'-lyres (*Whittier*), branches of trees played upon by the wind.
Witch'-ing, bewitching.
Wiz'-ened, shrivelled.
Wold, open country.
Worts (*Herrick*), cabbage, and perhaps other vegetables.

York, English city on river Ouse.

Zen'-ith, point of the heavens directly overhead

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS.

1. (P. 9) INVITATION.

EXPLANATION OF THE LESSON.

The poet asks us to go with him to the old woods while they have still their serious face on;

Oh, come away to the grave old woods

before the dawn has begun to break;

Ere the skies are tinged with light,

before the sleeping leaves have put off their gauzy wrappers of mist;

Ere the slumbering leaves of the gloomy trees
Have thrown off the mists of Night;

before the birds have raised their heads from their downy pillows;

Ere the birds are up,

before the little flower's cup is emptied of the dew;

Or the floweret's cup
Is drained of its fresh'ning dew,

before the distant brook can yet be seen lightly touching the hill as it comes down:

Or the bubbling rill
Kissing the hill,
Breaks on the distant view:

It is at this early hour we feel the solemn influence of the woods;

Oh, such is the hour
To feel the power
Of the quiet, grave old woods!

then, while the slothful are still in the midst of some uneasy dream,

Then, while sluggards dream
Of some dismal theme,

let us begin the day, in the spirit of prayer, with a walk in the darkened woods.

Let us stroll
With prayerful soul,
Through the depths of the grave old woods.

Again, the poet invites us to visit the woods when the wrinkled old trees no longer look dark and gloomy, but wear a joyous smile:

Oh, come away to the bright old woods,

for now the sun has risen,

As the sun ascends the skies,

and the young birds sing their early songs,

While the birdlings sing their morning hymns,

which send an answering thrill through every leaf in the wood;

And each leaf in the grove replies;

and the gold-belted bee among the blossoms and shrubs seeks honey for the hive;

When the golden-zoned bee
Flies from flower to tree
Seeking sweets for its honied cell,

and from the peaceful nook everything sings its own hymn of praise to the Creator:

And the voice of Praise
Sounds its varied lays
From the depths of each quiet dell:

such is the time to feel the quickening charm of the sunny woods:

Oh, such is the hour
To feel the power
Of the magic bright old woods!

then, while the slothful are idly dreaming,

Then, while sluggards dream
Of some trifling theme,

let us thoughtfully walk through the depths of the old, but sunny woods.

Let us stroll,
With studious soul,
Through the depths of the bright old woods.

2. How did the old woods look before sunrise? And how, after the sun had risen?

3. Where was the sun at our first visit? Where at our second visit?

4. How did we find the leaves occupied before sunrise? And how, afterwards?

5. What of the birds at each visit?

6. To find the old woods in a joyous humor when must we visit them? And when, if we would find the old woods in a serious humor?

7. Instead of these words give others having nearly the same meaning: **grave** (adj.), **tinged, slumbering, gloomy, floweret, dismal, birdlings, ascends, golden-zoned, varied lays, trifling theme.**

8. Write these words in the plural number: **leaf, sky, lay.**

9. Parse: **Oh, come away to the bright old woods!**

10. Who was the author of these lines, and how long ago was he born?

11. Write down other words pronounced like these, but differing in meaning: **dew, hour, cell, sun, some.** Group the words in pairs, with their meanings.

12. (P. 10) Spring-Time in Canada.

13. On the title-page of this book you will find the arms of Canada within a wreath of maple-leaves, because Canada has taken the maple-leaf as her emblem. England, ages ago, took the rose for her emblem; Ireland the shamrock; Scotland the thistle; France the lily, etc. Now tell me something of the maple-tree, beginning with the very early Spring and ending with the fall of the leaf.

14. When trees are just budding out at Kingston, how would you find them at Lake St. Clair? and how at Montreal?

15. How long would you be in going by steamer from Montreal to Quebec? How long does Summer take to go that distance?

16. When Summer reaches Quebec, how does it make up for lost time?

17. If you were to visit the city of Quebec, where, from Major Butler's account, would you expect to get the best view of the surrounding country?

18. Suppose yourself now standing there beside Major Butler, tell us, in your own words, what you see.

19. Point out on a map of Canada **the Falls of Montmorenci, Quebec, the Island of Orleans, Montreal, Kingston, Lake St. Clair.**

20. Rule a line, say two inches from the left-hand side of your slate or paper; within this border write down the following words, carefully dividing them into syllables, and in the wide space beyond write the meanings in order: **instinctively, mimic, transparent, nationality, cascade, enticing, symbol.** [These words will be found in the Vocabulary.]

21. (P. 12) Jack-in-the-Pulpit—Whittier.

The pulpit is a leaf-cup shaped like a calla lily, but of a green color, often veined with brown and black; the tip of the leaf is bent over so as partly to cover the cup, and it thus forms the sounding-board or **canopy** of the **pulpit.** In the centre of the leaf-cup rises a thick stalk bearing at its foot a cluster of small flowers. The poet playfully makes this Jack-in-the-Pulpit preach in the church of the forest.

22. What flowers swing their bell-shaped blossoms and call the congregation to this forest-church?

23. Describe how the pulpit is made, and painted, and grained.

24. How is the little minister dressed?

25. Now go up to the choir. What are the instruments used (see third and eighth stanzas)? Who are the singers? Who leads the treble (see first stanza)? Who leads the bass, and how is he dressed?

26. Who are the deacons, and how do you know them?

27. This church service seems to have been held in war-time; for look-out men are posted to warn the congregation of the enemy's approach. To whom is this duty given, and how are they to sound the warning?

28. Some of the congregation are sad, some prayerful, some glad, some radiant with smiles; now tell us their names.

29. Some girls are in church only to show their bonnets, or their purple-gauze dresses, or to display their golden hair; who are those vain girls?

30. Then there are meek, pale-faced children, with eyes upturned to the preacher; who can they be? (Chickweeds.)

31. But somebody has been smoking; for see the Indian pipes. (These are curious leafless plants common in rich woods, growing on decayed vegetable matter; the flower is set on the stalk like the bowl of a pipe.) After this smoking, how was the forest-church sweetened?

32. But the sermon; tell us something of that! Cannot? Not even the text? How was the time spent during the service?

33. As in No. 20, divide and explain these words: **gorgeous, languidly, innocents, sentinels, profanely.**

34. (P. 14.) From what quarter of the world did we get the fable **Pluck?**

35. Trace the mouse through its various changes upwards, and then back again.

36. In which of its conditions did it fear the lion? In which did it fear the dog?

37. In real life, what character answers to the mouse? Who is the magician?

38. **(P. 15.)** The story of *The Cock and the Goose* teaches us that, even in the peaceful life of the country, we must not throw aside natural safeguards. This witty fable is from the pen of a Spanish lady who calls herself "Fernan Caballero."

39. Use simpler words instead of **sententious, beheld, plumage, returned, excited hostility.**

40. If the defence of our country becomes necessary, how would the Roman Horatius have us meet death?

41. **(P. 16–18.)** Of the dogs here described, which would you choose for a watch-dog? Which makes the best sledge-dog? Which have webbed feet? Which dog has the keenest scent? Which the sharpest sight? What dog is chiefly used on our farms?

42. What breed of dogs was used in bull-baiting, in the tracking of slaves, in the finding of lost travellers?

43. Point out on the maps of the hemispheres **the West Indies, the Alps Mountains, Newfoundland, England, Switzerland, Spain.** Give the capital cities of the last four.

44. Divide and explain as in No. 20 these words: **employed, intelligence, remarkable, monastery.** Parse these sentences: **The bloodhound is of a reddish or brown color. He is remarkable for his keen scent.**

45. **(P. 18, 19.)** Of the birds named, which are musicians of the housetop, which of the woodlands, which of the fields? What minstrel plays on our forest pines in the winter?

46. As to these poor fishermen, why did they go out of the harbor when the breakers on the sand-bar told them a storm was rising?

47. Write down the singular of **women, wives, men, children, leaves;** and the plural of **harbor-bar, squall, light-house, sparrow, thrush.** What does **night-rack** mean?

48. **(P. 20, 21.)** Tell what you found woven into the sparrow's nest. Name the animals or plants that yield us raw material for the following: worsted, calico, muslin, silk, linen. Explain **compacted.** Analyze and parse: **I never saw a nest like this.** Write in the plural: **washer-woman, rubbish-bag.** Write the singular of **enemies.**

49. **(P. 21.)** In the trial of the Pike, what was the offence? Who were his judges, and who was their legal adviser? What sentence was first passed on the Pike? What change was made in the sentence? Was the Pike better, or was he worse off, for the change? What is the lesson to be learned from the fable?

50. Divide and explain as in No. 20: **unanimously, uninhabitable, competent, ignominious, supervision, assessor.** Write words similar in sound to the following: **see, there, to, no, might, be, the, whole, an, made, would, in.** Distinguish the meanings.

51. Conjugate **drown, flung, graze, made, brought, add, run, carried, seen.** Form nouns from the following adjectives: **happy, holy, ready, busy.** Analyze and parse this sentence: **So the Pike was flung into the river.**

52. **(P. 22.)** What is the lesson taught by the fable of *The Miller?* What does Krilof mean by **collecting the candle ends?** Parse: **Hallo, miller! don't stand gaping there! It's time you should set your wits to work.** Compare: **worse, good, ready.** Conjugate: **stands, sleeps, observes, cries.**

53. **(P. 23.)** Through what rooms of his little house does the old vicar

lead us? What has he for dinner? How does he make his fire? Who are his most frequent visitors? To Whom are all his humble comforts due? How many years have gone by since the writer of this little poem was born? Where did he live?

54. (**P. 24–27.**) Explain how cunning Mr. Bear found the honeycomb, and how he brought it home, and how he divided it. What were the names of the young bears? How did Mrs. Bear teach them neatness of habits? At what hour were they put to bed?

55. Compare the adjectives: **biggest, strongest, dismal, flat, little, late, more, sweet-scented, hungry**; and the adverbs, **mildly, well, more.** Analyze and parse: **This reminded Mr. Bear that he was hungry too.**

56. **Howl**: this word is intended to imitate the sound. Find other sound-imitations in the words of the Lesson.

57. (**P. 27, 28.**) Explain: **Common Pleas, flippancies, prodigy, quizzed, jocosely, sardonic, on circuit, laconic.** Where is **Yorkshire**? Name its principal river and its chief cities. Write the plural of: **elf, calf, woman, prodigy.**

58. (**P. 29, 30.**) **Stormy sea**: where? Why do He and His take capital letters?

59. **Come, bear, guard, think, stood**: by means of prefixes make new verbs from these words, and conjugate.

60. (**P. 31–33.**) Write out the following words, and underline the silent letters: **Arctic, rheumatic, palmiest, adieu, beautiful, ghastly hue.** Write the following in the plural: **difficult journey; the coat-tail; his former-self; on a dog's back.** Analyze and parse the first sentence on **p. 31.** Find on a map of Europe: **Berne, the Pass of St. Bernard, Mont Cenis, Scotland, the Pyrenees.**

61. Name, in the poetical selection on **p. 33,** the marks of punctuation which follow these words: **brotherhood, fellowship, outward, sublime, one.** Write the plural of: **this life, other yearning.**

62. (**P. 34, 35.**) Point out on a map of Manitoba: **Red River, Assiniboine River, Lake Winnipeg, St. Boniface.** Write in the plural: **pine-land, wild goose, oarsman, hunting-lodge, voyageur.**

63. (**P. 36–38.**) What Hawaiian (*Hay-wy'-yan*) game reminded Lady Brassey of our tobogganing? Why is her book called a *Voyage in the Sunbeam?* Show on a globe or map the position of Hawaii and the Sandwich Islands. What famous sailor was slain on Hawaii (or Owhyhee) in 1779?

64. (**P. 39, 40.**) Form adjectives from the following words: **trouble, faith, hand, courage, need, death, sorrow, child, year, dew, music, sheep, sun, play.** Form adverbs from the following: **weary, quiet, tender, easy, equal, true, heavy.** Analyze and parse the last stanza of *The Traveller's Return.*

65. (**P. 41–44.**) Describe the conduct of the brave lads on the *Goliath.* What request did they make of the captain? Who was the captain of the *Goliath?* What *is* the way at sea, my boys? Form nouns corresponding to the following: **know, grow, flow, think, burn.** Form adjectives from these words: **fire, cheer, gold, England, please, differ, order.** In the *Rhyme of the Rail* find words imitative of sounds.

66. (**P. 45, 46.**) How does the Norwegian fable explain the red head and black body of the woodpecker? What lessons may we learn in our country walks? Write down the names of any half-dozen birds and of any dozen wild-flowers that you know. Conjugate: **think, goes, chide, writes, was, loaded, walk, tax, tell, yield.**

67. (**P. 47, 48.**) What plants or trees are mentioned in these pages?

68. (**P. 49–53.**) What tree yields maple-sugar? Tell us all about the making of maple-sugar, and describe the sights and sounds in the bush. Analyze and parse: **The sap stirs early.....a little.** Form nouns from **relieve, busy, stingy, uneasy, excite, live, deep, broad, long, high.**

69. (**P. 53–55.**) What were the recollections that endeared the old farm-gate? Explain: **gaily bedight; trellis of white; were all canvassed and weighed; he'd stand for his freight; winging our moments and gilding our name.—Road-side,** a *compound* noun; **red-rusted,** a *compound* adjective. Give other examples of compound nouns and adjectives from the Lesson. Form adjectives from **favor, humor, labor.**

70. (**P. 56–59.**) Tell in your own way the story of *The Minnows with Silver Tails.* Show that Tom's master was not his own master. Analyze and parse: **If father does not come.....too much done.** Form nouns from **exhibit, acknowledge, compose, observe, perfect;** and adverbs from **sulky, real, composed, pretty.**—For Robert Herrick, see **p. 23.**

71. (**P. 60, 61.**) *The Ivy Green* was set to music by Henry Russell. (Where vocal music is taught in schools, our fine old songs ought to receive attention, and, after having been expressively read, ought to be sung with feeling.) Analyze and parse: **Whole ages have fled..... hearty green.** In *Composure,* 1st stanza, notice that in the 2nd and 4th lines the rhymes are double—**follow'd, hollow'd;** while in the 1st and 3rd lines the rhymes are single—**roll'd, cold.**

72. (**P. 62–64.**) Describe in your own words Harold's excursion on the swan's back, and what he saw. Divide and explain, as in No. 20: **stupendous, precipitated, impenetrable, inexpressibly.** Analyze and parse: **Now I should like.....shown to me.**

73. (**P. 65–68.**) The air to which *Home, Sweet Home* is sung was adapted by Sir H. R. Bishop from a Sicilian tune. Donizetti introduced the air with slight alterations into his opera of *Anna Bolena.*—What was Hugh Miller's account of his school-boy days? Form the plurals of: **pen-knife, copy-book, parent's, class-fellow.**

74. (**P. 69, 70.**) **Floweret** means *a little flower;* in other words, it is the *diminutive* of **flower.** Give the diminutives of **river, hill, isle, man, stream.** The **Afton** is a brook in Ayrshire; the **glen** mentioned by Burns in the second stanza is called from the brook, Glenafton. Conjugate: **forbear, bereft, flow, fly, sow, sew.** Write in the plural: **valley, echo, life.**

75. (**P. 71–73.**) The story of the Golden Apples of the Hesperides was familiar to every school-boy of Old Greece. Tell us something of this adventure of the strong man Hercules.—Describe the sights and sounds of Canadian woods and fields in May.

76. (**P. 74–80.**) What account do the Indians give of the origin of the Canadian robin?—The poet Moore took down from the singing of his *voyageurs* the air to which he has set the Canadian Boat Song, and it always remained a great favorite with him. He says: "I remember when we have entered at sunset upon one of those beautiful lakes into which the St. Lawrence so grandly and unexpectedly opens, I have heard this simple air with a pleasure which the finest compositions of the first masters have never given me; and now there is not a note of it which does not recall to my memory the dip of our oars in the St. Lawrence, the flight of our boat down the rapids, and all those new and fanciful impressions to which my heart was alive during the

whole of this very interesting voyage. The stanzas are supposed to be sung by those *voyageurs* who go to the Grand Portage by the Utawa River."—Give from Sangster's *The Rapid* instances of double rhyme (see No. 71). Divide and explain, as in No. 20: **fascination, enthusiasm, resistlessly, excitement.** Form adverbs from **gay, joyous, merry, angry.**

77. (**P. 81-84.**) Carefully copy the little sketch-map given on **p. 82.** The position of battle-fields is shown by crossed swords. Give your own account of the great fight near Hastings. Divide and explain: **ingenuous** and **ingenious.**

78. (**P. 85-87.**) Write in full: **I'll, I've, I'm, we'll, can't, there's.** Write in contracted form: **we are, you are, you will, do not, I shall not, I will not.** Write in the plural: **that yellow flower; the day's as bright as then; this fortress.** Form adjectives from **boy, joy, child;** and adverbs from **weary, happy.** Conjugate **sleep, feed, found, sit, spring, miss, keep, stands, lies, break, bid, go, shines, forget.**—**Less-happier,** a *double* comparative. The writer of *The Irish Emigrant* was Helen Selina Sheridan, grand-daughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, wife of the fourth Lord Dufferin, and mother of the Marquis of Dufferin, our late Governor-General. Lady Dufferin's sister (the Hon. Mrs. Norton) was also a poet as well as a novelist of some repute. The music to which Lady Dufferin's song is usually set was composed by Mr. W. R. Dempster, who used to sing it with much feeling.

79. (**P. 88-92.**) Describe some recent improvements in bee-keeping. Point out on a map: (1) **Louisiana, New York,** and **Minnesota,** with their capitals; (2) the cities of **New York** and **Chicago;** the **River Mississippi,** its source, mouth, and chief tributaries.—Write in the plural: **evening's, man's, child's, lady's, deer's horn, sheep's back.** Write in the singular: **echoes, argosies.**—Parse: **deep (p. 91); fire (p. 91); weary not.....summer (p. 92).**

80. (**P. 93-97.**) The scene of Irving's sketch is laid near **Tarrytown,** on the Hudson River, where in after years Irving built his famous retreat of Sunnyside. **Tappan Sea** is a lake-like expansion of the Hudson, 12 miles long, and 3½ miles at its greatest breadth.—General Benedict Arnold agreed in 1780 to betray West Point to the English general, Sir H. Clinton, and Major André was sent to make secret arrangements with Arnold. André was arrested within half a mile of Tarrytown, and, after court-martial, was hanged as a spy at Tappan, which is nearly opposite Tarrytown. His body was in 1821 removed to Westminster Abbey.—Give from the Lesson words imitative of sounds. Divide and explain, as in No. 20: **desperation, tremendous, unfortunate, mysterious, dimensions, stammering, lamentations, superstition, accidentally, uncourteously, melancholy, uncomfortably, enormous, perceiving.**

81. (**P. 97.**) First stanza: **in vain;** because she will then be dead, and be heedless of thy caresses. Fifth stanza: **For thou mayest..... with her,**—for thou mayest see the hour when, in thy grief, thou wilt regret that thou hast outlived thy mother. Explain: **raven hair; hour forlorn.**—**Defer:** set other prefixes before the root **-fer,** and give the meanings of the verbs so formed.

82. (**P. 98-100.**) Write in the plural: **deer, ox, buffalo, caribou, wapiti's, hunter's, moose.** Write in the singular: **bells', canoes, eaves, leaves, children's.**—**Native proof,** English mettle: **proof,** in older English, often means *finely-tempered armor.*

83. **(P. 101–103.)** Divide and explain, as in No. 20: **dexterously, manufacture, diminution, delicacy, magnificent, congregate, protuberant, pemmican, unwieldy, especially.**

84. **(P. 104–107.)** Divide and explain, as in No. 20: **immemorial, consecrated, unadulterated, reminiscences, hospitality, antiquity, promulgating, rubicund, titillation.** Analyze and parse: (1) **Your pardon, good people!** (2) **Are you all satisfied?** (3) **Well, well, sir! no harm done, I hope!**—(The selection from Hawthorne affords, from the variety of emotions, and from the frequent change of address, an excellent training in the modulation of the voice.)

85. **(P. 108–112.)** Tell in your own words the curious adventures of Billy and his sisters with the Barn Elves.—Write in full: **don't, it's, I'm, t'obey, there's, isn't, what's.** Name the marks of punctuation in the verses on **p. 111.** Write the present participles of **travel, grin, quarrel, die, dye, sing, singe, cry, drop, argue, skip.**

86. **(P. 112–118.)** **After-math,** the second crop of grass mown in the Fall.—Tell in your own way the story of *Gray Eagle and his Five Brothers.* — **Nest-mate:** give other nouns compounded with *mate.* Write in the singular: **The cold winds had all blown themselves away.**—**Tuesday last:** Write the names of the days of the week. Write in full your address, and the date on which this Lesson is prepared.—**Pride of place,** proud elevation; **mousing owl,** an owl which commonly flies at no more dangerous enemy than a mouse.

87. **(P. 119–122.)** Find on your maps: the **Arctic Ocean, Spitzbergen, Greenland;** the **North Atlantic, Europe,** the **British Isles; Ireland, County Kerry, Killarney; Scotland, Argyleshire, Glencoe** (north-east corner of Argyleshire); **Italy, Calabria** (in ancient geography the south-eastern extremity of Italy; but in modern, the *south-western*).—For the Massacre of Glencoe, the pupil will refer to his *English History,* reign of William III., A.D. 1692. (Lord Macaulay's brilliant narrative will enable the teacher to throw into the Lesson richer color and deeper interest.)—**Latitude:** what is meant by "latitude"? In what latitude do we live? In what latitudes are Killarney and Calabria?

88. **(P. 123–125.)** Sir Walter Scott used to say of *The Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea,* that it was "the best song going." It is sung to the famous old military tune of the French, *Le Petit Tambour* ("The Little Drum").—The *pitcher-plant* grows abundantly on swampy land throughout Canada. (It will add much additional zest to the Lesson to show the pupils a specimen of this curious plant.)—Explain: **plaintive melody; pensive minstrelsy; grief's canker; passionate farewell.**

89. **(P. 126–129.)** Analyze and parse: **Some hand.....these pages pent (p. 126).** Write in full these tenses occurring in Tennyson Turner's Sonnet: **meant, hast left, gleam, were, will close, leave.** Parse: **art gone.**

90. Read the following sentence: "All blue birds are not Blue Birds." Write a short account of the Blue Bird—his house, his habits, and his useful services.—Write down the following words; underline in them the silent letters, and overline the diphthongs: **autumn, caitiffs, bears, seizes, loath, leisure, meadows, reappearing.**

91. **(P. 130–132.)** Find on a map, and then describe the position of: **New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Edinburgh.**—Give any words from the Lesson that are imitative of sounds.—**Beguile, inherit, adjudge, attend:** give any other verbs containing the prefixes *be; in; ad* (*ac, af, ag, al, an, ar, as, at*).—**Overspread:** give verbs compounded with *over*

and *under*. — What compensation does poverty bring to the poor man's son? What corresponding *disadvantages* are apt to accompany wealth?—Analyze and parse: **O rich.....white hands.** Explain: **sultry glebe; dewy meads; verdant landscape; friendly crook; dreadful shade.** Addison's free rendering (and rearrangement) of the 23rd Psalm would be described as a *paraphrase*. When and where did this beautiful poem first appear?

92-98. REVIEW, Parts I. and II.

92. Rule off a margin on your paper, take down the following names, and opposite each describe its situation: **Greenland, St. Boniface, Berne, Dover, Hawaii, York, Chicago, Glencoe, Kingston, Lake St. Clair, Pass of St. Bernard, Killarney, Tappan Zee, Quebec, Hastings, Spitzbergen, Montreal, Afton Water, Isle of Orleans, River Thames, Calabria, River Ottawa, Mont Cenis, Caucasus Mountains, River Mississippi, Cheviot Hills, New York City, Teviotdale, Newfoundland, Boston, Edinburgh, West Indies, Philadelphia, Canterbury.**

93. With the assistance of the READER, arrange in order of seniority, giving dates in margin, the following authors: **Lord Macaulay, Thomas Moore, B. G. Niebuhr, S. T. Coleridge, Eliza Cook, R. W. Emerson, Miss Havergal, Dean Stanley, Horace Smith, Adelaide Anne Procter, J. R. Lowell, Allan Cuningham, T. D'Arcy M'Gee, Lady Dufferin.**

94. As in No. 93, arrange in order of seniority, with dates in margin, the following authors: **Robert Burns, Charles Dickens, Jean Ingelow, J. G. Saxe, J. H. Payne, Thomas Aubrey de Vere, William Wordsworth, Charles D. Warner, Rev. Hugh Macmillan, Mary Howitt, Thomas Hood, William Motherwell, Mrs. Sigourney, N. P. Willis.**

95. As in No. 93, arrange in order of seniority, with dates in margin, the following authors :—**Lord Houghton, Robert, Lord Lytton, Robert Southey, J. G. Whittier, Ivan Krilof, W. F. Butler, Charles Sangster, Charles (Tennyson) Turner, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Alexander Wilson, Mrs. Hemans, Washington Irving, Rev. Charles Kingsley, Mrs. Craik (Miss Mulock).**

[To prevent pupils from seeking their answers in the old note-books of their class-mates, the Teacher would do well to frequently make *new combinations* of the foregoing names. In such questions, easy but most important steps are taken towards a systematic study of English and General Literature.]

96. Collect from the READER, giving dates in margin, a dozen authors who were born in the 18th century; and a dozen who were born in the 19th century.

97. Name in order the authors of the following: *The Pickwick Papers; A Voyage in the "Sunbeam;" Jack-in-the-Pulpit; Gather Ye Rosebuds While Ye May; The Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow; The Canadian Boat Song; I'm Sitting on the Stile, Mary; My Schools and Schoolmasters; From Ocean to Ocean.*

98. Name in order the authors of: *Flow Gently, Sweet Afton; The Ivy Green; A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea; Home, Sweet Home; The Rhyme of the Rail; The Excursion; The Homes of England.*

PART III.

99. (**P. 133–137.**) In the selection from *Rasselas* what meaning do you take out of: **This lake discharged its superfluities; whatever might contribute to make seclusion pleasant; the musicians exerted the power of harmony; new competitors for imprisonment?** Where does Johnson place the story of *Rasselas?* When did he write it, and how did he spend the money got for it?

100. Explain: **sprightly kid; subtle monkey; solemn elephant; the little children's dower; warm little housekeeper.**—How would Archbishop Trench explain the original meaning of a **kind** man? Give words formed from the root *kin.*

101. (**P. 138–144.**) In Longfellow's ballad, notice that, in each stanza, there is but one rhyme—namely, that formed by the words at the end of the 2nd and 4th lines. Except therefore for the inconvenience of printing, the stanzas might have been thrown into two lines instead of four. Thus:

1. The old house by the lindens stood silent in the shade,
   And on the gravel pathway the light and shadow played.

2. I saw the nursery window wide open to the air;
   But the faces of the children,—they were no longer there.

The pupil will throw into this form any two of the remaining stanzas. Analyze and parse: **But the faces.....there.**

102. Carefully copy the little sketch-map given on **p. 141.** Who is said to have suggested the stratagem by which the Heights of Abraham were reached? When and by whom was it carried out? Tell in your own way the incidents of that memorable night. The lines which Wolfe repeated from Gray's *Elegy* form the 9th stanza:—

> "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Await alike the inevitable hour—
> The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

The *Elegy* was published in (February) 1751, little more than eight years before the siege of Quebec.

103. **Reveillé** (pronounced ray-vay-yea), call to arms. **Boscage** (accent on first syllable, old Norman-French word), wood, copse. Give words similar in sound to the following, and distinguish their meanings: **one, cannon, threw, great, whole, there, air, new, the, all, tide, two, vain.**

104. (**P. 144–147.**) At what point does the Canada Pacific Railway cross the Assiniboine? Find in your map, and then describe the position of: **Winnipeg, Portage La Prairie, Brandon, Qu'Appelle** (pr. Kappel'), **Pembina** (pr. Pem'bina), **Emerson, Red River, Rocky Mts.**—Write in the plural: **folio, bush, gipsy, grandchild, railway, camel's, blackberry, yew, she was, my position, I was hurled.**

105. (**P. 148–153.**) Divide and define, as in No. 20: **fascination, providential, intoxicating, temperament, essentially, acknowledged, intemperate.** Explain: **reedy brake; physical qualities; swept into the vortex; were bursting their brown.** Analyze: **Thousands of young men.....will give it up.**—**Buffalo and Niagara River:** find them on a map, and describe their position. What canal opened

navigation between Buffalo and the Hudson River? By what canal has the obstacle of Niagara Falls been overcome? What lakes are connected by this latter canal, and what names do the two gateways bear?

106. (P. 154–158.) Find on your maps, and describe the sources and chief tributaries of the following rivers; also name the chief cities which they or their tributaries pass: **Amazon, Missouri, Thames, Severn.** Find in Tennyson's *Brook* examples of words imitative of sound or of motion. How do you understand: **a sudden sally; bicker down a valley; many a silvery water-break; hazel covers; the netted sunbeams dance; I linger by my shingly bars?** How old was the poet Tennyson in 1883? *The Brook* has been set to music by W. G. Cusins, the editor of *Songs from the Published Writings of Alfred Tennyson.* (C. Kegan Paul and Co., 1880.)

107. (P. 158–162.) How long is it since Goldsmith died? From what story is the Lesson taken? Tell in your own way the adventures of Moses Primrose at the Fair.—In the selection from Milton, **Morn** (Aurora) is spoken of as living and acting: give other examples of this *personification* from the extract. **Charms,**—here in the old meaning, *songs;* **solemn bird,**—the owl.

108. (P. 163–167.) Write in full: **'tis, don't, snored o' nights, I'd had aught, I wouldn't have walked, I've seen.** The Boatman here describes the great Sea Eagle, or Fishing Eagle (or Bald Eagle) of Canada and the United States. The bird is not really bald, but the feathers of the head are white. This largest of the eagles frequently reaches 3 feet in length, and its outspread wings measure 7 feet. This is the bird figured upon the United States coinage.—Tell in your own words the story of *Madeline of Verchères.* When and where did these scenes occur? Where is Lake Champlain? what river forms the outlet? Name the chief places on the lake and river. Describe the position of Montreal City.

109. (P. 168–173.) Robert Blake, English Admiral (1599–1657): frequently defeated the Dutch fleet, 1652, 1653; chastised the Barbary pirates, 1655; captured part of one Spanish fleet and destroyed another fleet, 1656, 1657. Blake died, as his ship, the *St. George*, entered Plymouth Sound, August 17, 1657; his system was worn out with scurvy, contracted from long-continued naval service.—Horatio, Lord Nelson (1758–1805): his chief victories were the Battle of the Nile (Aboukir Bay), 1798; Battle of Copenhagen, 1801; Battle of Trafalgar, in which he fell mortally wounded, October 21, 1805.—Describe the position of: **Plymouth Sound, Aboukir Bay, Copenhagen, Trafalgar, Hanover,** the **Harz Mountains, Loch Katrine.** Give from the poetical selections examples of words imitative of sound or of motion. Parse: **morn of toil (p. 174); days of danger (173); Bid every care be gone (171); Pass, and the sky forgets thee (168).**

Ye Mariners of England is sung to the air of *Ye Gentlemen of England*, arranged as a trio for male voices. This air, which was composed by John Wall Callcot (born 1766), greatly pleased Campbell's ear, and he composed his *Ode* in the same metre as the older song.

110. (P. 175–180.) Explain in your own way: **azure main; foreign stroke; generous flame; rural reign.** Tell us briefly in your own words something of the doings of the giant Hiawatha.—Parse (on **p. 175**): **Rule, Britannia; All thine shall be the subject main; And every shore it circles, thine.** The air to which *Rule Britannia* is sung was composed by Dr. Thomas Arne.

111. (P. 181–185.) **Flowerets,**—the *diminutive* of *flowers:* give the diminutives of: **leaves, lord, wave, hill, rivers, islands.** After finding on your maps, describe the position of **Kentucky, Canterbury.** Analyze the second stanza on **p. 182.**—Of *The Angel's Whisper* Lover says: "The song was written to an old Irish air (one of the few Moore left untouched) entitled, 'Mary, do you fancy me?'"

112. (P. 186–192.) Write in the singular: **moose deer; witches'; canoes; dry leaves; days'; small axes; hunting-knives.** Analyze (p. 191): **Suffice it to say.....penalty.** Bryant's *Death of the Flowers* is, on the surface, a lament for the flowers that have fallen before the autumn frosts; but the observant pupil will hear sounding through the lines a deeper note of grief—the poet's lament for a beloved sister lately removed by death. With this hint, read over the poem again, closely observing the second and last stanzas.

113. (P. 193–194.) Describe in your own words the appearance of our woods after the autumn frosts have set in. *Sky Farm*, whence Miss Goodale and her sister send forth their poems, is their witty name for their father's farm, on the top of the Berkshire Hills in Massachusetts.

Mrs. Willard's *Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep* was written during her return from Europe in 1832. The Duke de Choiseul supplied the music, but the air to which it is now always sung was composed by J. P. Knight.

PART IV.

Analyze and parse the first stanza on **p. 195.**

114. (P. 198–202.) **Boatswain,**—pronounced bo'sn. What meaning do you take out of: **a very choleric fellow; I had given him the strappado; we were entertained with posthumous snarls; altogether discomposed me? Twentieth:** write in full the first 20 of the ordinal numbers. Who wrote *Gulliver's Travels*, and how long ago? Write in the plural: **wife, husbandman, ox, mastiff, mistress's, box, huzza, her ladyship's.**

115. (P. 203–205.) **Imparadise the night (p. 203),** make the night delightful. **All-father (p. 205),** the Universal Father, the Father of us all.—Compare: **wealthy, enchanting, narrow, severe. Soften,** to make soft: take six other adjectives and make corresponding verbs. In *The First Snow-Fall* the snow is compared (*a*) to ermine (the fur of an animal allied to the weasel); (*b*) to pearl; (*c*) to the statuary marble of Carrara (a city of Italy, 59 miles south-west of Modena); (*d*) to swan's down. **Sweet Auburn,**—the poet no doubt intends Mount Auburn Cemetery, about a mile from Harvard University, and 4 miles from Boston. In Heavysege's *Sonnet* observe the fancy that in our winter nights the stars glow and flare like torches in the wind. Parse: **Tenfold refulgent every star appears; And thrice illumine the ever-kindled spheres.**

116. (P. 206–211.) The winter-scene in Denmark described (p. 207) by Hans Andersen is a very familiar one to Canadian boys and girls; among us it is often called the *Silver Thaw.*—**Brazen, beautiful, countless:** explain the terminations, and give other adjectives having these terminations, six examples of each. **Icicles hang by the wall,** hang from the eaves; **blows his nail,** warms his fingers with his breath: **crabs,** crab-apples. This old-fashioned song of Shakspeare's gives us a peep into an English farm-house as it was 300 years ago.

117. (P. 212–214.) *Clouds.* In this grand description Ruskin has

applied to the clouds (**leagued leviathans of the sea of heaven**) the sublime language in which the *Book of Job* describes the leviathan of the deep. *Job* xli. 18: "His eyes are like the eyelids of the morning." Ver. 20, "Out of his nostrils goeth smoke as out of a seething pot or caldron." Ver. 26, "The sword of him that layeth at him cannot hold; the spear, the dart, nor the habergeon." Habergeon,—strictly, armor for the neck, but here it means the whole coat of mail. Form adjectives from **honor, labor, vapor, favor, color.**

[As a contrast to Ruskin's wild stormy horizon, take Wilson's tranquil sunset,—two noble pictures, in which, with slight assistance, the pupils will presently recognize such cloud-shapes as they themselves have often observed.—Shelley's little poem contrasts a summer with a winter landscape. In the concluding lines the strain falls into a graver mood, and ends with sad thoughts of the sufferings that winter brings to the homeless poor. The pupils should be encouraged to cultivate their imagination, and fill in such sketches with their own childish fancies; to find appropriate epithets, and afterwards to expand epithets into little pictures.]

118. (**P. 215–219.**) Find on your map, and then describe the position of the **Victoria Bridge.** What railway passes through this great tube? What river flows beneath the bridge? Trace the course of the Grand Trunk Railway, and mention its chief branches. **Birkenhead,** a large manufacturing town of Cheshire, England; it is separated from Liverpool by the estuary of the Mersey. The building of the *Alabama* at the ship-yard of the Messrs. Laird gave the place much notoriety during the American Civil War.—The engineer of the Victoria Bridge was the famous Robert Stephenson, the builder of the Menai Bridge in Wales. Who was the chief contractor? When and by whom was the Victoria Bridge opened?

Paul Kane, our Canadian painter and traveller, was born at Toronto. By hard work and unconquerable pluck he won his way to fame as an artist. His studies of the aborigines were published in 1859 under the title of "Wanderings of an Artist among the Indians of North America, from Canada to Vancouver's Island and Oregon, through the Hudson Bay Company's Territory, and Back Again." The London *Athenæum*, reviewing Kane's book, described the author as "uniting the refinement of the Old World with the Indian energy of the New."

119. (**P. 220–225.**) Give words similar in sound to the following, but differing in meaning: **counsellor, soul, read (p. 220), time, one, knew, whole, great, no, all, eye, there, heir, reigned (p. 222), lie, see, might, some, two, feet, guilt, done, clothes, hour.** Distinguish the meanings of each pair of words. In a map of England find **Shrewsbury** and **Peterborough,** and the counties of **Northampton** and **Kent. Fotheringay Castle** (Co. Northampton), the scene of Mary's execution, was razed to the ground by her son James I.

120. (**P. 225–231.**) Write in the plural: **sleigh-bell's; the father's come; I busy myself; his toilsome journey's o'er.** Parse (**p. 226**): **Which, though more splendid, may not please him more;** also explain and parse, **Transcends the what we know.** This fine Sonnet was written in 1878,—less than four years before Longfellow's death. He had then reached his threescore years and ten; and fast-increasing infirmities were **taking away his playthings one by one.** In a later *Sonnet*, December 27th, 1881 (see FOURTH READER, p. 326), he tearfully laments that even his beloved books are now lying unused:—

" ...I behold these books upon their shelf,
My ornaments and arms of other days;
Not wholly useless, though no longer used,
For they remind me of my other self,
Younger and stronger, and the pleasant ways,
In which I walked, now clouded and confused."

Three months still later, this amiable poet gently fell asleep, finding the truth of his own beautiful lines:—

Leads us to rest so gently that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

121. **(P. 227–231.)** The teacher will do well to detain the pupil's attention on the selection from *Eöthen;* for, with the simplest words and materials, Kinglake has succeeded in creating one of the most vivid pictures to be found in any book of travel. The author himself says: "*Eöthen* is, I hope, almost the only hard word to be found in the book; it signifies 'from the early dawn'—'from the East.'"—The route taken by our traveller will furnish a very interesting exercise in Sacred and Oriental Geography: The narrative sets out from Semlin, on the southern frontier of Austria; then enters Turkish territory at the fortress of Belgrade (R. Danube); crosses the Balkan Mountains to Adrianople, and then passes on to Constantinople; takes us to the Plain of Troy (N.W. corner of Asia Minor); thence to Smyrna; thence by sea to Cyprus; another sea voyage to Beyrout in Syria, where the author visits the celebrated and eccentric Lady Hester Stanhope; then across the Plain of Esdraelon to Nazareth; thence passing Cana to Tiberias (Sea of Galilee). We next descend the bank of the Jordan to the Dead Sea; thence go up to Jerusalem; visit Bethlehem, five or six miles south of Jerusalem; thence strike away to the southwest, and rest at Gaza. Gaza stands on a narrow brim that separates two seas,—the Levant or Eastern Mediterranean, and that great sea of sand in the midst of which our Lesson finds the traveller. With his camel,—that "Ship of the Desert,"—he is steering his course for the Egyptian city of Cairo, where he will find the plague raging. He will make an excursion to the Pyramids and to the Sphinx. Back to Cairo; thence due east to Suez, with a dromedary as his only companion and escort; from Suez to Gaza; from Gaza northwards along the Sea of Galilee, and so onward to Damascus; then across the chain of Mount Lebanon to the ruins of Baalbec,—whence our traveller returned homeward by way of Asia Minor, taking ship for England at Smyrna.

122. **Walk, march, stride, stalk:** conjugate these verbs, and distinguish their meanings. **Canvas:** distinguish from *canvass.* Form nouns from **still, lonely, martyr.** Write in the plural: **valley, genius, journey, portmanteau, oratory** (place of prayer), **blush.**

Moore's Sacred Lyric was set to music by Sir John Stevenson. Observe the poet's development of his theme:—

The shrine:—the fragrant turf.
The temple:—the over-arching sky.
The incense:—the mountain airs.
The prayers:—silent thoughts.
The choir:—moonlit waves with their musical murmur, or with their yet more expressive stillness.

The congregation :—by day the temple is occupied by light and silence; by night the pale stars alone are the poet's fellow-worshippers.
The Sacred Book :—the spangled heavens with "their words of flame."
God's will may be read in
the very face of the sky :—His anger in the wild cloud-rack that hides the sun; His mercy in the sunny blue that shines through the rifted clouds;
Nay, earth as well as sky
discloses the Divine Presence :—everything bright, from flowers to stars, is but the radiance of God's face;
everything dark is but His love for a moment overcast with cloud.

123. (**P. 232–237.**) This lesson should be studied with the aid of maps. **Pillar of Hercules; Ceuta.** The gateway to the Mediterranean stands between two lofty rocks,—the Rock of Gibraltar in Europe, and the mountain-peak of Ceuta in Africa. To these mighty gate-posts the ancients gave the name of the **Pillars of Hercules.** Geographically, **Ceuta** belongs to Morocco, but politically to Spain.—**Spit of sand,** the famous Neutral Ground extending northwards from the rocky peninsula of Gibraltar to the Spanish mainland.—**O'Hara's Tower,** a pleasure outlook built by Governor O'Hara on a pinnacle of Gibraltar that stands 1,408 feet above the Mediterranean.—**Drinking-water:** in 1869 an abundant supply of fairly good water was found beneath the sand of the Neutral Ground.—**Olympus of nations (p. 237):** the abode of the gods ("the rulers of the world") was in Greek mythology placed on Olympus, a lofty mountain of northern Greece: so that Lord Dufferin's phrase, **In the Olympus of nations,** may be paraphrased, *Among the ruling nations of the world.*

124. Find in your atlas, and then describe the geographical position of: **Sierra Nevada, Gibraltar, Ceuta, Malaga** (accent on first syllable), **Valencia, Granada** (accent on middle syllable), **Tangiers, Algeciras, Belfast, Mount Olympus, Gulf of St. Lawrence.** Draw a sketch-map of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.—**Stupendous chain of lakes:** name them, and their connecting links; name also the tributaries of the Great Lakes, and the chief cities and towns on or near the lake-shores.

125. (**P. 238–242.**) Analyze and parse the opening sentence of the extract from Lord Macaulay. (*a*) **We should**; (*b*) **the country gentleman would.** Why not *would* in the first sentence? Suppose both sentences thrown into the future tense, how would they stand? Consult the VOCABULARY and your maps, then describe the position of: **Dorsetshire, Cheddar Cliffs, Snowdon, Beachy Head, Windermere, Greenwich, Guiana.**

126. Explain these words and phrases: **mirage, suburb, equipages; grind the faces of the poor; Wars of the Roses; England of the Stuarts.**

Write in the plural: **That child was I.** Parse **There's a good time coming, boys, a good time coming;—Wait a little longer.** Write the present participles of: **quarrel, supersede, sit, cry, benefit, envy, die, dye, spring, springe, sing, singe, see, admit, outstrip.** Charles Mackay's *A Good Time Coming* is set to an old English air, and was for several years the most popular of English songs.

127. (**P. 243–248.**) **Dschingis Khan** (Gengis or Jenghiz Khan), 1162–1227,—the Emperor of the Mongols and conqueror of a vast tract

stretching from the Chinese Sea to the River Dnieper. The name by which he is known was assumed, and means Greatest of Khans, or Khan of Khans. The young warriors in our Lesson have sadly confused the history: Dschingis Khan was not a Turk; on the contrary, the advance of his armies forced the primitive Turkish race to move westward, and finally to cross over into Europe.—Give from the Lesson examples of words imitative of sound or of motion. Explain **miniature, commissariat, buccaneers, corsair, had taken sanctuary, conventional laws.** Parse: (*a*) **Let him only grow a head taller, and no kennel will hold him**; (*b*) **Honor be to him who prefers to be shot, rather than throw away his drum-sticks!**

128. (**P. 249–253.**) **Standing on the walls of Hades, not knowing each other: Hades** is here used, as in Greek mythology, for *the realm of shades*. Homer represents departed spirits as having no memory until after they have drunk blood.—**Chamouni** (accent on first syllable, see VOCABULARY),—the most celebrated valley in the Alps; it is bounded on the south by Mont Blanc, and, together with the latter, lies within the confines of France.—**The fiery change which has been noticed by Shakspeare:** Mr. Ruskin doubtless had before his mind the lines in *Richard II.*, act iii. scene 2:—

> ——"When the searching eye of heaven is hid
> Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
> Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
> In murders and in outrage bloody here;
> But *when, from under this terrestrial ball,*
> *He fires the proud top of the eastern pines,*
> And darts his light through every guilty hole,
> Then murders, treasons, and detested sins—
> The cloak of night being plucked from off their backs—
> Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves."

129. Where is **Strassburg** (Strasbourg)? Draw a little sketch-map of **Scandinavia** (see VOCABULARY). Explain: **soft compliance** (**p. 249**); **Elizabethan garden** (**p. 249**); **superstitious feeling** (**p. 250**); **collegiate school** (**p. 250**); **monastic cell** (**p. 252**); **harmonious cadences** (**p. 252**); **ponderous chimes** (**p. 252**). Parse: "**Now, then, Eyes! I warrant you'll never dare to get up there!**" **taunted a big boy called Olaf.** "**Won't I?**" **said I.**—Conjugate **dare, stand, cry, hear, show, ring, peal, climb, thrill, bury.** Write in the plural: **cliff, echo, leaf, fairy's.**

130 (**P. 254–260.**) **Thor; Woden:**—in which of our names for week-days do we find traces of the old Scandinavian worship of these gods? Parse (**p. 259**) **And sure enough.....in the night-time, eh?** Write in the plural: **pocket-knife; owl's; hero; pane of glass; he has been in the steeple all night by himself.** Form an adjective and an adverb from each of the following: **pluck, dream, spirit, monster, anger, blood.**

131. (**P. 260–262.**) Parse: (*a*) **Bade him make with them what word he would**; (*b*) **the word God would**; (*c*) **which God meant should be.** Explain: **parted** (**p. 260**); **boding sense** (**p. 261**); **ring out** (1st stanza, **p. 261**); **ring out** (2nd stanza, **p. 261**).

132–144. REVIEW, Parts I., II., III., IV.

a. GEOGRAPHICAL QUESTIONS to be answered with the assistance of maps.

132. Having ruled off a margin on your paper, take down the following names, and opposite each describe its situation, and give the

capital:—**Sweden**; **Greece**; **England**; **France**; **Scotland**; **Guiana**; **Kentucky**; **Ireland**; **Newfoundland**; **the Provinces of the Dominion of Canada.**

133. With paper ruled as in No. 132, describe the situation and direction of:—**Rocky Mountains**; **Harz Mountains**; **Andes Mountains**; **Cotswold Hills**; **Cheviot Hills**; **Alps Mountains**; **Caucasus Mountains**; **Balkan Mountains**; **Senlac Hills.**

134. With paper ruled as in No. 132 (*a*) name the principal lakes of Old Canada and of the North-West; (*b*) give the chief rivers that flow into or out of them; (*c*) name the chief cities and towns on or near the lake shores.

135. Trace the courses of these rivers: **St. Lawrence**; **Missouri**; **Thames** (Ontario); **Thames** (England); **Mississippi**; **Montmorency**; **Ottawa**; **Saskatchewan**; **Assiniboine**; **Severn** (England); **Severn** (Ontario); **Red River.**

136. Describe minutely the situation of the following cities and towns:—**Chicago**; **San Francisco**; **Edinburgh**; **Dublin**; **London** (England); **London** (Canada); **Ottawa**; **Windsor** (England); **Windsor** (Ontario); **Windsor** (Nova Scotia); **Pembina**; **Winnipeg**; **Canterbury** (England); **Quebec**; **Emerson**; **New York City**; **Qu'Appelle**; **Philadelphia**; **Cairo** (Egypt); **Cairo** (United States); **Portage la Prairie**; **Point Levi**; **Montreal**; **Birkenhead**; **Belfast**; **Brandon**; **Toronto.**

137. Describe the position of the following: **Crimea**; **Loch Katrine**; **Nova Zembla**; **Killarney**; **Lake St. Clair**; **Isle of Orleans**; **Malaga**; **Eton**; **Tangiers**; **Lake Windermere**; **Mount Olympus**; **Carrara**; **Rome**; **Chamouni**; **Gibraltar**; **Shrewsbury**; **Boston**; **Mont Cenis**; **Glencoe** (Scotland); **Kingston** (Canada); **St. Boniface**; **Valencia Falls**; **Lake Champlain**; **Granada**; **Heights of Abraham.**

b. Grammatical and Literary Questions.

138. By means of prefixes form verbs containing these terminations: **-cline**; **-fer**; **-struct**; **-tract**; **-trude.**

139. What adjectives correspond to the following nouns?—**fire, rain, gold, Rome, Greece** (two forms), **earth** (two forms), **dew, lion, wolf, suburb, elephant, England, France, Switzerland, Scotland** (two forms), **Italy, Ireland, Germany, Canada.**

140. Write in full: **31st**; **20th**; **90th**; **49th**; **311th**; **1004th**; **1,000,000th**; **Wed., 28th Feby.**; **Sat., the 17th ult.**; **Tues., the 30th prox.**; **the 24th inst.**; **Henry VII.**; **Louis XIV.**

141. Having written the following words, underline the silent letters and overline the diphthongs (if any): **Psalm, shall, rheumatism, through, reappear, cooper, cooperate, reinstate, seize, programme, island, sovereign, field, catalogue.**

142. With the aid of the Reader arrange in order of seniority, giving dates in margin, the following writers:—**Ruskin, Hans Andersen, Bryant, James Thomson, Sir Walter Scott, Parkman, Thomas Moore, Professor John Wilson, Lover, Campbell, Macaulay, Christina G. Rossetti.**

143. As in the previous question, arrange in order of seniority, giving dates in margin: **Alfred Tennyson, Shakspeare, Mrs. Browning, Shelley, Goldwin Smith, Landor, Longfellow, Burns.**

144. As in previous question, arrange in order of seniority, giving dates in margin: **Wordsworth, Emerson, Swift, Dickens, Charles Mackay, Matthew Arnold, Addison, S. T. Coleridge, O. W. Holmes, Jean Ingelow, Dr. Wilson.**

From the authors represented in this READER select a score who were born in the nineteenth century; prefix dates.

145. EXERCISES IN DRAWING.

The illustrations in this READER may with great advantage be used to throw additional life and interest into school work; they may be used not only as object lessons, but as *Exercises in Drawing*. For the latter purpose we would suggest to the teacher the following selection: —P. 16, one or more of the **Dogs' Heads**; p. 19, **Fishing Smacks**; p. 20, the two **Chimney-Stacks** in foreground; p. 47, **Woodpecker and Water-Lilies**; p. 54, **Boy** in foreground; p. 65, **Harebells and Strawberries**; p. 69, **Oak-Tree** in foreground; p. 73, **Flower and Insects**; p. 74, **Robin** in lower left-hand corner; p. 85, **Butterfly and Blossom**; p. 86, **Rustic Fence**; p. 88, the three large **Blossoms** in middle foreground; p. 91, **Sea-Birds and Surf**; p. 98, **Turrets and Castellated Wall**; p. 114, **Falcon Swooping**; p. 131, **Bees and Blossoms**: p. 136, **Grasshopper and Oat-Ears** in upper part of illustration; p. 138, **Old-fashioned Home**; p. 157, **Water-Fowl and Trees**; p. 170, **Shadow-Picture**; p. 182, **Birch-Trees in Moonlight**; p. 204, **Winter Scene**; p. 211, **Birds in the Snow**; p. 242, **Bittern and Mediæval Castle**; p. 251, **Church Spire**; p. 262, **Boy Carrying Lantern**.